THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 9, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Alice Duer Miller — Joseph Hergesheimer — George Pattullo — Captain Dingle
Philip Gibbs — Isaac F. Marcosson — Richard Connell — Frank Ward O'Malley

A Message from Old St. Nicholas

"I am the Spirit of Christmas.

"As your bearer of gifts and glad tidings, I am often impressed by the uselessness of many of the beautiful things I carry. What brings pleasure to rich and poor alike is not the costly trinket but the appropriate gift, suggestive of your heartfelt interest, yet practical and worth the giving.

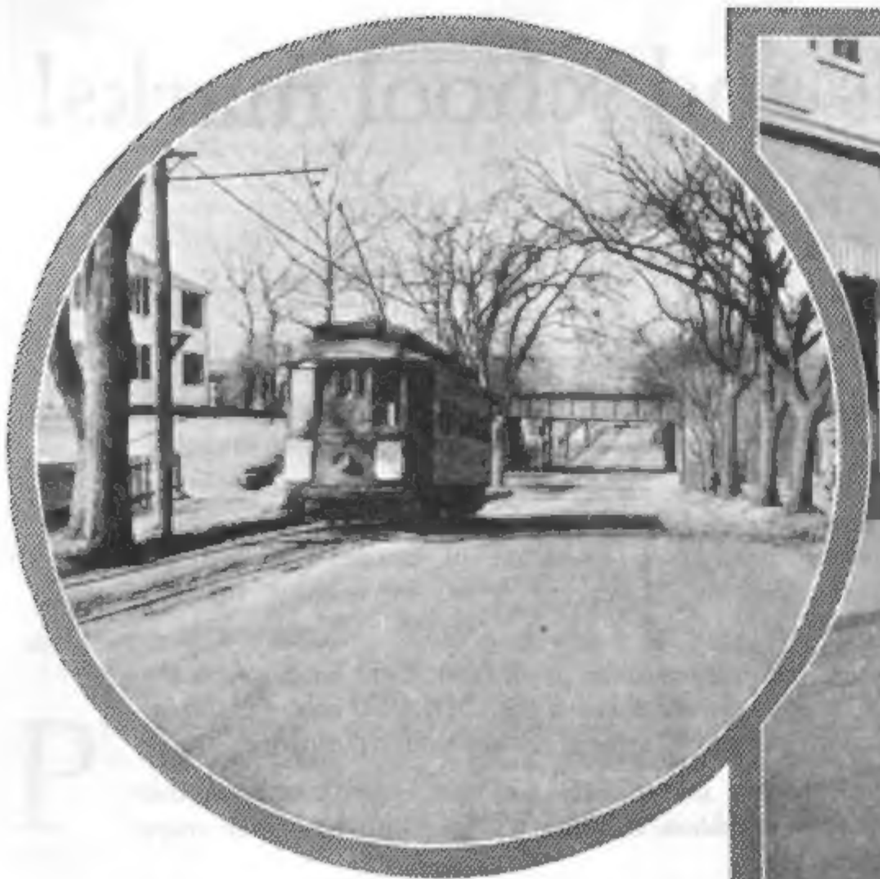
"Last year I saw many firesides brightened by the gifts of friends who were thoughtful enough to send assortments of DEL MONTE Foods. The genuine goodness and practical usefulness of so fitting a remembrance radiated true Christmas cheer and honest satisfaction in every home that received it.

"Have you thought of the possibilities of such a gift this year? Think of the many close friends and relatives to whom a selected assortment of these tempting delicacies is bound to prove a most acceptable and truly worth-while expression of your holiday good-will!

"Your grocer is prepared to solve many of your gift-problems wisely and well. Why not see him today? Let him help you make this a practical Christmas with DEL MONTE."

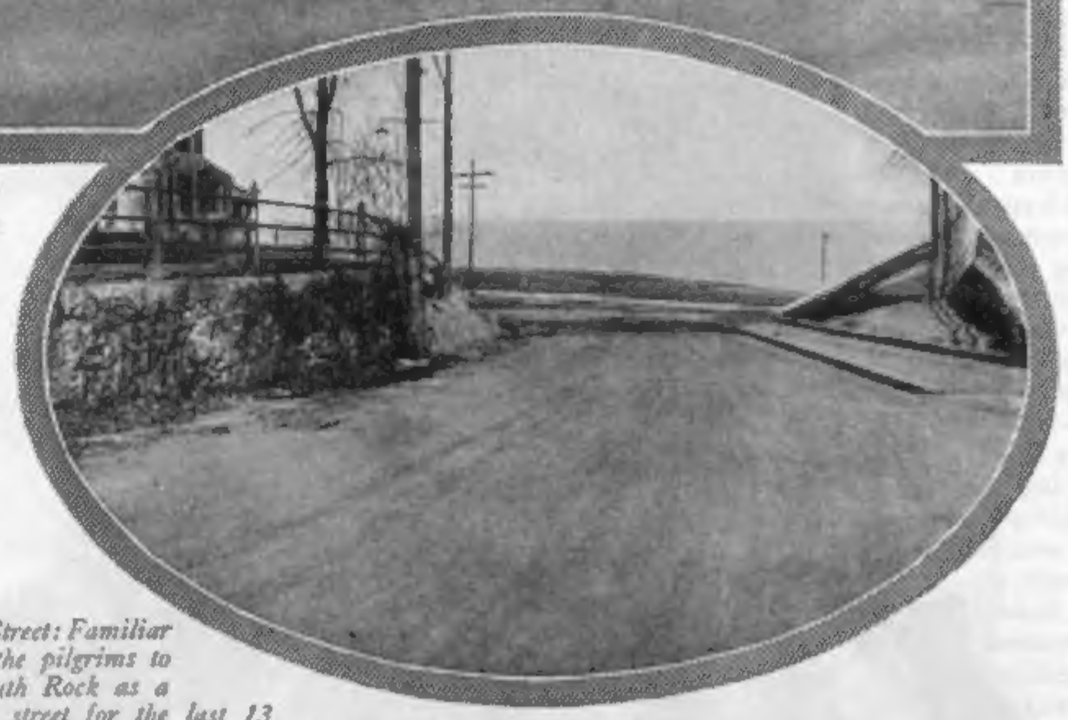
ST. NICHOLAS

The following DEL MONTE Products are especially suitable for Xmas assortments: Peaches, Pears, Pineapple (two kinds, *Sliced* and *Crushed*), Apricots, Cherries, Plums, Berries, Asparagus, Orange Marmalade, Jellies, Jams, Preserves, Raisins, Prunes and many other varieties.



Court Street: The original "Tarvia-X" street built in 1909 and still a credit to the town.

Civic Center: An Example of "Tarvia-X" construction and maintenance, originally built in 1910.



North Street: Familiar to all the pilgrims to Plymouth Rock as a Tarvia street for the last 13 years. In addition to pleasure traffic it has taken the teaming from Plymouth wharves.

Tarvia in Plymouth, Mass.

THIRTEEN years is a short period in the history of Old Plymouth. But it is a long time for inexpensive pavement to withstand the demands of modern traffic, with next to no maintenance.

Mr. Arthur E. Blackmer, Superintendent of Public Works, writes:

"Our experience with Tarvia covers a period of consistent use for thirteen years—the town now has thirteen miles of Tarvia macadam.

"At the recent tercentenary celebration, held in the summer of 1921, over a million strangers visited this historic town, and Tarvia again proved its worth by satisfactorily protecting the roads even though subjected to the consequent unusual traffic."

Plymouth has found through long experience that Tarvia construction insures maximum mileage of well-paved streets—that its moderate first cost permits a more extensive paving program, and its economical maintenance materially reduces the annual upkeep expense.

Not only in Plymouth, but in countless other cities and towns throughout the country, Tarvia is saving money for the taxpayers and providing better streets for all kinds of traffic.

Illustrated booklets descriptive of the various Tarvia treatments will gladly be sent free upon request.

Tarvia
For Road Construction
Repair and Maintenance

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

New York, Detroit, Peoria, Youngstown, Baltimore, Chicago, New Orleans, Atlanta, Toledo, Omaha, Philadelphia, Birmingham, Duluth, Columbus, Jacksonville, Boston, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Richmond, Houston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Bangor, Latrobe, Denver, Cleveland, Dallas, Washington, Bethlehem, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Syracuse, Johnstown, Elizabeth, Pittsburgh, Salt Lake City, Lebanon, Buffalo

The Barrett Company

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Home foods and school marks!

Why healthy bodies usually harbor bright minds.

For years teachers have puzzled over this problem:

Of two children with perhaps the same *native* intelligence the one, with little apparent effort, leads his class. The other struggles, yet barely "keeps up."

Lately, however, we have learned that careful home cooking has a surprising bearing on good school marks; that healthy, sparkling brains are nearly always found in healthy, buoyant bodies.

One striking illustration comes from New York City, where the Bureau of Child Hygiene estimated that 216,000 school children, prosperous and poor alike, were seriously under-nourished.

As doctors, nurses, newspapers and magazines broadcast this newly discovered condition, children will gain the benefit in *more digestible* home foods.

Fats, for example, are necessary to health because they supply one-third of our energy. And a mother may end her search for a digestible fat when she finds Crisco. For in Crisco she has a truly digestible shortening—a *vegetable* shortening.

And what fine satisfaction thoughtful mothers find in cooking with Crisco! In most homes the mere assurance of healthfulness in fried foods is enough to make Crisco a prized kitchen companion. But Crisco is a versatile shortening—it gives wholesomeness to foods, but it assures, also, as delicious cakes, pies and cookies as you ever tasted.

Two things, then, to remember: Crisco is a *vegetable* shortening. Crisco imparts healthfulness and easy *digestibility* to family foods.

You will appreciate, now, why Crisco must cost, during a week's cooking, a little more than do shortenings which can have no pride in their origin. These extra pennies are gladly spent by informed mothers as insurance against risk to young digestions.

Grocers may well take satisfaction in selling a food ingredient like Crisco, whose healthfulness is so certain.

Two Simple Home Tests!

Low Melting Point. Easy Digestibility.

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other shortening. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98⅘ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature.

You will find that frying with Crisco will be very helpful in keeping your whole house fresh and free from the odor of cooking fats.

Special Cook Book Offer!

This fine, helpful cook book entitled "A Calendar of Dinners" contains 615 recipes and 365 dinner menus. If you wish it, mail 25c to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Section K-12, Dept. of Home Economics.

Digestible Vegetable Shortening

For delicious digestible cakes
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome, digestible fried foods

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh, T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 9, 1922 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 24

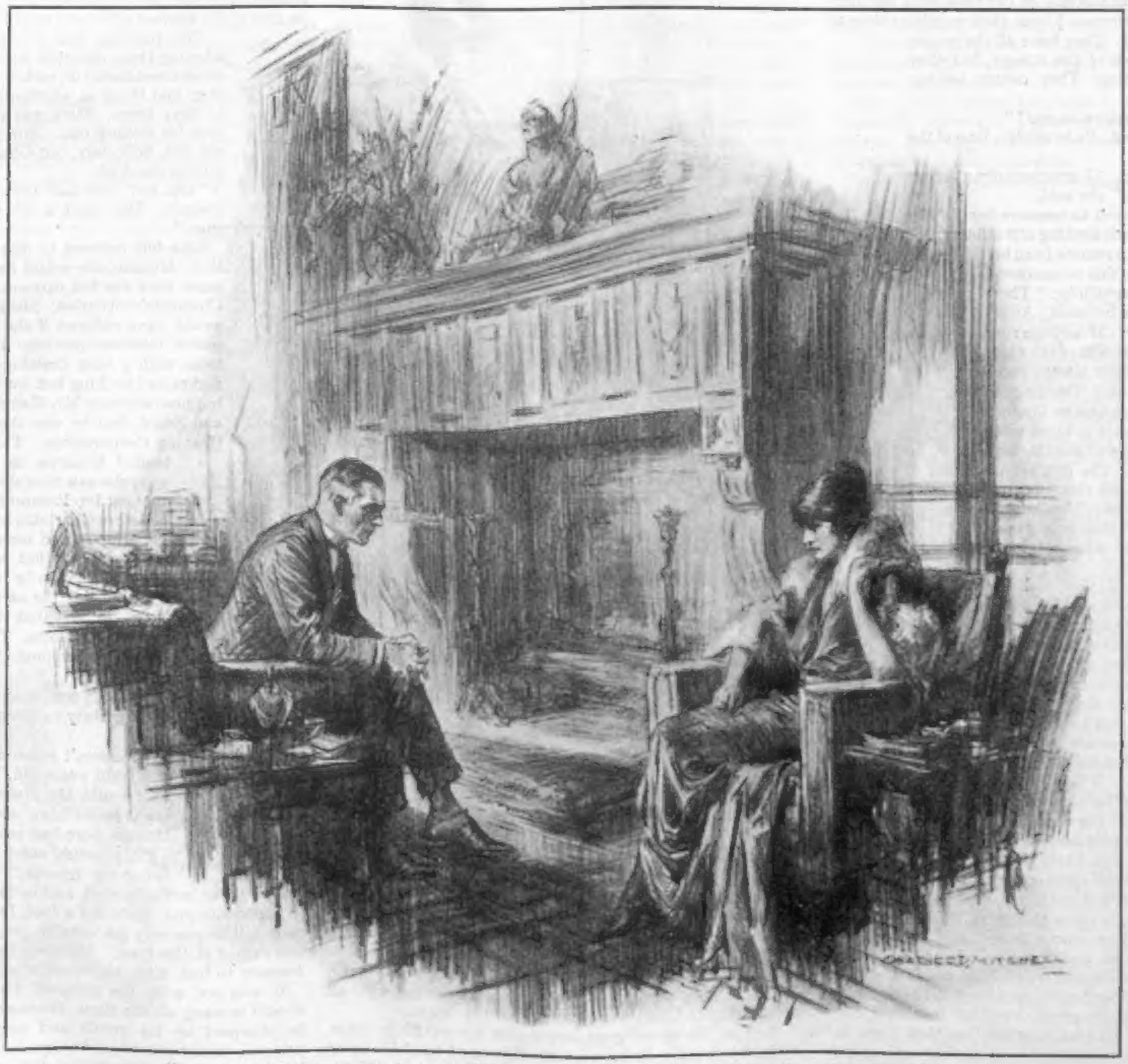
THE AMERICAN HUSBAND

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

PRINCESSES are usually practical people, but we Americans, whose ideas of princesses are founded rather on fairy tales than on history, allow ourselves to be shocked and surprised when we discover this trait in them.

The Princess di Sangatano was practical; she was noble, dignified, unselfish, patient, subtle, still extremely handsome at thirty-nine, and—or but—practical. She had just married her young daughter excellently. She had not done this, however, by sitting still and being dignified and noble. She had done it by going pleasantly to the houses of women whom she disliked; by flattering men in whom even her subtlety found few subjects for flattery; by indorsing the policy of a cardinal, of whose policy as a matter of fact she disapproved. Nor did she feel that her conduct in this respect was open to criticism. On the contrary, there was nothing which the princess viewed with a more satisfactory sense of duty done than the marriage of her daughter.



"Come, I Believe You're All Right." "I am," She Answered. "Even a Little Bit More Than That"

And now she was beginning to recognize that her son must be launched by similar methods. The launching of Raimundo was something of a problem. He had much to recommend him; he was good-looking, gay and sweet-tempered; he loved his mother, and was not naughtier than other boys of his age; but he lacked the determined industry likely to make him successful. It was impossible to consider a learned profession for him, and even for diplomacy, in which the princess could easily have found him a place, Raimundo was a little too impulsive. And so his mother, working it out, came to the conclusion that a business—a business that would like to own a young prince and would need Raimundo's knowledge of Italians and Italy—would be the best chance; and so, of course, she thought of America—her native land. Yes, though few people remembered the fact, the princess had been born in the United States. She had left it as a small child, her mother having remarried—an Italian—and she had been brought up in Italy thenceforth. By circumstance and environment, by marriage and religion and choice, she had become utterly an Italian. She betrayed this by her belief that America—commercial America—would respect and desire a prince. And hardly had she reached this conclusion when she met Charlotte Haines.

They met quite by accident. The princess during a short stay in Venice was visiting her mother's old friend, the Contessa Carini-Bon. The Carini-Bon palace, as all good sightseers know, is not on the Grand Canal, but tucked away at the junction of two of the smaller canals. It is a late Renaissance palace, built of the white granite that turns blackest, and it is decorated with Turks' heads over the arches of the windows, and contains the most beautiful tapestries in Italy. The princess, who since the war did not commit the extravagance of having her own gondola in Venice, had walked to the palace, through many narrow streets over tiny bridges, and under porticos, and having arrived at the side door was standing a minute in conversation with the concierge—also an old friend—discussing his son who had been wounded on the Piave, and the curse of motor boats on the Grand Canal, and the peculiar habits of the *forestieri*, and other universal topics, when she saw, across the empty courtyard, that a gondola had appeared at the steps.

It was a magnificent gondola; the two men were in white with blue sashes edged with gold fringe; blue ribbons fluttered from their broad-brimmed hats; their oars were striped blue and white; and the gondola itself shone with fresh black paint relieved here and there by heavy gold. In the front there was a small bouquet of roses and daisies in the little brass stand that carried the lamp by night. Out of this, hardly touching the proffered arm of the gondolier, stepped a pretty woman, her white draperies and pearls contrasting with her smooth dark hair and alert brown eyes. She asked in execrable Italian whether it were possible to "visitare" the *palazzo*. The concierge, in that liquid beautiful voice which so many Italians of all classes possess, replied that

it was utterly impossible—that occasionally, when the contessa was not in Venice, certain people bringing letters were permitted, but at present the contessa was at home.

The lady did not understand all of this, and was not at her best when crossed in her pursuit of ideal beauty and without a language in which to argue the point. She kept repeating *"Non è possible?"* and *"Perchè?"* and never appearing to understand the answer, until in despair the concierge looked pathetically at the princess. Following his glance Charlotte, bursting with a sense that she was somehow being done out of the rights of an American connoisseur, broke into fluent French. Was it, she asked, really impossible to see the tapestries? How could such things be? She was told they were the best tapestries in all Italy; tapestries were her specialty. She knew herself in tapestries.

The princess courteously repeated the concierge's explanation; and so these two women, born not two hundred miles away from each other in the state of Ohio, stood for a few minutes and conversed in Venice in the language of the boulevards. Perhaps it was some latent sense of kinship that made the princess feel sorry for Charlotte. She told her to wait a moment, and went on up to see the contessa.

When the first greetings were over she explained that there was a very pretty young American woman downstairs who was bitterly disappointed at not being able to see the tapestries.

"Good," said the contessa. "I'm delighted to hear it." She was very old and wrinkled and bright-eyed, and she had a habit of flicking the end of her nose with her forefinger. "These Americans—I hear their terrible voices all day long in the canals. They have all the money in the world and most of the energy, but they cannot have everything. They cannot see my tapestries."

"And that is a pleasure to you?"

The contessa nodded. "Certainly. One of the few I have left."

The princess sighed. "I am more of an American than I supposed," she said.

The contessa hastened to reassure her: "My dear Lisa! You! There is nothing of it about you."

The princess was too remote from her native land to resent this reassurance.

She continued thoughtfully: "There must be. I am a little bit kind. Americans are, you know. If anyone runs for the doctor in the middle of the night at a Continental hotel it always turns out to be an American. The English think they are officious and we Italians think they are too stupid to know when they are imposed upon, but it isn't either. It's kindness. The English are just, and the French are clear-sighted, but Americans are kind. You know I can't bear to think of that young creature loving tapestries and not being able ever to see yours."

"My dear child, if you feel like that!" The contessa touched the bell, and when in due time Luigi appeared, she gave orders that the lady waiting below was to be allowed to see the tapestries in the dining room and the salas. "But not in here, Luigi; no matter how much she gives you—not in here—and let her know that these are much the best ones. So, like that we are all satisfied."

An evening or so after this the two women met again; this time at a musicale given by a lady as international as the socialist party. Charlotte, still in spotless white and pearls, came quickly across the room to thank the princess, whom she recognized immediately. She said quite the right things about the tapestries, about Venice, about Italy; and the princess, who was susceptible to praise of the country which had become her own, was pleased with Charlotte.

"One is so starved for beauty in America," Mrs. Haines complained. "I'm like a greedy child for it when I come here; you can form no idea how terrible New York is." The princess dimly remembered rows of chocolate-colored houses—the New York of the early '90's. She was ready to sympathize with Charlotte.

"Why don't you come here and live—such beautiful old palaces to be had for nothing—for what Americans consider nothing," she suggested.

Charlotte rolled her large brown eyes. "If only I could; but my husband wouldn't hear of it. He actually likes America. Italy means nothing to him."

Lisa was destined to hear more of Charlotte's husband before she took in the fact that he was the president of the Haines Heating Corporations. It made a difference. It wasn't that she didn't really like Charlotte—Lisa would never have been nice to her if she hadn't really liked her; but neither would she have been so extremely nice to her if Haines had not been at the head of such a hopeful company. It was a wonderfully lucky combination of circumstances.

And to no one did it appear more lucky than to Charlotte, to whom the princess seemed so well-bred, so civilized, so expert and so wise—the living embodiment of all that Charlotte herself wished to become.

And then she knew Venice so wonderfully; she was better than any guidebook. She knew of gardens and palaces that no one else had heard of. She knew of old

She Continued to Stare. At Last She Said, "You Mean You Liked Dan?"

wellheads and courtyards. A few people went to see the Giorgione in the Seminario, but only the princess insisted on Charlotte's seeing the library, with its row of windows on the Canal, and its beautiful old books going up to the ceiling, and the painted panel that looked like books until, sliding it, you found it was the stairway to the gallery—all these delights Charlotte owed to her new friend.

And as the moon grew larger—on the evenings when Charlotte wasn't dining with Americans at the Lido or at that delightful new restaurant on the other side of the Canal, where you sat in the open air and ate at bare tables in such a primitive way—the two women would go out in Charlotte's gondola—sometimes through the labyrinth of the little canals, but more often the other way—past some tall, empty, ocean-going steamer anchored off the steps of the church of the Redentore—out to the Giudecca, where they could see the lighthouse at the entrance to the port, past a huge dredge which looked in the misty moonlight, as Charlotte said, like a dragon with its mouth open; on and on with their two gondoliers, to where everything was marsh and moonlight.

The princess had often noticed that Americans in Europe explained themselves a good deal. Perhaps citizens of a republic must explain themselves socially; after all, a princess does not need explanation. Charlotte on these evenings explained herself. Even as a child, she said, she had been reaching out for beauty—a less sophisticated person would have called it culture—when she had married she had thought only of the romance of it—she had been very much in love with her husband, ten years older than she, already successful; a dominating nature, she had not thought then that they were out of sympathy about the impersonal aspects of life—art, beauty. It was natural for Charlotte to slip into the discussion of her own problem—the problem of the American husband—so kind, so virtuous, so successful, but alas, so indifferent to the finer arts of living.

"What are we to do, we American women?" Charlotte wailed. "We grow up, we educate ourselves to know the good from the bad, the ugly from the beautiful—and then we fall in love and marry some man to whom it is all a closed book; who is sometimes jealous of interests he cannot share. Sometimes it seems as if we should crush all that is best in us in order to be good wives to our husbands. You Europeans are so lucky—you and your men have the same tastes and the same interests."

"At least," said the princess politely, "your men are very generous in allowing you to come abroad without them. Ours wouldn't have that for a minute."

Charlotte laughed. "Our men would rather we came alone than asked them to go with us. You can't imagine how bored my husband is in Europe. He speaks no language but his own, and instead of meeting interesting people he goes to his nearest office and entirely reorganizes it."

The princess had always wanted to know whether these deserted American husbands had other love affairs; or, rather, not so much whether they had them as whether they were permitted to have them. Here was an excellent opportunity for finding out. She put her question, as she felt, delicately, but Charlotte was obviously a little shocked.

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "At least Dan doesn't. Dan isn't a bit horrid in ways like that."

Lisa felt inclined to disagree with the adjective. Human, she would have called it. At the same time she felt extremely sympathetic with Charlotte's situation. She knew how she herself would have suffered if she had married a competent business man who lived in a brownstone front with a long drawing-room like a tunnel, and talked nothing but business at dinner. She inquired whether Mr. Haines was in Wall Street, and heard that he was the head of the Haines Heating Corporations. Then making more extended inquiries in her practical Latin way, she saw that she had found the right opening for Raimundo.

Before Charlotte left Venice she invited the princess and her son to pay her a visit in New York that winter; she urged it warmly. For to be honest Charlotte was in somewhat the same position in regard to the princess that the princess was in regard to Charlotte. The fact that she was a princess warmed the younger woman's liking.

Lisa did not jump at the invitation. It was her duty to accept it, but she was not eager.

"I haven't crossed the Atlantic since I was eight years old," she said. "Besides, how would Mr. Haines feel about us? If Italy bores him, wouldn't two resident Italians bore him more?"

"You would start with the handicap of being my friends," Charlotte answered, "but he'd be perfectly civil, and in the end he would learn to appreciate you. He's not a fool, Dan. He's wise about people, if he can only get over his prejudices. But he'd be away most of the time. He always goes to California in January to look after his oil wells or something."

It was not quite the princess' idea that Dan Haines should be away all the time. He must see Raimundo, and be charmed by his youth and gayety, while she, the princess, would provide a background of solidity and Old World standards. She talked the matter over with her son—a thin, eagle-nosed boy of twenty. He was enthusiastic at the prospect, but more, his mother feared, because he had fallen in love with Charlotte's niece, whom he had met at the Lido, than because he took his future in the Haines Heating Corporations seriously. Nevertheless she accepted Charlotte's invitation.

Yet many times before January came she woke up in the night, cold with horror at the idea of this journey to an unknown land. She had hardly been out of Italy for twenty years. And even after she had actually sailed, walking the inclosed deck at night, while Raimundo was playing bridge, she shrank from the undertaking. She was

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YOUR MIRRORS OF EUROPE

By a Foreign Correspondent

"POPE dead."

Almost indifferently the old-timer American newspaper correspondent passed this cablegram through one of the two little windows in the Sala Stampa, the press room of Rome's central telegraph office. His black-circled eyes registered the strain of the death watch in the little Café Europa on St. Peter's Square, where for forty-eight hours he had sat, drowsing over a glass of Frascati or pretending a game of chess, but with nerves tense for the get-away in a waiting taxi for the race along the bank of the Tiber to the Piazza San Silvestro to flash to the world's press the death bulletin.

Yet he knew Benedict would not die that night, for while crossing the Piazza San Pedro he had met Doctor Battistini, the papal physician, who had assured him the Holy Father's condition was unchanged.

"I've filed that telegram twice a day now for three days," said the old-timer. "If the Pope isn't dead the censors will kill the message. If he is, then the telegram I just handed in may be on top of the censor's pile, and I'll beat the world on the news."

It was not due to the Italian censor's negligence that the press of America, England, Germany, Switzerland and Italy announced Benedict's death the day before it occurred; later investigation indicated that these reports escaped from Rome in privileged telephone conversations of cardinals' secretaries and were given to the press by church attachés.

Perhaps the American people are unaware that an effective censorship still exists in all European countries, although nominally censorship was abolished after the signing of peace. In the Balkans the censorship is so thorough that an American journalist doesn't even attempt to file an important press dispatch in a telegraph office in the country where the news originated. The telegram is sent by courier, usually some American tourist, or, if necessary, by a special automobile, to the nearest telegraph office across the border in a neighboring country.

During the war the American newspaper reader grew accustomed to discounting his European news to allow for the censor's influence. The wise reader ought to continue to take his foreign news appearing in the daily press, with a grain of salt. The Armistice did not end press censorship for Europe. It simply drove it underground. The ruthless wartime censors retired to the back rooms of Europe's secret chancelleries, where they continue to carry on the control of what America, as well as Europe, shall read about their countries. But now they do it under cover.

The Radio Eavesdroppers

WHEN you read news from Moscow or from states engaged in military operations it would be well to remember that the item has been flavored to suit the censor's palate. Peace-loving Western Europe finds equally effective methods of controlling what you shall read. Varying systems of censorship, but all of them successful, make it difficult for the foreign correspondents to cable your newspaper the truth about Europe.

American newspapermen in London, Paris, Rome and Berlin know that each cable they send is read the same or the following day in the press section of the country's foreign office. Wireless press is even more thoroughly supervised. Even the smallest European states have radio intercepting stations which record all press messages sent from the principal wireless towers of Europe. These dispatches are filed in the press sections of the local government and of course objectionable stories are scored against the correspondent. The governments may punish him, for a message he has long since forgotten, by refusing a passport visa when he seeks permission to enter their country.

American correspondents know also that foreign posts in newspaper work are few, vacancies infrequent, and that thousands of reporters in the United States covet their positions. They've invested too much in their careers to endanger them unnecessarily. Years of study of foreign languages and concentration on the intricate economic and political fabric of Europe would be wasted were they to lose their posts and be compelled to start over again in America.

Many have their families and their homes abroad; consequently few of them care to risk their jobs.

Consciously or unconsciously the wish not to displease needlessly the government of the country to which they are assigned influences the American foreign correspondents in writing the news you read. They are the mirrors of Europe to America, reflecting the viewpoints of the inhabitants and the government of the country in which they are stationed.

There are doubtless blemishes in the mirrors, and these frequently cause the American readers to get distorted images. The most serious of these blemishes is the continuation of press censorship.

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FATHER'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

THE ENGLISHMAN AT PLAY

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE softened English countryside, smoothed through the ages to a rolling green carpet, was dotted with cricketers whose flannels flashed white in the sun. As I watched them from a corridor window of our boat train, speeding from Plymouth Harbor toward London town in the late hours of a sunlit afternoon, I could see in the ruddy glow of the faces of cricketers and spectators that flush of perfect health which goes only with a simple life in the good fresh air, good roast beef and good Scotch whisky.

My expertness at lip reading helped me as our train zipped across the undulating fields of Devon. I could see the shouts that came from the side lines.

"Gao it, 'Igginbottom!"

Our boat train shot past one too ardent fielder just as he booted the ball and tripped and fell on his foolish face. My lip-reading eyes tried to shut themselves against the probabilities of vulgar invective from the side lines. Under the same circumstances back home in America the crowd instantly would have exploded into expletives. The kindest American comment would have been: "Shoot the fathead at dawn!" It was the boniest of bone-headed fielding. If one of Manager John Joseph McGraw's New York Giants had made the same fool error, John Joseph would have charged out upon the field, taken the player across his knee and severed his spine in one bite, amid loud applause from the multitude. But ——

"Well troied, 'Uggins!" cried the side lines kindly.

How They Copy Belasco

CONSIDERATELY, I was taking my first rapturous views of European soil from the corridor window of the train so that the mother of my children could have the entire compartment to herself and our tender young. We skimmed toward Exeter across green pastures ablaze with scarlet poppies. The ancient, warm-toned walls of the cathedral nestled amid far-away foliage. The mossy little cottages among clipped hedges told plainly how much English home builders are indebted to Dave Belasco. The white of the cricketers' flannels was repeated in the fleecy clouds.

"It's a stage setting, mother!" I cried emotionally, thrusting my head into our compartment. "It's Dick Burnside at his best, in one of Dick's big scenic sporting numbers at the New York Hippodrome. Look! It isn't—it can't be real! It ——"

"Well, this is real, mate!" blurted mother. She also spoke emotionally, or with as much emotion as could break through lips tightly holding extra safety pins, or spares. "You come in here!" Our extremely young daughter lay kicking and struggling across her mother's knee. The little one, it seems, was impatient to get up and, unpinned and unashamed, toy with the emergency-stop signal overhead. Little Ward, slightly older than his infant sister, was trying to pull himself up to a sitting position on the baggage rack while balancing a bowl of pulpy bread and milk. The train shot round a curve with the grace of a gull and our son splashed floorward into his food.

"Is there anything I can do to help you, mother?" I asked gently. "Only tell me what to do."

"Do?" screamed mother. "Put him back on the baggage rack so he can fall off again!"

The more delicate nervous construction of woman does not withstand the rigors of travel with the same fortitude that is the gift of the stronger, more patient male. Although I tried promptly enough to place our little lad up on the baggage rack as requested, my efforts were greeted with comments anything but kind. It is best at moments like these to withdraw.

Therefore during hours that followed I stood alone again at the corridor window watching all England at play throughout the beautiful Saturday afternoon. The sports-loving Briton was afield to a man. I had come to England to give two weeks or more to a study of English life. Systematically I had laid my plans to give a certain number of days to close study of England's politics, to be followed by successive days devoted in turn to English psychology, art, finance, manners, marital relations and, during the last day or two, a thorough look into British labor problems and the Irish question. It had not occurred to me while planning my campaign on the way over that the English, among other things, also seemed to be interested in sports.

Still another day or two, I decided on the train, must be added to my visit and given to the study of the Englishman at play if my record were to be complete. Little did I realize then that even in a single game of cricket the original players in a match grow to old age during the match, wither and die, are succeeded from time to time by their sons and grandsons as the old gentlemen drop dead on the turf—that the first batsman to advance to the wicket in the pride of his youth is still not out when merciful death seals his wrinkled old eyelids forever.

I wasted no time in getting at the fundamentals of the Briton's sports. Even before our boat train had come to a halt in Paddington Station I had discovered, partly from railway-window observations and partly from glimpses into compartments near our own, that in the minds of England's enthusiasts in athletics there are three major sports.

These are, in the order of their importance: First, the pastime known as cricket; second, the daily and intensive go at the personal columns on the front page of the jolly old Times; and third, the ancient and royal pastime of afternoon tea.

These three English pastimes are unique among national games in that they are so closely interrelated that a given player can play all three major pastimes simultaneously. I mean to say that a player can wander onto a green field carrying his Times and his dish of tea and play cricket while imbibing his dish of tea and reading his Times.

In their national sport of cricket, therefore, the English have you baseball-playing American Johnnies a-cropper, you know. I mean to say that Americans have no major pastime that requires only part-time attention to it. The leading three sports of New York, for instance, are baseball, the evening newspaper and bootlegging—active or receptive. But could even the gifted Heinie Groh, let's say, play a snappy game at third base for the New York Giants at the so-called Polo Grounds while simultaneously reading Beatrice Fairfax's stuff on the back page and, also simultaneously, sipping at hookers of synthetic gin—with Hornsby and the rest of the opposition regularly leaning against fast ones and pushing them roughly out past Heinie's left ear? Not on your John Joseph McGraw he couldn't! And with this basic difference between cricket and baseball established, let us go into the detail of cricket.

The Ball Glances Off Heinie Groh's Bat and the Foul Tip Lands in One of the Pavilion Balconies

Before I had so much as glanced at the printed rules of the game I had learned—merely by listening to the cries coming from the side lines at London's Oval during a match between The Gentlemen and The Players—that English cricket has one hard and fast rule. This is the rule which ordains that cricket is a game played by two teams, each team consisting of eleven Englishmen of whom two-thirds must have surnames beginning with the letter H, mute. The H is silent, as in Ammersmith, Oundsditch, Enley and the Battle of Astings, but it must be there.

The Bashful H in Cricket

TO SHOW you how strictly the rules committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club—autocrat of the English national game—insist upon the observance of this law—Rule XXI, Section A, as I recall it—I need only submit to you a complete list of the most dazzling cricketers of England during the season recently come to a close.

Who is the best batsman in all England today? None other than good old Jack 'Obbs, who plays for Surrey. Who is the speediest bowler, the Walter Johnson of Great Britain, Ireland and the Empire beyond the Seas? That other pride of Surrey, jolly old Bill 'Itch. Both, you see, have surnames beginning with H.

A Player Can Wander Onto a Green Field and Play Cricket While Imbibing His Dish of Tea and Reading His Times

Turn to the small but immortal group of best batters and bowlers of 1922 listed in the first division of the official leading averages just compiled and printed. Who leads? 'Earne, of Middlesex, followed by 'Ardinge, of Kent. Whom does one think of instantly when the Oxford University team of 1922 is mentioned? 'Oldsworth and 'Edges, of course. Remember the marvelous professional player, 'Irst. Keep in mind the recent batting records established by 'Ardstaff and 'Olliwell. And, always excepting 'Itch, has cricket produced a better bowler than the gifted 'Arrison?

Even the titled cricketers must observe the rule as well as the commoners. Where in Burke's Peerage or in the august pages of the English 'Oo's 'Oo is there a name that begins to rank in cricketing prowess with the inspiring name of young Lord 'Awke, of the Yorkshire and the All-England elevens? No other peer is to be ranked with Lord 'Awke in cricketing prominence, unless it be the chief of the M. C. C. governing body itself, the same being Lord 'Arris.

"Gao it, good old Jack 'Obbs!"

"An 'earty cheer, lads, for 'Edges!"

"Well troied, 'Arrison!"

"Jolly well troied, 'Aywood!"

"Well troied, Bill 'Itch! Well—croips! The blighter's tripped 'isself! Well stumbled, 'Itch! Well stumbled!"

'Olmes, M. 'Owell, 'Endren, H. 'Owell, 'Acker, 'Allows, all in the first division; and lesser but important cricketers on the hinterside of Lord's and the Oval, such as 'Enderson, 'Iggins, 'Ooper, 'Awkins, 'Ornblower and 'Umphreys—their surnames prove that the kindly rules committee of the M. C. C. originated the rule with a thought not so much for cricketers and cricket in mind as for the ease and enjoyment of English spectators' lending vocal encouragement to their favorites on the field.

Let me hasten to explain that during a game at Lord's, as the ever so aristocratic and genteel London cricket field on the north, or Middlesex, side of the Thames is called, one does not hear raucous cries like those just quoted. At Lord's the H is not only mute but is dropped silently. One must go south by taxicab or underground over or under the Thames to the south, or Surrey, side of the Thames and enter the Oval, home grounds of the Surrey cricketers, to hear the Londoner on the side lines so far forget himself as to shout.

The Flower of English Sport

ONE appears on the side lines at Lord's wearing one's top hat and one's morning clothes of somber hue. Above all, one must hold one's tongue. Once during the past season the King, desirous of inserting a touch of gayety into the solemnities, appeared at Lord's late in the forenoon wearing his other hat and his other pants—the high hat, you recall, of whitish gray trimmed with a broad black band and the royal trousers of shepherd's plaid. One must dress as the King dresses. Spectators wearing dark trousers and black high hats hurriedly yet decorously retired from the field and hastened home to get into proper clothes.

The day I first entered the silences of Lord's, the 1922 annual match between Oxford and Cambridge was being played. The flower of English sporting enthusiasm, packed in shoulder to shoulder and standing four deep back of the low inner fence inclosing the playing grounds, was leaning forward rigidly, hands on handles of walking sticks, unsmiling, silent.

The spectators had been there leaning on their sticks for days and days and days and days and days. Instinctively I removed my hat and stood with bowed head. Far down the field a little bybie began to cry. The infant was removed.

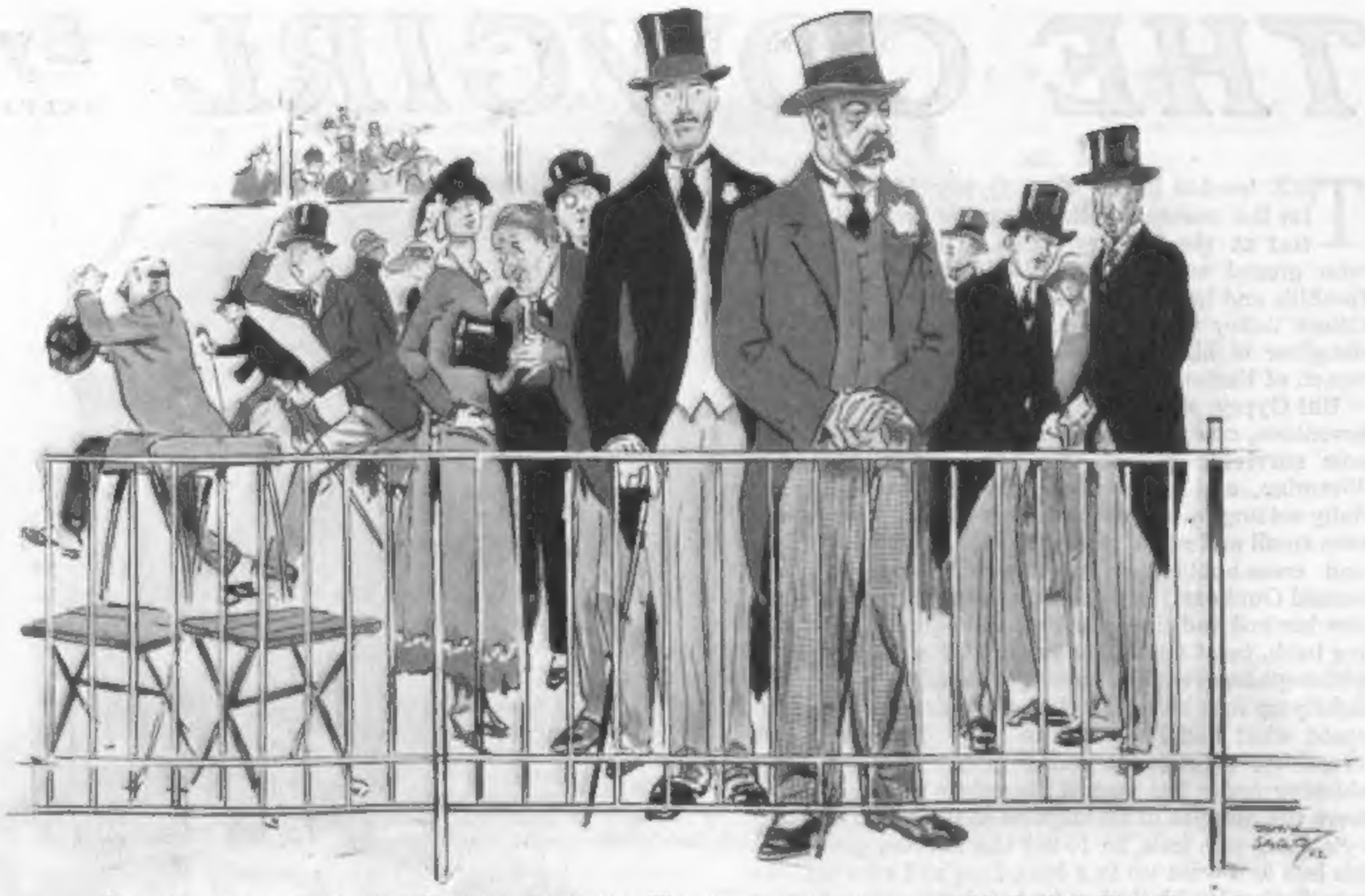
As I stood there, almost fearing to raise my eyes and gaze at the game, my last memory of America came back to me. That last American memory was a shout, coming from the Polo Grounds plainly to our east-bound liner, twenty-six miles out at sea, in one clear chorus of "Knock his block off! Kill the big stiff!"

It was only by patient and persistent attendance at Lord's during day after day after day of the British Empire's greatest university match that at last I was rewarded by hearing applause. Every morning I had been journeying out to Lord's to see whether the Oxford-Cambridge match was still going on or wasn't. Sure enough, each day it still was. Also, the original Cambridge batsman was still not out.

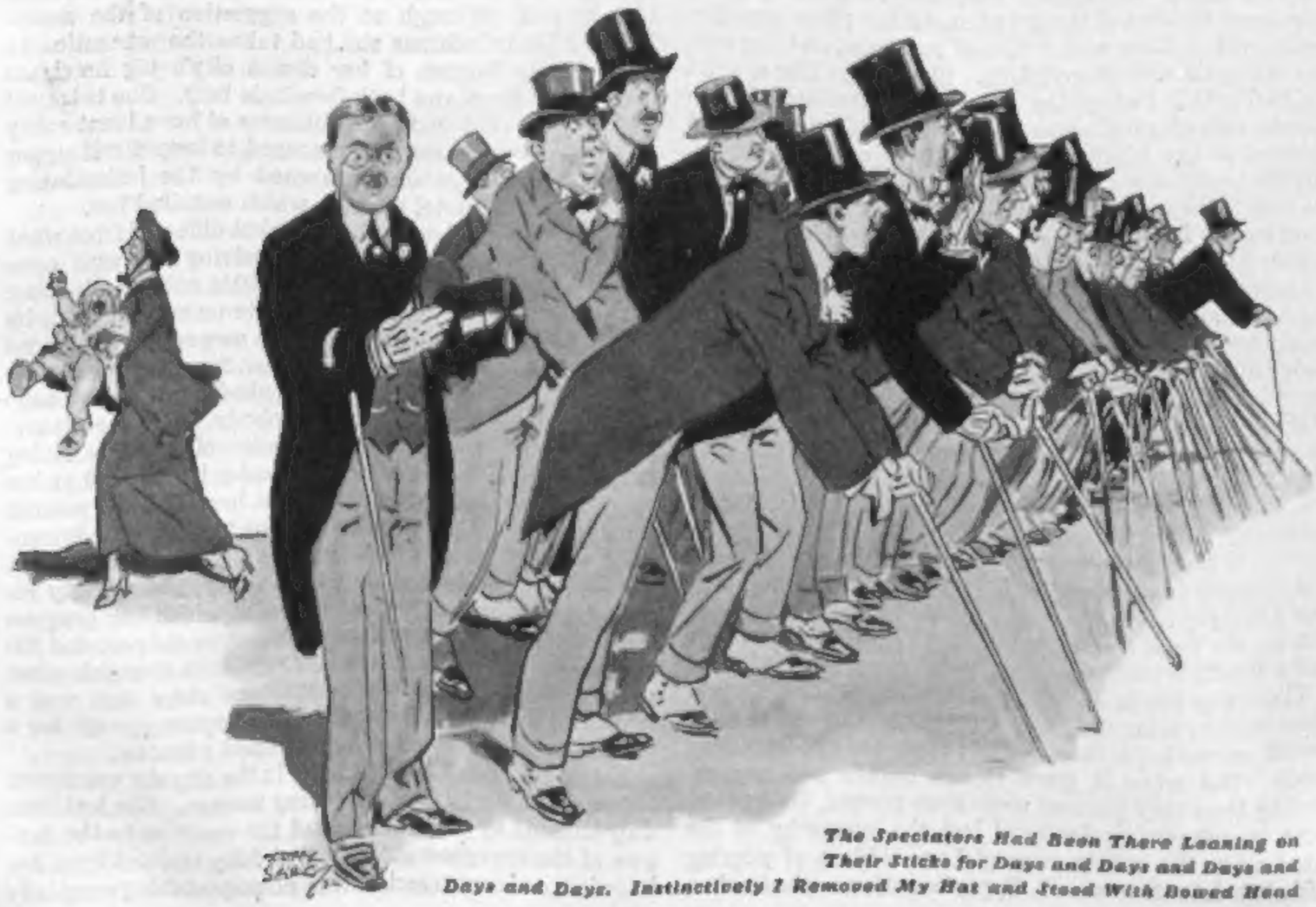
The only change noticeable as the days went on was that each day the spectators bent a bit more at the waist as they leaned silently on their sticks. I supposed, when I first noticed this increased and increasing acuteness of the bending of the upper halves of their bodies, that the stooping was caused by their growing intentness in the game. Instead, I learned upon investigation that the steady leaning on walking sticks for days without end was naturally causing the canes to bore deeper and deeper, slowly but inevitably, into the soft soil. A really lengthy match at Lord's, especially with an occasional bit of rain to moisten the side lines, always means that in time a spectator—particularly one badly fitted to a too-short cane by an incompetent stick fitter—finds himself on all fours.

This slow but uninterrupted sinking of the ends of sticks into the turf delayed the beginning of the applause when the big moment finally came. The applause, I learned, was to take the form of tapping the tip of one's stick real violently upon the turf. Many were unable to extract their sticks from the goo. One wildly excited devil near me abandoned his stick with a cry of "Dash it!" and openly applauded by patting the palms of his chamois gloves together. About the same moment, it was said later, the venerable Duke of —— even said aloud, "Deuced well done!"—an explosion of passion, however, that I have only on hearsay.

No cricketer, so far as I could see, had done a thing to deserve all this abandon of ecstasy along the side lines. The Cambridge batsman, who had come to bat shortly after I first arrived in England, was still merely standing there and was still not out.



One Must Dress as the King Dresses. Spectators Wearing Dark Trousers and Black High Hats Hurriedly Yet Decorously Retired From the Field and Hastened Home to Get Into Proper Clothes



The Spectators Had Been There Leaning on Their Sticks for Days and Days and Days and Days and Days. Instinctively I Removed My Hat and Stood With Bowed Head

A Century of Runs

HE HAD, I'll admit, awakened for a moment an instant before the crowd began to try to pull walking sticks out of the turf. He had knocked a foul ball. It was the dirtiest foul I ever saw. The pitched ball was passing behind his knees, when suddenly he turned round and deliberately clouted a foul past the catcher and into the grand stand. The American reader will understand better if he imagines the same foul knocked toward the grand stand at the Polo Grounds. At the Polo Grounds it would have landed among the most desirable seats in the press box back of the home plate—I should say between the New York Herald seat that DeWolf Hopper has occupied since the days of Wang and the Associated Press telegrapher's chair that Wilton Lackaye has been sitting in since 1891.

The Cambridge batsman had not moved after his dirty foul. For a fortnut he hadn't moved from the spot he had selected upon which to spend his summer holidays. Nevertheless, his foul was greeted by the most polite applause I ever heard. As we cricket enthusiasts say, I was stumped.

I sought information from young Mr. Erbert Bylie, of the Dyly Myle.

"I say, Erb," I said, "what has the blighter at bat done to deserve the bally outburst?"

"Done?" cried Erbert Bylie of the London Dyly Myle. "Why, 'ell, man, 'e 'as made 'is 'undred! 'E 'as made 'is century of runs! One 'undred runs and not out! I mean to say, 'e is what you American Johnnies call a 'ummer, if you know what I mean."

I knew what he meant. He meant, of course, a 'umdinger. I did not bother to correct Erbert. Instead, I turned in despair to an intensive study of a copy of the M. C. C.'s Official Laws of Cricket which Erbert Bylie of the London Dyly Myle kindly had handed to me.

Again there was not a sound to disturb me in my studies. Each spectator, his enthusiasm now spent, once more

(Continued on Page 141)

THE COWGIRL

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE trouble began when Gypsy McGuigan entered for the women's trick-riding and bronco-busting contest at the Calgary rodeo. Old Duke McGuigan, who grazed seven thousand-odd head in the Alberta foothills and had nickel plumbing and a radio outfit in his Ghost Valley ranch house, promptly announced that no daughter of his was a-going round grand-standing for a bunch of Eastern tourists.

But Gypsy, who was slender and muscular and well past seventeen, explained to the bunkhouse buckaroos that her sole surviving parent was sure disappointingly mid-Victorian, and under their adoring eyes continued her daily setting-up stunts in the big corral. There, with her own small and sun-browned hand, she roped and snubbed and cross-hobbled a snorting and onion-eyed outlaw named Gunboat; and there the admiring horse wranglers saw her bed and cinch the battered old saddle on the rocking back, twist Gunboat's ear until the outlaw stopped to philosophize over the source of that sudden pain, and swing lightly up into her seat before the quirt-eater quite understood what had happened to him. For five, six, seven breathless seconds he stood motionless, with daylight showing under the rear of his saddle skirt, so tensed were the muscles of his startled back. Then, at Gypsy's quick rein jerk, he found the hobbles gone from his legs and went up in a leap, long and curving, like a rocket's. He blatted as he foreshortened and flung his head low, circling right and left as his rider reined hard. Then he anteloped and bucked and crow-hopped. He went high, with his hind feet drawn forward almost to the saddle cinch, coming down with his forelegs stiffened and his hoofs striking the hard earth like hammers.

The girl, declining to let this pile driving break her backbone in two, held back the quirt until Gunboat began to turtle and rear. Then on ears and sweating flanks the determined small hand gave him the leather until the outlaw realized that backing and rearing meant punishment unbearable. And before he could fall into a set sulk the girl gave him the steel, prodding him about the corral circle with the final pain of the gut hooks on her shoe heels. When he had shown his final willingness to respond to rein and rowel Gypsy slipped quietly down from his wet back. Just as quietly, while he stood there blowing, the girl swung up again, and still again down.

Then, with a triumphant little laugh and a series of movements so unified they seemed one motion, she flung off saddle and bridle and tossed them over the post.

"Do I ride in that rodeo, boys?" she demanded as she slapped the dust from her open-throated jacket of khaki fringed with buckskin.

"You sure do!" chorused her backers along the corral bars.

And upon that day the campaign began. It was a campaign, subtle and ceaseless and ubiquitous, to break down the will of Duke McGuigan, who held out sullenly against the most guileful of appeals and turned a deaf ear to the most persuasive of expostulations.

He held out, grim as Gibraltar, until Lem Siddons, his head cowman, confronted him with the news that Foothill Fanny, a woman pothunter from Cheyenne, was coming north to skim the cream of the riding prizes from that panful of Alberta *vaqueros*.

And that brought a scowl to the weathered old face of the cattle king.

"Across the line," remarked the guileless Lem, "they call that Foothill Fanny rib the queen o' the cowgirls!"

"Has our kid got a chance?" demanded the head of the ranch.

"Wasn't she just about born in a saddle, that kid?"

"But has she a chance against that Cheyenne hippodromer?"

"She kin outride her blindfold!" promptly asserted Lem.

"Will there be more'n riding?" asked the man whose will was being taken away from him.

Lem airily acknowledged she might have to do some stooping down in the potato race, and maybe thread a needle from the saddle as she ambled past the grand stand.

But there was nothing dangerous about those rodeo stunts unless the girl got tramped on in the crowd, or maybe ate more pop corn than was good for her.

"Will you boys look after her?" inquired the Gibraltar, who wasn't as grim as he pretended.

"We sure will!" shouted Lem, without waiting for more.

And when the good news went abroad there was much secret practicing at riding relay strings and schooling Tumbleweed and Jailbird to shoulder in while their mistress rode Roman. There was also much trying out of

"Do I Ride in That Rodeo, Boys?" She Demanded

ranch pintos to decide on Gypsy's mount for the two-mile track run, just as there was much sage handing out of advice as to what ought to be done when a bucking bronco insists on hogging or sunfishing, and how to slip from under when a four-footed varmint starts caterpillaring.

When Gypsy McGuigan, mounted on Hickory Boy, rode down in front of the grand stand her pinto was glistening with a three weeks' diet of raw eggs, and her own face was pale with stage fright. She looked like a child beside Foothill Fanny, the imported professional hippodromer with a layer of make-up on her hard-lipped face and a pound or two of silver across her Mexican saddle skirt. But the crowd was with the shy-eyed girl in buckskin from the first. They rose in a body when Jailbird and Tumbleweed swung into the home stretch side by side, with the girl's trim feet planted on the two rocking backs. In riding the relay string Foothill Fanny and her trained horses came first, though the younger rider got the applause as she straightened out her ragged line and swept past the stand with Squawherder, her leader, nosing for the tail root of the winner's last pony. In the two-mile open Gypsy McGuigan's Hickory Boy got off to a bad start, with an English ex-hunter and the Cheyenne woman ahead. But Gypsy lagged and left the two leaders to worry for the rail, knowing what Hickory Boy could do when his time came.

It came when the hunt-club lady saw she was outridden and dropped from second place. Hickory Boy, humping like a hungry black bear, crawled up on Foothill Fanny, lost on the turn, overtook her again and romped home half a length ahead.

There was fire in the Cheyenne woman's eye when it came to the roping and trick riding. At this she showed herself more expert than the girl from the Ghost Valley ranch. But when it came to the bucker and bronco-busting tests they were on more even ground, though the more experienced professional lost the sympathy of the stand when she openly accused Lem Siddons of pouring buckshot into the ear of Gypsy's outlaw. And when Gypsy roped and hobbled that outlaw, and saddled and cinched and mounted him, and sat tight while he crow-hopped, and slipped off when he turtled and star-raked with his feet in the air like a bear fighting bees, and kept her seat when he rocketed and sunfished and caterpillared and bucked, and grinned a little sheepishly and blew a kiss to the ranch boys as she pirouetted her outlaw down to the band stand and back, there was no longer any doubt as to the winner. The crowd gave her a cheer that made her turn pink, and the home boys ki-yied and performed strange gymnastics along the top rails while the judges solemnly presented the daughter of Duke McGuigan with the prize of the day, which consisted of three hundred dollars in gold from the Calgary Frontier-Day Committee, together with an excursion ticket from the local Rotarians to New York and back.

"Be you a-goin' to use that ticket to Noo York?" inquired Lem Siddons as he rubbed the ponies down in the track shed when the stand had emptied.

"I be!" solemnly asserted Gypsy, with the wine of victory still warm in her bruised and battered young body.

II

GYPSY McGUIGAN made use of her ticket to New York. But before setting out on that journey into the unknown East the bewildered young queen of the rodeo had a soul-filling week or two in her own foothill territory. She saw pictures of herself in the Calgary Herald, and was cheered as she rode up to the valley post office for the morning mail, and was pointed out as a celebrity by the cow-town idlers, and from unknown but admiring males even received three long-distance proposals of marriage.

So Gypsy, even before she outfitted at the Hudson Bay Store for her invasion of the East, began to feel that she was a person of importance. After due thought she even included in her apparel for that visit the weathered cowboy hat with the faded crimson cord laced about its brim, and the khaki riding togs faced with shredded buckskin, and the abraded riding shoes with the battered Mexican spurs at their heels. These, she knew, would all be recognized as the real thing; and there was no telling just what might happen in New York. A committee might come and ask her to give exhibition riding at one of their horse shows. Or some movie magnate, after reading about her exploits in the West, might eventually break down her earlier resolution never to appear in the pictures. And there would be newspaper photographers, of course, the same as there had been at Calgary after the frontier-day celebration, and her old dad would see her on the front page and begin to realize that she wasn't as rattle-headed as he'd claimed her to be.

So the intrepid Gypsy McGuigan, with her new near-walrus hand bag and her new japanned-tin trunk with the riding togs and the foothill-store finery packed therein, arrived one dark and rainy morning in the city of her dreams. No one about her seemed acutely conscious of that arrival, although at the suggestion of the much-traveled Bud Cochrane she had taken the precaution to write to the biggest of her dream city's big hotels to reserve one room and bath for single lady. She betrayed a tendency to attribute the quietness of her advent solely to weather conditions, and managed to keep a stiff upper lip in fact even when confronted by the intimidating grandeur of the hotel rotunda which engulfed her.

But she found New York somewhat different from what she had expected. Instead of receiving her with open arms, it saddened her bewildered little outlander's heart with its immensity, with its gigantic unconcern, with its blithely grim preoccupation with its own ends. She began to see, as she stared desolately down from her mountain-high window, that she was a nobody in that strange city—that she was less than a nobody. For she discovered, after her first timorous invasion of the huge dining room, where even the orchestra leader had smiled at her color scheme, that everything about her, from her pointed tan shoe tips to her wine-colored turban, was fundamentally wrong. And when she ventured out into Fifth Avenue, on her second day in the city, she vaguely resented the conspiracy of silence with which her progress up that thoroughfare was greeted, just as she resented the commiserative smiles of the hydrogenated shopgirls when she wandered into a white-sandstone store that was a replica of an Italian *palazzo* and had space enough for a cattle round-up between its burnished counters.

Before the end of her third day in the city she was a very lonely and a very homesick young woman. She had been duly tutored by the wiseacres of the ranch as to the dangers of the unregenerate East and fully realized from her knowledge of screen serials that no respectable young lady

might dream of facing the perils of metropolitan night life, where sinister-eyed Lotharios accosted the innocent, and designing millionaires emerged from Wall Street to ensnare the unwary. She had taken the bull by the horns, it is true, and talked once with the floor clerk with whom she periodically parked her room key, and had been maternally advised that the Hippodrome would be a peach of a show for her to see. The young man at the news stand, where she had bought the pocket map of New York City, had also companionably remarked that it was a fine morning and had suggested that she ought to take in Chinatown and the Aquarium before she went West again. But she remembered the pearls of ranch wisdom that had been poured out to her, and remained namelessly afraid of the uncomprehended city that roared about her, and stayed a great deal in her room, very much as a frightened animal sticks to its lair. She missed the banter and noise of the ranch boys; she missed the clear high skies of the open prairie and the morning Rockies with the wine glow on their peaks; she missed the tawny gray-green of hills rolling illimitably off into space and the whip of upland air against her tingling cheek. But most of all, she missed her pintos. She grew homesick for the whinny of a satin-smooth nose nuzzling into her hand after salt, for the tranquilizing patter of hoofs along a hard-packed trail, for the sheer smell of thick-maned necks and saddle leather stained with sweat.

But one momentous morning when Gypsy, growing bolder, wandered farther than was her wont up Fifth Avenue unexpected balm for her unhappy young heart suddenly confronted her. This she found in the Plaza, close to where the consoling greenery of Central Park widened before her startled young eyes.

It took the form of a huge metal horse mounted by the caped figure of a soldier, who, she later on learned from the spieler of a sight-seeing bus, was General Sherman at the end of his march through Georgia. Gypsy, not being an American, was none too clear as to who General Sherman was and why he had marched through Georgia. But she did know there was no mistake about her admiration for the bronze horse that held its head high above the crowded fairway of motor cars and trod forever on its spray of Georgia pine. She liked the lines of that horse. She liked the alert outflare of his nostril, his lean and sinewed flanks, his workaday true-to-life hardness that seemed to imply he had traveled long trails and known rough going.

Gypsy even grew to love that insensate thing of metal, stealing up to it day by day and studying it with intent and understanding eyes. She found companionship in it. She made her visit to it the first task of her otherwise taskless day. She was sorry she could not reach up and pat her newfound friend on his tarnished-gold shoulder. Remembering him, she did not feel so unutterably alone in the world. And morning by morning she sought him out, and thought of Hickory Boy and Jailbird and Tumbleweed, and wondered when she could reasonably desert this city of aliens for her free and friendly West, where there was no peril in smiling at a stranger and the wearing of color was not a capital offense in woman.

Then, oddly enough, Gypsy McGuigan suddenly lost her love for the Sherman horse in the square. She lost it, because instead of the imitation she found a real horse to love, a limpid-eyed, moist-nosed, flesh-and-blood horse that could make some response to one's advances.

She first caught sight of him at the street corner lower down the Avenue. She was only half conscious that he was a police horse, for she paid scant attention to the blue-clad figure with the yellow-wheel ensign on his coat sleeves, the figure that sat so upright and so impassive in the polished brown saddle. That figure, with the sun-browned face shaded by the glazed leather cap peak, meant little more to her than did the metal figure of General Sherman staring off into undecipherable distance, for it was the horse alone that caught and held Gypsy's attention. She promptly enough realized his good points, different as he was from the rangy prairie ponies she had lived with and ridden and loved. She knew he was a beauty. She knew it by the oblique and tight-muscled shoulder, the slender yet solid frame, the clean lean head so free from collar heaviness, the deep chest and the back rib well down, the hard-lined and sinewy limb and the smoothest of pastern joints. And her heart went out to him. It went out so obliteratingly that she stepped from the curb and ran an affectionate hand along the low-hung muzzle, crooning soothing little words of endearment into the indolently alert ear as she continued to stroke the mahogany-brown nose that sniffed at her and made her wish she had a lump or two of sugar in her pocket.

"You're sure one grand little nag!" she said in the vernacular of the ranch corral as she stroked behind the twitching velvet ear. "One grand little nag!" she repeated as she ran an appreciative hand along the neatly arched neck.

Then she stopped short. For as her eyes traveled onward she for the first time became conscious of the man seated on the horse. For one fraction of a moment their eyes met. For a slightly longer space of time a humanizing half smile played like heat lightning above the grim line of the weather-darkened jaw. Then the traffic officer's eyes were directed far off down the Avenue, where the winking red and green and yellow lights sent the twin streams of wheeled things pulsating on their way.

Gypsy colored faintly and accepted that blighting withdrawal as still another instance of the soullessness of the city. But she was getting used to being ignored. She even sighed as she stepped back to the curb and wandered listlessly back to the hotel, where the languid ladies in the elevator smiled at her with the same gently condoning smile with which, back home, she herself had once greeted the untutored tenderfoot.

But she did not forget about the traffic horse up the Avenue. The next morning at breakfast she filched several white cubes from the little silver-plated sugar bowl. Much of the earlier listlessness had gone from her step as she made her way up the Avenue, for at last she had some purpose in life. Her spirits rose as she caught sight of her four-footed friend, on this occasion stationed midway between the two street corners. She stepped resolutely out to him, rubbed his nose and confidentially presented him with a loaf of sugar. She patted his neck when he sniffed about her coat pocket for another. Then she started visibly, for the man on the horse, the man she had in some way assumed to be a thing of metal, actually spoke to her.

"So you know a real one when you see it, lady?" said the stern-faced man under the burnished cap visor.

It was friendly enough in tone, that casual question from the mounted officer. But there was no smile on his face, and no unbending from his fixed posture of military erectness.

The cowgirl from the West flushed crimson. Yet she found a second wind of courage as she studied the averted Celtic eye under the peaked cap

"I ought to," she said as she surrendered another sugar loaf to the nibbling moist lips. "I've broken them by the dozen."

The impersonal Celtic eye studied her guardedly.

"Where'd you ever break horses?" he finally inquired.

"Out West," she told him, with a wistful tone unwittingly creeping into her voice.

"I'll be saying you'd get real riding out there," observed Sergeant Torrey O'Malley, with his first direct glance down at the girl with the butternut-brown skin.

"I've done thirty miles between sunup and breakfast," admitted Gypsy.

"You'd ride well," proclaimed the man on the horse, with an appraising eye that brought the color back into her face.

"You don't mind me giving sugar to your pony, do you?" asked the girl from Alberta, edging discreetly away into the impersonal. For she had been duly warned against the peril of addressing strangers in this wicked city of the East.

"It's making me wish I was a horse myself," said Torrey O'Malley. And he smiled outright for the first time, smiled a friendly Irish smile that left Gypsy staring plaintively after him as he swung about, wheeled off and leaned down to speak with a uniformed fat man in a red car with a bell on its cowl.

The next morning, when she returned with her hidden lumps of sugar and her timorously determined manner, she found it a trifle easier to talk with Sergeant O'Malley. He told her that his horse's name was Bingham and ventured to remark that she'd enjoy watching the canary rookies at work down at the training school. She in turn told about the mounties at home and explained the why and the wherefore of her trip to the East. And before the end of the week she was even asking him if outsiders were allowed to walk in Central Park, and inquiring as to the best shops where she could buy Eastern clothes, and seeking advice as to the easiest way to get down to Brooklyn Bridge, which, she had been told, was one of the seven wonders of the world.

And day by day Sergeant O'Malley solemnly saluted the girl with the solemnly wistful eyes as she brought Bingham his lumps of sugar. And if, as he sat in the saddle with the round-ended cantle, he retained an undue amount of professional impersonality as he talked down to her, that pose was more an effort at self-protection than an indication of his true feelings. For he had acquired the habit of morning by morning watching for the girl who knew a good horse when she saw one. And Torrey O'Malley in turn prided himself on knowing a thoroughbred when he saw one. When she told him, towards the end of the week, that the next day

Gypsy Kept Her Seat When He Rocketed and Sunfished and Caterpillared

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SHOCK

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Say, You Don't Think There's Nothin' in This Talk That Babe Coventry Killed His Old Man, Do You?"

DAMN," said Mrs. Egg, "is not a word that was used by ladies formerly when I was learnin' my manners, although more popular now; but it happens to be precisely what I think of your cookin', young woman. You've butchered more food in three days than I ever spoiled in ten years. Here's fifteen dollars, and there's a train back to Columbus at ten o'clock which one of the hired men will take you down to with a milk truck. So good-by, and I don't want any language back from you, neither!"

The cook undid an apron and retorted, "Well, if a woman of your weight wants to cook for ——"

"My weight," Mrs. Egg puffed, "is a matter between me an' my conscience, and I don't need any remarks on it from a person that uses such a blue powder with that purple kind of lip paint, besides makin' eyes at my son who's been a married boy for nine months and eight days." She allowed more essence of peppermint to dribble from the bottle to a sugar lump in her palm. The sugar melted on her tongue and the biting perfume clawed her throat so violently that her chins seemed to flap as she coughed. "I've already said good-by, but let me advise you that griddle-cakes are made better when the griddle's been greased some, and that Dammy thought your rice pudding the worst he ever ate except some he had once on a ship in the Navy when the cook had got mixed up with some novel kind of drink in Japan and mistook burned match ends for raisins."

She swallowed the last of the sugar and opened the door. Rain spattered against the warm spread of her face, and a farm hand coming up the steps shook his head hopelessly, announcing, "That Jersey is headed straight for the dark river, Mis' Egg."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Egg, buttoning her waterproof. "Certainly! I'm forty-seven years of age, and the only one of those proverb things that's got any sense in it is that about troubles never comin' to call alone. No sooner does John Egg start off to Florida with his asthma than the only vet'rinary in this town goes and gets murdered, and I get a cook that I'll thank you to take right down to the station on a milk truck, Sam, and a cow makes up her mind to die. Help me downstairs, please."

The farm hand braced her descent of the soaked steps and Mrs. Egg thanked him with dignity as he stood rubbing his shoulder. He said, "Not at all, ma'am. Why don't you get hold of Babe Coventry to look at this here cow?"

"It's an idea," she mused, "but I don't know how good. Babe havin' buried his father yest'day may not be feelin' like lookin' at sick cows, besides which his fool of a wife has a fit whenever she gets reminded that his father is—or was—a vet'rinary. It's prob'ly a relief to Lucille's feelings that somebody's shot Coventry full of holes and she don't have to med'tate whenever she sees a lame horse on the street that her husband's papa will be called in. Still, Babe might know somethin' we could do if Dammy could sneak him out here. Where's Dammy?"

"Went off to town on his motorbike a piece ago. Say, Mis' Egg, what's your opinion about Coventry?"

Several farm hands, drawn by her voice, had lounged up through the rain. Mrs. Egg found a peppermint lozenge, rather crumbled, in the pocket of her coat and smiled at it before absorption. She said: "I never had any opinion of Coventry, Sam, although he was a good vet'rinary. My daughters tell me the fun'ral was very grand, which the fun'rals of people that get murdered always are. It was always spoken in his favor that he adopted Babe out of the orphan asylum and gave him a home, but I never could see that Babe acted like he was in any raptures over drivin' Coventry's car around at all hours of the night and cookin' his meals in that two-cent shack by the railway station. I'm forty-seven years of age, and several have been murdered during that time, and I notice they're all full of merits after they're dead. Pers'nally," Mrs. Egg drawled, "I thought Coventry was about the least attractive person in this county, an' I hated those cinn'mon-colored whiskers he wore. But that's what my daughters call one of my heartless remarks."

She sighed and marched down the walk of flagstones under naked trees toward the colossal barns. A young hired man paced alongside her bulk and asked, scuffling the worn grass of the yard, "Say, you don't think there's nothin' in this talk that Babe Coventry killed his old man, do you?"

"I don't!" said Mrs. Egg in a surge of wrath that raised her voice and brought boot heels clumping down the walk behind her. "I don't! Aside from Babe bein' a partic'larly intimate friend of Dammy's and a nice boy even if married to that fool Lucille Webster, I don't see the least use in anybody puttin' such a yarn around except that it always happens when someone's killed that people start lookin' for a near relative to've done it. While it's true that some of us despise our close relations a lot, we're usually so used to 'em that we never think of shootin' 'em twice through the lungs like this person unknown did to Coventry."

"It's a wonder," someone said, "that Coventry could walk all the way over to the railway station after he'd been did to like that, and not just die where he got shot."

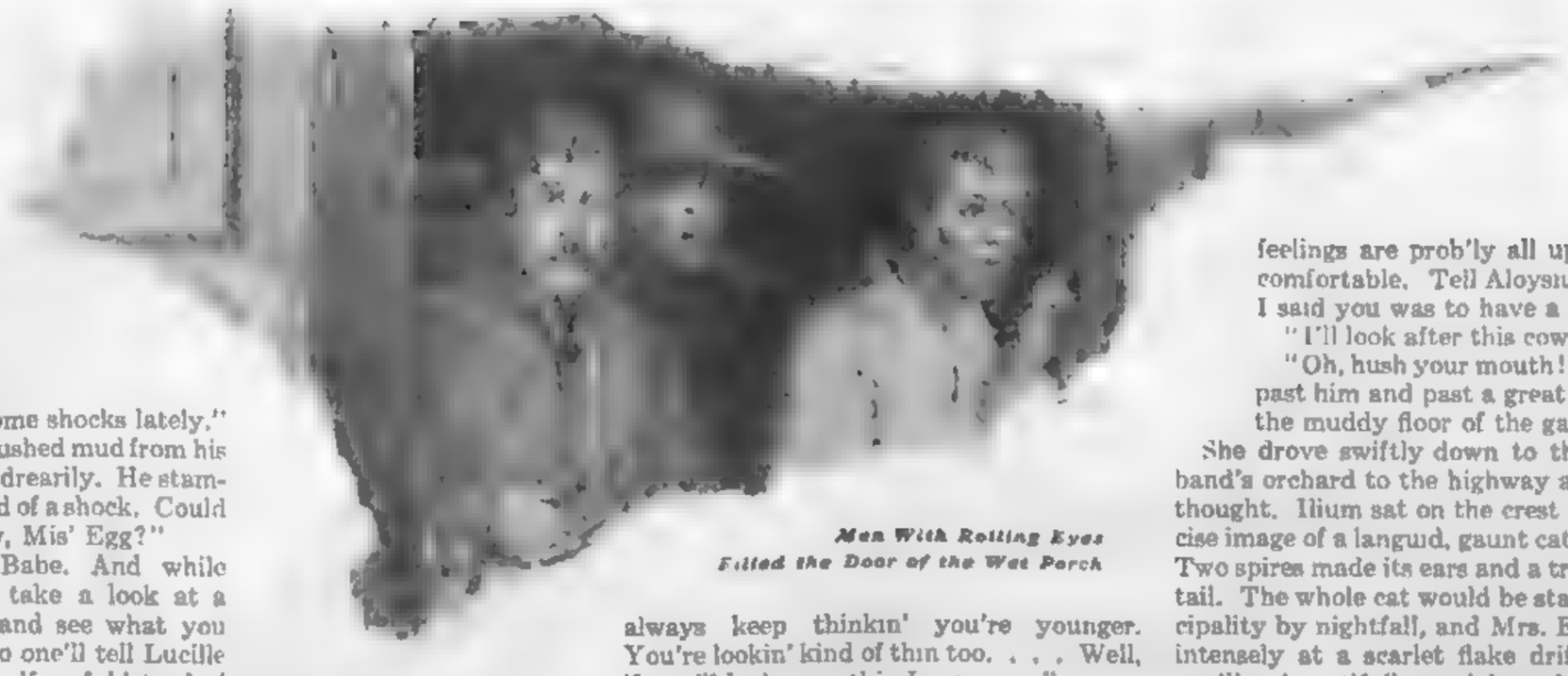
"It's a wonder," Mrs Egg panted; "but it's convenient for Babe that he did walk over to the station to do his dyin' in public. A person who comes into a railway station shot to pieces and dies on the floor by the ticket office at eleven P.M. cannot have been murdered by his son—adopted son—who was playin' pool at the Legion rooms with Adam John Egg at that time. My gee! This twaddle about Babe makes me sick inside!"

An elderly farm hand put in meekly, "Yeh, but Babe did have a rumpus with Coventry early last week. Shook his fist in his face front the drug store and called him a skunk."

"Skunks," said Mrs. Egg, "are a black animal with white stripes and pretty good-lookin'. It seems unjust to a skunk to wish all these—these unsatisfactory persons on them. My daughters have been tellin' me emphatic that Babe had a fight with Coventry, but no one knows why; and if callin' him names makes one be suspected of shootin' his lungs out I'm liable myself, because I called him several the time he blood-poisoned that heifer's leg lancin' it careless at Christmas. . . . Mr. Egg lef' orders that those three dead peach trees by the henhouse were to come down and I notice they're still standin'."

The hired men scattered. Mrs. Egg marched past their barracks and into the sumptuous home of her husband's kine. Two hundred brown eyes reflected the light of the opened door, and the cows sniffed in model stalls comfortably—too comfortably. Mrs. Egg said "Mercy!" with some scorn, and lumbered to the warm box stall where the ailing Jersey looked up from a bed of straw and coughed.

Mrs. Egg sat down on a small keg and pitied the cow. Plainly, it would be better to extract Babe Coventry from his possible sorrow over the veterinary's death and let the cow be tended, and certainly Babe must be lured with skill from Lucille's keeping. Mrs. Egg sighed. Breakfast had been deplorable; Adam was probably at the hospital in town with his wife. She found some crumbs of peppermint in the pocket and licked her fingers studiously before leaving the great barn. She picked her way slowly across the graveled barnyard to the garage and sighed again, vexed by the wind that whimpered through the stanchions of the water tank and by the grumbling of the best Holstein bull in his separate palace beyond the ice house. March was wearisome and the taste of defective coffee lingered in her mouth; she sighed and set a foot on the step of her low motor. Then the dimples deepened on each side of Mrs. Egg's mouth. She said "My gee!" beholding a plump paper bag on the cushions of the driving seat. Chocolate creams, abandoned last night! She ate three rapidly and was soothed. The last flavor of bad coffee erased itself from her tongue under this healing sweetness. Mrs. Egg beamed and began her struggle with the business of mounting the car. Someone shoved her capably forward and she sank with gratitude on the cushions, gulping, "Much obliged. . . . Why, Babe, I was just startin' to go look for you!"



Men With Rolling Eyes Filled the Door of the Wet Porch

Babe Coventry grinned nervously and pulled down a sandy curl to the top of his nose. He let the curl flop back and asked in his humble, hoarse voice, "Dammy home, Mis' Egg?"

"Went in town to see Benj'mina at the hospital, Babe. He'll be back any time. Mercy, Babe, you look all used up! Well, you've had some shocks lately."

The towering fellow brushed mud from his left eyebrow and nodded drearily. He stammered, "Yeah . . . kind of a shock. Could I wait round for Dammy, Mis' Egg?"

"You cert'nly can, Babe. And while you're waitin', if you'd take a look at a Jersey in the box stall and see what you think I'd be grateful. No one'll tell Lucille you've been makin' yourself useful 'stead of just ornamental. How," Mrs. Egg asked most civilly, "is Lucille bearin' up?"

He flushed, swinging a covered basket against an old military raincoat splashed with clay, and muttered, "All right, I guess. . . . Yeh, I'll be glad to look at your cow. Nor it don't matter what Lucille thinks."

Mrs. Egg ate a chocolate and studied him affably. Her daughters insisted that Babe Coventry was much more handsome than Adam, and Mrs. Egg conceded that his gray eyes were pleasing. He was also very long, although he had lost the bright swagger brought back from France, and slouched now, his sodden curls matted down to crooked eyebrows and his eyes marked about with queer reddish stains. Still, he was a fine big thing.

"Babe, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two, Mis' Egg."

"That's so. You've always been six months older'n Dammy. It's because you're an inch or some shorter I always keep thinkin' you're younger. You're lookin' kind of thin too. . . . Well, if you'll look over this Jersey ——"

Babe put down his basket and stepped close to the car. He opened his mouth three times and then said, "Say, Mis' Egg, would you give me a job here?"

She ate a chocolate hurriedly. The husband of the county's richest woman was asking her for a job! Mrs. Egg quivered under the shock, but her drawl came steadily. She said: "Mercy, Babe! You needn't to get so excited about it. Dammy'd give you anything but his wife, who you don't need, havin' an elegant one of your own. My daughters tell me she looked pretty wonderful at the funeral. . . . Yes, of course you can have a job, honey. Lucille ain't lost her money?"

"I've quit her."

Mrs. Egg bit into a chocolate and found herself unable to do more than stare at him. After a time she said: "Well, you're perfectly welcome here, Babe. That room across the hall from Dammy's has a big bed in it; the cook to the hired men's bunk house will make you a breakfast if you're at all hungry. As to your havin' left Lucille, I ask no questions; but it struck me when a woman of her age went and grabbed a boy nineteen years old —— However, your feelings are prob'ly all upset. You make yourself comfortable. Tell Aloysius—he's the men's cook—I said you was to have a lot of breakfast."

"I'll look after this cow. Thank ——"

"Oh, hush your mouth!" said Mrs. Egg, and drove past him and past a great ancient valise that lay on the muddy floor of the garage.

She drove swiftly down to the lane through her husband's orchard to the highway and then drove slowly, for thought. Ilium sat on the crest of the long hill in the precise image of a languid, gaunt cat sprawled against the sky. Two spires made its ears and a trail of tiny cottages was its tail. The whole cat would be staring toward the Egg principality by nightfall, and Mrs. Egg beamed. She beamed intensely at a scarlet flake drifting down the road and swelling beautifully as Adam slowed his motorcycle. He dropped both moccasins to the mud and stood astride his toy, spilling smoke from the thin nostrils of his short nose, his black eyes attentive. Mrs. Egg stopped her engine.

The giant said, "'Lo, mamma."

"Well, Dammy, I fired that person that said she was a cook back to Columbus on the ten o'clock train," Mrs. Egg drawled. Then she babbled, "And Babe Coventry's out at the place, Dammy, and asked for a job. He's lef' his wife!"

Adam ran a thumb along the brown ridge of his nose and flicked a crumb of mud from his thick lashes. Then he took the knitted white skullcap from his round, cropped head and spun it on a finger, meditating. The scarlet jersey of silk was tight on his chest and preposterous shoulders, as if it had been painted over the brown skin. It ended at his throat and trivial muscles below his small ears danced; he was amused, she saw.

"You thought he would, Dammy?"

(Continued on Page 70)

The Soapy Water Flooded Toward the Door and Mrs. Egg Climbed Her Back Stairs Hastily

ROUGH-HEAVY STUFF

What Wild Horses Could Not Do, Human Nature Achieved. Monsieur Fanfaron Had Not Been Home Three Days Before He Related the Whole Story at the Club Helvetia

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MONSIEUR FANFARON was plainly worried as he sat at his desk with his hands locked over his ample paunch and twiddled his thumbs. King Alexis had just announced his departure within the week, and not a word as yet of the treasury order for twenty thousand francs which the concierge had been promised. What should he do? One cannot dun a king. He had tried it before and failed.

"Halloo, old kid!" boomed a cheery voice from the stairs. "How's the morale today?"

"It is low, Mac. The world is full of greedy people. One can trust nobody."

"Then what d'you do it for?" retorted the movie man.

Fanfaron humped his shoulders. "Because I am soft. Because I have too much heart—here, Mac."

"Yeh," said his ally; "you're as soft as a ten-minute egg, you are. Well, so long. I got to get a shave and make myself beautiful."

During the next quarter of an hour Mactavish submitted to the insistence of the hotel barber, who cut his hair with a razor and comb, explaining that this method would impart a wave to his locks.

"A little tonic for the 'air, m'sieu?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Then a drop of our brilliantine?"

"Uh-huh! Dry!"

"Very special, sir—made from a rare flower found only on top of these mountains, and whose secret we have discovered."

"Be a gentleman and keep the secret."

"And here," continued the barber in an even, imperturbable murmur, "is a face lotion that no gentleman of refinement should be without."

"Nothing doing."

"It is the sovereign remedy, m'sieu. It is exclusively composed of vegetable products, roses of Italy, lilies, marsh mallows and exotic plants the names of which we so preciously keep on account their extraordinary active elements ——"

"Help! Gimme air!"

"It confers and keeps to the complexion," went on the barber, a bottle in his hand, "the freshness and the brightness. It prevents and destroys wrinkles. All eruptions of the skin disappear as if by enchantment. It is at once the water of youth and the philosopher's stone of coquetry. And all for five francs. Shall I send a bottle to m'sieu's room?"

"No; if it's that good I might drink it."

At that moment Monsieur Fanfaron burst into the *salon de coiffure*.

"Whoof, Mac! At last!" he cried. "Hurry! He wants you!"

Within three minutes Mactavish faced King Alexis across a desk he had installed in the royal sitting room. Not having been invited to enter, Fanfaron waited outside with his ear to the keyhole.

"I sent for you," said the king, "because the entry we had planned into my capital cannot take place."

"Ain't the king going back?"

Now and again Mac remembered Fanfaron's coaching and politely employed the third-person form of address.

"We are. But circumstances have arisen which make it advisable to cancel the formal entry. Later, perhaps. But for the present we will return quietly."

Silence in the room. The movie expert understood perfectly what was in the royal mind.

"Say, listen, king!" he said earnestly, forgetting etiquette in his eagerness to save the brilliant plans he had built. "I'm wise, see—I'm hep to what's eatin' you. But forget it. There ain't any risk. You just leave it to me and I'll rib up some business that'll make you the popular idol, see?"

Alexis smiled. "You are thinking of the picture. I am thinking of what is best for the state."

"Sure! A guy always thinks of himself first," the Mactavish admitted. "But you don't get my idea, king. You think I want you to ride in the procession, don't you?"

"Naturally. And I am afraid it cannot be done. My best friends advise me against the undertaking." Unconsciously he glanced down at a letter he held in his hands.

"Well, I got a better scheme than that."

They sank their voices. Strain as he might, Monsieur Fanfaron could not catch another word. It was maddening. And to add to his mortification, Armand, the *valet de chambre*, came along the corridor and caught him with his head glued to the door. The concierge pretended to be leaving some mail on the mat, but the ruse was clumsily done—far below his ordinary technic.

And Armand wore an ill-repressed grin when he summoned the concierge a few minutes later to the royal suite.

"No," remarked the king critically the instant he appeared. "The fellow is too fat."

"But he'll be in a carriage," protested Mactavish. "And none of your folks has seen you for a year."

"That is so." Alexis gazed at Fanfaron.

"And he'll make a swell rough-heavy," continued the movie man. "I can fix him up for the part so nobody could tell the difference between you twenty feet away."

The king looked doubtful.

"I can see no resemblance except possibly in the shape of the head. That mustache would have to come off."

Monsieur Fanfaron, who had been gazing helplessly from one to the other during this discussion of his points, started as though somebody had jabbed him with a pin. He grew pale.

"Pardon, but is his majesty referring to me, by a possibility?"

"Who else, man?"

"Then I take the liberty of pointing out that I am quite in the dark as to what is being considered."

"You are going to be a king, *monsieur le concierge*."

"His majesty was good enough to refer to my mustaches."

"To be sure. They will have to be shaved."

Fanfaron turned and addressed himself to Mactavish. "I am ignorant of what is being planned, but"—and he gave his beautiful mustaches a fierce upward twirl—"if any treachery is contemplated against them, I beg to inform you that I will not be a party to it; not under any circumstances, my friend."

"You can grow them again," said his majesty.

"It is impossible," returned Fanfaron in great agitation.

"Say, listen!" interjected Mactavish. "You don't need to lose that alfalfa, see? Maybe we'll have to prune 'em here and there—trim 'em down some, see, so they'll look human. But you can keep the spinach, kiddo; you can keep the spinach."

The concierge eyed him doubtfully, but appeared relieved.

"All we want you to do is sub for the king here in the parade. How about it?"

"*Parbleu*, no! What do you take me for, Mac?"

"You see?" murmured Alexis.

"Wait a minute. Don't blow up till you know what it is, see? Say, if the king don't mind, I'll just take this bird out in the hall a minute and talk to him."

"By all means."

Mactavish took the dazed concierge by the elbow and piloted him into the corridor.

"Now pay attention!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Here's the dope: This guy owes you twenty thousand francs, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"Swiss."

"Does he act like he aims to pay it?"

"*Diable*, no!"

"You figure on gettin' an order for the money on the royal treasury, don't you?"

"He has promised it."

"And you've been a concierge twenty years!" exclaimed Mac with sad reproach.

"You think then, Mac, that he will dishonor the debt?"

"The royal treasury will. Surely you ain't such a ninny that you believe this order'll be paid, once he's a thousand miles away, are you?"

Monsieur Fanfaron uttered a sort of groan and flapped his hands. "What can I do, then? You must help me, Mac."

"That's just what I'm gettin' at. You come along with us, see? Stick tighter'n a sand bur—and he'll have to come across."

The concierge groaned again. "But the risk?" he said. "There is a risk, Mac."

"There you go again, before you've heard what I've ribbed up. There ain't any risk, buddy."

"No?"

"No; it'll be a frame-up, see?"

"Ah-h-h!" cried Fanfaron hopefully. "You will make the bluff."

"That's the idea exactly. The king's got cold feet on account of a letter somebody wrote to him, and he ain't taking any chances."

"And neither will I, m'sieu," said the concierge firmly.

"Who asked you to? All you've got to do is sub for this bird less'n ten minutes, see? I'll attend to the rest."

"But a lot can happen in ten minutes. It is no use to talk, Mac. No!"

"But say, listen! There ain't a chance in the world for anybody to take a crack at you. You'll just get out of the train and into a carriage, and at the very first corner we pass the big stuff is pulled and I shoot the picture, see?"

"Shoot? I will not go, m'sieu!"

"I got my men placed all around this corner, see, and the minute you show one of 'em lets fly with a blank cartridge. You fall back like you're wounded, and then you up and jump out and take a swing at him. It'll go big. The king'll be a hero."

"Yes, the king! But I, m'sieu?—Marc-Aurèle Fanfaron. What becomes of me? What will the *sale scélérat* do that I swing at?"

"He'll run. A hundred francs for him, see?"

"Ah-h-h!" At last the movie expert had sounded a note which struck the concierge's ear pleasantly. "You wish me to be a rough-heavy, is it not?"

"Sure! You got it at last."

"And this attack, and all the monkey business, it will be a joke, a mystification, *hein?*"

"Sure! A frame-up to get a picture."

"But a good rough-heavy comes high, Mac. I have heard you say so." Fanfaron was watching him out of the tail of his eye.

"Well, you do your part like I tell you to and there's five thousand francs in it for you."

"Swiss?"

"Swiss."

"But supposing the scoundrel who shoots the pistol refrains from running?"

"Wallop him anyhow—maybe that would be better. It wouldn't be bad business, that, at all, old dear."

"If he should wallop back, m'sieu!"

"Shucks, if you're hurt, or even get a scratch, I'll double the amount! Does that satisfy you?"

It did seem to allay some of Fanfaron's doubts. Possibly he figured that nobody would agree to risk five thousand francs if the slightest chance existed of losing it. Yet his caution dominated.

"And after?"

"There ain't any after. We cut right there and the parade's off; see?" Mac was becoming impatient.

"Well, I will do it—for you, Mac."

"Fine!"

"But wait! I forgot! The hotel!"

"The king can fix that. And I guess this joint won't close down without you for a week or two, old-timer. Say listen! We want to rehearse what you got to do a few times, hey?"

"It would be well, I think."

"All right. Wait for me downstairs."

Reentering the royal salon, Mactavish announced "He'll do it."

"Excellent! And may I ask what inducements persuaded him, my friend?"

"He says he would give his life for you any time, king."

Alexis was touched. "Ah, he is an excellent fellow, that concierge. He has laid me under great obligations."

For the next three days they were busy with preparations. Mactavish had all the business planned to the minutest detail. Each of his men knew where he was to stand, what he was to do, down to the fraction of a second. But the attack scene was impossible of rehearsal *en masse*, because three rival movie experts had trailed him to the hotel, and they would certainly follow so warm a scent. So he had to content himself with drilling the chief actor in his part privately.

First, he made Fanfaron allow the barber to trim down his mustaches to human proportions and wax the ends to fine points in order to bear some resemblance to the king's. It was a terrible blow to the concierge; he went about with a shamed, hangdog air, like one conscious of being insufficiently clothed. The management noted the trimming with stupefaction; they remonstrated with Fanfaron for impairing a company asset. He promised to let them grow out again.

Then, up in Mac's bedroom, they made up Monsieur Fanfaron every afternoon for the rôle. They inserted him into a royal uniform which had been enlarged six inches at the waist; they showed him how to wear a sword without getting it entangled with his legs, and he had to walk up and down for hours with the plumed helmet on his head in order that he might grow accustomed to the feel and not look as though it were about to topple off any minute. They even taught him royal gestures—or what Mactavish fondly conceived to be royal gestures—particularly a lordly wave of the hand such as an ignorant public might expect of a king when he cries "Off with the varlet's head!" He needed no lessons in strutting; no king ever shown on a screen could beat Fanfaron at that.

"You'll do!" declared Mactavish. "Say, a good director could make a swell rough-heavy out of you, kiddo. Now for the fight business."

That came harder for Monsieur Fanfaron. He had never had a fight in his life, or even contemplated one, and when the movie expert yelled at him to swing he flailed away blindly with his arms, his eyes shut, puffing like a fat seal.

"Gee, but that'd knock 'em cockeyed if we could only use it!" said Mac regretfully. "Wouldn't that stuff get a laugh, though? But it's always the way—the best work in shootin' a picture has to be cut every time."

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"Say, Listen, Buddy! You Got to Learn How to Uppercut and Jab, Though. I Want a Nice Clean Knock-Out in This Scene—One That'll Make 'Em Sit Up and Say, 'Holy Mackerel, That King's Sure Got a Wallop!' Comprenez!"

THE BEGGAR OF BERLIN

By PHILIP GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

I WAS standing outside one of the antiquity shops of the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, studying some fine old engravings displayed in the window, when a voice over my shoulder spoke to me in excellent English:

"For the love of God, sir, will you give me a few marks?"

I turned round, astonished by the way in which these words were spoken, not whiningly but in a very pleasant and courteous voice.

There were many beggars in Berlin four years after war, at a time when German marks had dropped in exchange value to twenty a penny; and as an Englishman I had been accosted often enough by hungry-looking creatures slouching through the streets, especially at night; but no German beggar had spoken to me in English or in such a tone.

I was still more astonished by the figure of the man who had spoken. He was young and singularly handsome, with a finely sculptured face and blue eyes; but his whole appearance was extraordinary in the Wilhelmstrasse, fairly crowded at that hour in the afternoon with well-dressed Germans of a business type and foreign visitors searching for bargains in the shops, as I was, while marks were cheap in exchange. He was unshaven and had a softly curling beard. His hair, unkempt and matted, was so long that it touched his shoulders. He wore nothing but a brown linen shirt open at the neck, a pair of cotton drawers above the knees, and a pair of sandals. He carried a tall stick, cut from a hedge; and with his bare limbs and neck, deeply bronzed by the sun, he had the look of a young shepherd or, as I thought afterwards, of John the Baptist in a picture by Titian. I noticed that he had a tin whistle slung round his neck on a piece of knotted string.

His Whole Appearance Was Extraordinary in the Wilhelmstrasse

As I took out my pocketbook he spoke again, with hardly any foreign accent.

"Do not give me more than five marks at the most. On twenty marks a day I can keep alive, and I do not accept more than five marks at a time."

"Surely," I said, "you cannot live on twenty marks!"

I remembered the price of my last meal at the Hotel Wotan. It had cost me seven hundred and fifty marks, and was ridiculously cheap when reckoned in English exchange.

"It is enough for a little bread," he answered, "and that is enough for life. Here, in Berlin, there are many people who are destroying their souls by overeating, while others starve. One cannot love God and one's belly at the same time. By denying the flesh, the soul, I find, has liberty."

I gave him five marks—worth less than a farthing in English money—and he said, "In giving this your gain is greater than mine, if it is with charity in your heart."

I wondered if he were mad; and it seems to me a confession of my own material outlook on life, as well as a reflection on our social code as a whole, that one should think a man mad because he dresses in rags and speaks gently of charity. Certainly, in accepting my gift, such as it was, he seemed to confer a favor rather than receive one. As an incurable student of human nature, I was much struck by this young German, unlike any others I had seen, and tried to get into further conversation with him.

"How is it you are a beggar?" I asked. "And yet at the same time you are certainly a gentleman, and speak English as well as I do, and perhaps better."

He smiled at me in a friendly way, and I was impressed by a kind of noble simplicity of manner in him and what I can only call beauty of expression.

"As for my English," he said, "I had an English mother. I am a gentleman because of her. I have adopted begging as a more honest way of life than that of my father. He was a robber in a large way of business. I go among the people of misery and comfort them a little by good old tales and pleasant tunes. You see, I play this whistle."

He unslung the tin whistle which hung round his neck, and putting it to his lips played a merry little tune—merry as an old folk song that has the love of life in its lilt. There, in the Wilhelmstrasse, near the British Embassy, this strange young man played as if he and I were alone in a German wood. Two Germans, carrying flat black-leather bags, like all men of business in Berlin, turned round and stared at him contemptuously a moment, and then passed on with the anxious look of men who, like most others at that time in Berlin, had been gambling in marks and badly caught by the financial stampede which was bringing German currency to the level of waste paper or Austrian kronen.

Two small boys who had come trudging up the Wilhelmstrasse with school satchels over their shoulders stopped to listen to the tune, and grinned with delight in their eyes. They seemed to know the young man, for they shouted out, "*Guten Tag, Hans von Menzel!*" He answered in German, "Good day, little mice! Shall I play you the oldest tune that was ever known in Germany, before Berlin was built, and when there was love in the world?"

"Yes, play it!" shouted the boys.

The young German raised his hedge stick to me as a soldier does his sword in salute.

"We shall meet again," he said, "before our civilization slips into the great abyss. God is weary of the folly of men. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

He went down the Wilhelmstrasse, playing his tin whistle, with a small boy on either side of him. People coming up the street glanced back at him, some with smiles, some with scornful eyes, one or two with pity that so handsome a fellow should be so poverty-stricken or so crazed.

That was the first time I saw Hans von Menzel, and I should have forgotten him, perhaps, or merely remembered him as a strange type of humanity in my mental portrait gallery of odd fellows, if he had not come my way again during my stay in Germany.

I was sitting alone at a little table in the great dining room of the Hotel Wotan. Without a companion that evening, I was studying, with no sense of loneliness, the varied types of people dining around me. They seemed to me, not unfairly, I think, the worst assembly of men and women, with a few decent exceptions, that could be found together in any room in the world. They seemed to me to represent all that is most evil in our modern civilization, and especially in this Europe of ours after the war.

They were mostly foreigners, who were gorging themselves here, in the marble halls of a hotel of which the Kaiser had once been a shareholder, as his bust over the high sculptured mantelpiece reminded one in defiance of the republic. They were the international vultures who gather in the capitals of Europe in which there is financial decay and corruption upon which they thrive. They were the gamblers in German marks; the Valuta hogs, as they were called; the pawnbrokers of German wealth and the cheap-Jacks of German art, antiquities, furniture, jewels; buying cheap from fallen families; raking the shops for treasures which they bought when marks were at their lowest before prices rose; lending money at enormous rates of interest, with stranglehold securities on German industry, and doing every shady kind of business with a hard-pressed people in a thousand ways that are mysterious to me.

The Hotel Wotan had raised its prices three times during the month in which I had been in Berlin, when the mark had fallen precipitously; but in spite of that increase in cost, one could still dine luxuriously for what represented a few shillings in English money. For fourpence, for instance, at what was then the rate of exchange, one could get the best Rhine wine—Niersteiner or Rudesheimer—one of those tall, thin-necked bottles which are the best table decorations of a German banquet. The people here seemed to wallow, bodily and mentally, in this cheap chance of gluttony. They ate and drank with greedy eyes as well as greedy mouths. The fat fingers of their women were loaded with rings bought in the trinket shops of Unter den Linden. The men wore new wrist watches and flashed diamond-studded cigarette cases. One party near me, curiously stunted, coarsely made, loud-mouthed men and women, speaking German with a foreign accent, were drinking

"I Have Smashed a Butterfly," He Said, "and It Was a Cruel Thing"

liqueurs between their courses of meat and bullying the waiters, who were extraordinarily patient, I thought, with their bad manners.

It was one of the waiters who interpreted my own thoughts. He was a little, vivacious, good-natured fellow who seemed to have taken a particular fancy to me because I happened to know most of the old danger spots in Flanders, where he had fought against the English in the war. He had been a lieutenant in the German Army, and explained his present position as a waiter at the Hotel Wotan by a shrug of the shoulders and the words, "One must earn a living somehow." He told me that several of the waiters were men of good family like himself. They earned small salaries—only eight hundred and fifty marks a month, which, he said, was not enough to keep a rat alive in Berlin—but they made up a living wage by the tips they received from Americans and English.

"Most of this crowd here," he said, speaking in a low voice, "ought to be put in a death chamber with poison gas. I'm a pacifist after the war, but these people make me feel murderous."

"They are not a good type," I agreed.

"They are fattening on the ruin of Germany."

"Germany has not reached ruin yet," I said. "Everybody seems to have plenty of paper money and it still buys them the pleasure of life. England is in a far worse state, with her unemployed and overtaxed people."

He brushed some crumbs off the table and looked at me with searching eyes. "Do you want to know the truth about Germany?" he asked me.

"That's what I'm here for," I answered.

He told me his view of the truth, with a kind of quiet passion and what I am sure was absolute sincerity.

"My country is on the edge of the great crash. This German civilization of ours, so great in energy and in splendor"—he looked round at the marble halls of the Hotel Wotan as though they symbolized the grandeur of German industry and art—"is standing on foundations that are rotting and crumbling and cracking beneath us."

"As bad as that?" I asked with incredulity.

"One little push from the French or the British, even one more turn of the screw from fate, and down we go into the great gulf—and Europe will go with us "

"There is a lot of wealth in Germany," I said

"Paper!" he answered with contempt. "False notes flung out from the government presses for fools to play with! The German people are fools, because they still think it has some reality. For a little while they can buy real things with it, because the shopkeepers are fools, too, and think it has some kind of value. But even the people who get it find its reality disappear between their fingers like snow on which the sun shines. Even they have learned not to keep it long. A thousand marks today may be worth no more than five hundred the day after tomorrow. So people who catch the paper money while it flies spend quickly. Good old German thrift has gone to the devil. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!' That's the motto even for good, honest, middle-class folk—and it's right enough. Tomorrow Germany will die as an industrial nation, unless the world forgets its hate and comes to her rescue. And if Germany dies, Europe dies."

"Whose fault?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders in that quick, vivacious way he had.

"The Allies pressed us too hard," he said. "France kicked us when we were down, I agree. But the German Government is mostly to blame. Just as our generals played the gambler's game to the last throw in the war, so our politicians now are gambling with the fate of the nation in this peace, with faked-paper printing presses working overtime, the exploitation of a people's industry by sham wages. You see, I tell you the truth, as one soldier to another."

"What's going to happen?" I asked.

"This winter there will be riots in Berlin and many other cities."

"Some of these people will get a fright," I said.

He laughed for a moment, and then was gloomy again. He was moving away when something startled him, as it did me. The band had just finished playing one of Leo Fall's waltzes, and in the silence that followed—a relative silence, with the chatter of many voices in many tongues and the clatter of plates and glasses as the waiters did their work—there came the sound of a little piping tune on a tin whistle. I recognized this sound instantly. It was the tune which the strange young beggar had played to me in the Wilhelmstrasse, as though he and I were alone in a German wood.

I looked across the tables where the Valuta hogs were dining, and saw his figure standing between two marble pillars through which one had to pass from the great entrance hall to this dining room. He was in the same queer costume, with his brown linen shirt open at the neck and his white cotton drawers above his brown legs. His long hedge stick was stuck through the curve of his elbow like a shepherd's crook as he held his tin whistle in both hands and played his tune. It was as though a Greek boy had come straying out of old Hellas to this hotel of modern luxury and rich vulgarity; or, rather, as I thought again, as though young John the Baptist were in this house of publicans. Moving slowly, with a little smile on his face, he came down the center line of tables until he reached the middle of the immense room, and all the time he played his little lilting tune.

Many of the guests stared at him with surprise, but as though he might have been engaged by the management as some special turn, like the Russian gypsies who sang each night at the Monico in the Kurfürstendam. But it was clear to me at a glance that the waiters were astounded, and even, I thought, a little frightened. They stopped carrying plates or taking orders, and some of them whispered together, glancing at their strange guest with apprehension.

He finished his tune and then leaned on his tall stick, looking very gravely and watchfully at the faces of the people about him. Then he began to speak in German, in that pleasant musical voice which I had heard over my shoulder in the Wilhelmstrasse when he asked me for five marks for the love of God. He spoke with a kind of pity, it seemed.

"You are rich people here," he said, "but you are all most evil to see. If you could see yourselves as I think God must see you, you would be frightened at your own ugliness. You are as ugly as sin, because you are that. You are like beasts wallowing at the trough; strange pampered beasts in human clothes, bedecked with jewels and fine linen. I was like you once, before I saw my own ugliness in the mirror of God's beauty. Because I was like you, I understand and am sorry for you. I understand the ignorance which makes you greedy and cruel and careless of the world of suffering about you which you have

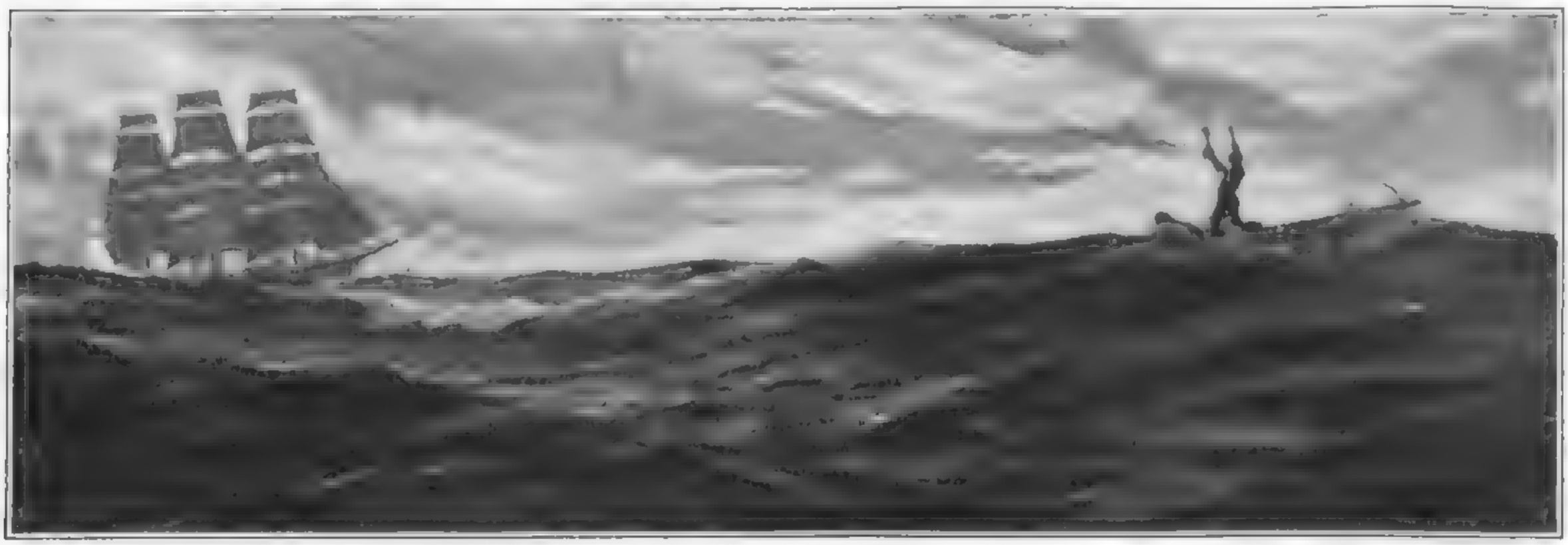
(Continued on Page 100

"I am a Dancing Girl. It Would be Better if I Were Starving With My Peasant Folk in the Village of Lubimocka—More Honest"

NICK PRIDE

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



On the Third Dawn, a Sunny Breezy Daybreak, a White Boat Took Two Brine-Caked, Sun-Scorched Men From a Salt-Whitened Royal Yard

HOURS after watches were set old Socky, Nigger Socky, stumbled over a recumbent figure lying drenched under a teeming rain in the scuppers.

"Hyah, what d' meaning?" growled Socky. "Yo' git all wet layin' heah!"

The big negro picked up his find as easily as he might have picked up a baby, heaved the body over one shoulder and stalked into the forecastle.

"What ya found, nigger—a stiff?" chuckled a red-eyed sailor. He held a half-empty bottle waveringly, stopping in the middle of a drink as Socky dumped his man into a lower bunk.

"Give 'im a snifter o' this. It'd put a kick into a hunk o' salt mule."

"He ain't a stiff yit, misto, but dog-gawn ef he ain't gwine feel good an' stiff befo' eight bells," grinned Socky. "Ah never see nobody no wetter, no sah!"

He held the bottle to the unconscious man's nose. In a second, it seemed, the damp eyes opened, a damp hand grabbed the bottle, and Socky stared wide-eyed as the liquor vanished with a gurgle. The donor of it fell out of his bunk cursing, and glowered over the newly awakened sleeper.

"Say!" he choked, snatching the empty bottle. "You're one o' them dusty guts, ain't yuh? What ya mean by ——"

The object of his wrath was fumbling in a sodden pocket. "Here, sailor," he said thickly. "Thanks for haulin' me outa the wet."

He handed Socky a saturated wad of what had once been plug tobacco.

"What ship's this? Who dumped me into this packet?"

Socky grinned, accepting the useless mess of tobacco as if it were a perfect cake of finest Sailors' Delight. His find clung to his dungaree jumper tenaciously. The angry seaman, mourning his lost liquor, pushed past Socky and leaned down to glare closely into the thief's face.

"I'll bloody quick tell yuh oo yuh are, queer feller! Yuh 're th' dusty guts as sharked my ——"

"G'way, Misto Liv'pool. Leave de good man be. He ain't in no shape fo' ——"

"Yar-r-rh!" growled the belligerent, and aimed a drunken blow at the sick one. Socky coolly removed his protégé's restraining hand, collared Liverpool, and smacked him flatly back into his bunk.

"Yo' go sleep dat off," Socky advised; then he turned to the man who had given him tobacco, who had called him, in friendly fashion, not nigger, but sailor.

"Ain't yo' got no sea bag?" he asked. "Ner no donkey brekfus'? Man, yo' so wet yo' dreep water lak a sponge."

"Don't I tell yuh I dunno how I got here?" whined the man.

Socky grinned and went on deck. He had seen many a sailing day. Many a man he had seen awake from a swinish stupor in utter ignorance of his whereabouts. Others he had seen who tried to make out they were in such darkness out of a strange conception of wit. In the scuppers, as wet as the owner, he found a squashy sea bag, new, brass-locked; near by he picked up a straw bed, also wet, new and of good ticking, as such things went. It was more like a bag of stable manure than a man's bed. Socky carried both to the forecastle. Bag and bed were no worse than they and others would be in any case in the first sustained spell of heavy weather. In the dancing light of the forecastle lantern he grinned again, for bag and bed were gorgeously painted and scrolled, announcing to all the crew that they were the property of

NICK PRIDE, A.B., OF LIMEHOUSE

"Dar y'are, Misto Pride, yo' donkey brekfus' an' yo' bag all shipshape an' Bristol fashion, barrin' dey's a bit damp. Hyah! Lemme fix yo' bunk so yo' kin sleep."

Nick Pride, looking very humble, rolled aside and let the big negro sailor straighten out his wet bed and haul damp blankets from the bag. That last terrific swallow of bad whisky had almost paralyzed him. He was ready to lie down under anything anybody did to or for him.

"Dar now. Res' yo' head. Yo' feel berrer bimeby. Ah didn't see yo' at de shippin' office, but Ah guess yo' ship all right. Yo' bag is tagged 'Misto Nick Pride, Bark Brier Holme ——'"

"Brier Holme?" snuffled Nick drowsily.

"Dat's right. Boun' fo' Hobart Town. An' de mate he say he nebber 'low no bad licker to spoil a good man o' hees watch yit. Yo' roll over. Ah'll give yo' a good roust out at eight bells."

Thus began the incongruous comradeship of Socky and Nick.

As soon as the effects of his sailing-day drunk wore off, Nick Pride showed all hands that he was at least a real sailor. The first penalty for his sad front on first turning out to muster with his watch, a very natural penalty, was the securing of sundry unsavory jobs about the ship's head usually performed by boys or ordinary seamen. Socky found him as he came from the wheel, sick and sorry. The good-natured negro turned to and finished the job, joking with Nick. The waspish little cockney cursed and sputtered, churlish and contemptuous, while gladly accepting the help.

"'S your job anyhow, y' grinnin' black swine," he spat. "I'm a white man, I am. That's a nigger's job, s'welp me. Git on wiv it."

"Yessah, dat's shore a nigger job," Socky agreed, and flashed his gleaming teeth as if in huge enjoyment.

But the thought of that humiliation acted upon Nick like an antidote to a virulent poison. He went out of his way to show the mate that he was a sailorman to his crooked fingers and prehensile toes, and by the time lime-juice was served out—ten days after the first issue of salt provisions—there were two good men in the port watch to whom no job of sailorizing could ever come amiss. Nick was a wizard in rope and wire. Socky had served in the old navy, and lacked but the genius to surpass Nick.

As they were coupled in their nicer work, so accident made them pals. Socky elected himself; he followed Nick about during the dogwatches; he had always a light handy when Nick filled his pipe; when stores were issued, and Nick lacked a tin to hold his ration of thin marmalade, Socky's tin proved ample for two rations and, moreover, was stowed on Nick's own shelf alongside all the other weekly issues.

"Nigger," Nick snarled not long afterwards, "git yer bloomin' marm'lade an' git down outa my bunk, see?"

"Yessah, Misto Nick," grinned Socky. "Ah gittin' right out."

He held in one huge fist a flinty pantile. Marmalade could at least make it taste less like a sliver of cement from a mausoleum.

"If I wuz Nick I'd smear it over his black mug, th' dirty stinkin' nigger!" drawled Liverpool from the second bunk farther forward.

Socky's grizzled eyebrows lifted in surprise. Nick had said as bad as that, and worse, many a time; but then, he was his pal, Nick. The negro carefully placed his hardtack on his blanket, and stepped quietly over to Liverpool.

"Misto Liv'pool, Ah ain't dirty, an' Ah don't stink. Ah nebber see yo' wash yo'self no more dan Ah do. Ain't yo' makin' a mistake about dat stinkin' part, sah?"

"G'way!" growled Liverpool, and drew back a hand to strike.

"Ah's gwine wash yo' mouf out," stated Socky without anger.

Liverpool fought like the guttersnipe he was, but the big black was all he-man, and handled him to the astonishment of every man in the watch below. Carrying him out on deck he bundled him up and gripped him between his bony shins beside the head pump. Liverpool's mouth needed washing out badly before Socky got the bubbling brine gushing freely. Having to pump and keep a hold on his cursing, biting, clawing victim at the same time proved more of a job than most men would have cared to tackle. But Socky ignored all opposition until the water spouted forth; then he laughed, seized Liverpool's hair, and forced his head towards the gushing torrent.

He still needed one hand to keep the pump going, and Liverpool was like a wet cat for desperation. Twisting swiftly, he screamed once as Socky's grip tore hair out by the roots, then sank his teeth savagely in the nearest black leg.

"Hyah! Yo' break yo' teef!" Socky objected pantingly.

He gripped Liverpool's nose with thumb and forefinger, hauled back and up remorselessly, and clapped the yawning, strangling mouth to the pump spout. He needed all his strength to hold his victim; he pumped two forceful strokes, then grappled Liverpool with both hands and knees, holding him to the bitter draught until the last salt drop fell.

"Dar now, yo' mouf is putty nigh clean," grinned Socky. "Whut was yo' sayin' 'bout me, Misto Liverpool?"

Liverpool writhed, coughing in salt-scalded agony. Washing out his mouth had bereft him of all speech, clean or unclean. Socky went back to his marmalade biscuit without forcing a reply; and as he pushed through the mob of his watchmates, who had tumbled out to watch Liverpool whip the big nigger, he was followed by many a glance of newly awakened respect.

With the usual unreason actuating such men, Nick Pride assumed an air of proprietorship over the victorious Socky, caring nothing that it was his own currish treatment of the negro that had prompted Liverpool's nasty attack. The happy-natured negro delighted in the new fellowship; it seemed to be just what he wanted, the leadership of a white man, one of the superior race.

But Nick retained to himself the right to treat his henchman like a dog if he felt like it; and even that failed to chase the wide and gleaming smile from Socky's black visage.

"Say 'sir' when you talk to me!" Nick commanded him once, keeping a wary eye, however, upon possible eavesdroppers.

"Yassuh, Misto Nick, sah," old Socky had grinned happily. He and Nick were tucking a long splice in a wire

hawser, and Socky had the job where the splinters were thickest.

"That's right, yuh bleedin' black nigger. Now gimme a chaw o' Sailors' Delight."

"Dat's shorely a fack, Misto Nick, sah. Ah ain't no lily ob de fiel', dat's true. Black nigger, by golly! Haw, haw, haw-wr!"

With Socky's tobacco in his cheek, and Socky to fetch and carry for him, Nick grew in his own importance until he became a festering sore to his mates. Even his weekly turn at Peggy he escaped. Peggy was the name bestowed on the seaman of the watch whose turn it was to clean up the forecastle and keep the scuttle butt filled. Weekly the job came in the little bark Brier Holme, for the small ship needed but a small crew. Sometimes being Peggy enabled a man to dodge more unpleasant tasks, but not often. Nick Pride reached the pinnacle of pomp when Socky uncomplainingly took on an extra Peggy, permitting Nick extra-easy wheels or fine-weather jobs about the gear.

But Nick almost fell over the top of his eminence out of sheer greed. A month had passed. The dead horse had been worked up. In modern language, the ship had been long enough at sea for the men to have earned one month's pay; they had each drawn that amount in advance of wages—or sundry creditors had drawn for them—and now, from tomorrow, what they earned was their own. And Olson the Swede, who had made two voyages in the Brier Holme, passed the whisper around the forecastle that the skipper held to the old customs, let the crew bury their dead horse, and issued grog to all hands to help speed the departed.

"Man, they don't have skippers like that no more!" a young ordinary seaman protested.

"They do, sure," Olson insisted; "rum an' everyt'ing."

Socky was at the wheel. He was out of the discussion. It was Nick's Peggy on the morrow, and grog was a-going on deck. Nick could get Socky's ration of grog as well as not; besides, what did the nigger know about burying a dead horse?

"You do my Peggy, Socky," Nick ordered at breakfast on the burial morning. "I ain't feelin' none too good."

"Dey want me to he'p make de daid hoss," Socky demurred with a dubious grin. He had heard rumors about that grog too.

"You do Peggy. D'ye mean to tell me I ain't able to make a dead hoss 's good as you?"

"Tha's right, Misto Nick, sah, but Ah want to jine in de ——"

"You do my Peggy, nigger! I'm wanted on the job. An' if it's yer measly rum as is narkin' yuh, yuh needn't worry, 'coe I'll git yer whack for yuh. You clean up the fo'c's'le."

Socky obeyed, but perilously nigh to rebellion. He was no soak, but he liked an occasional Nelson's Eye as well as the booziest, and never came rum so opportunely as on the burial day of a sailor's dead horse. He needed that unexpected ration of rum; and with vivid recollection of sailing day he nursed the darkest fear regarding his whack if once it got into Nick's possession.

But the habit of a month proved as strong as his fear. He went to work.

On the fore hatch Nick Pride and Olson the Swede worked with the second mate. Out of odds and ends of lumber, canvas, oakum and nails they created a fearsome beast which looked almost alive instead of utterly dead. When the jocular second mate added realistic nostrils with deft dabs of vermilion paint, and goggle eyes pupiled with galley soot, nothing but the importance of the day could have forced anybody to dub that good nag dead.

"Looks like the real thing, lads, hey?" the officer remarked, standing off a pace or two, brush in hand, to give a final scrutiny to the masterpiece.

"Ay betcha ven ve sing out 'Dot horse is det,' dot horse vill sing out 'Liar!'" roared Olson the Swede.

Rarely was it permitted for a fo'mast hand to bandy jest with one of the mates; but then, Olson had made two previous voyages in the ship, and felt himself in a degree a privileged character.

"Wot th' 'ell," growled Nick, who had hoped to get his own little jest in first and was sore. "'E'll be proper dead when we git done wiv 'im, won't 'e? Give us a launch wiv 'im, squarehead."

Together they fixed the dummy to a rough four-wheeled trolley, such as any boy makes at least once in his boyhood days out of a shallow box with disks cut from any pole for wheels. Then a rope was made fast in front, and the horse was stabled at the break of the forecastle head, to windward, to await the noon changing of the watch. Then the skipper would have taken his meridian observation, and would be on deck to see the ceremonies.

"*They say, Old Man, your hoss is dead,*" chanteyed Nick.

"*We says so, an' we 'opes so!*" chorused the men.

"*They say, Old Man, your hoss is dead,*" screamed Nick.

And all hands boomed forth the dirge, "*Po-oo-r O-ol-ld Man!*"

Aft the procession started, Nick leading on the rope, taking chanteyman's place in defiance of the weak protest of Olson the Swede, who had made two voyages.

"Ay qvit, den!" Olson had muttered, but he only took a place farther along the rope. Nick's stinkin' pride, as Liverpool called his superior airs, had created a false atmosphere of leadership about the little cockney that only a definite physical defeat could disturb; and many a would-be disturber who had fine prospects of success had long withheld his hand for fear of Nick's big nigger pal.

Socky peered out of the forecastle door, swab in hand, as the horse went forth to his doom. There was a wistful look in the black fellow's gleaming eyes; but the wistfulness could not overshadow the worship in them as Nick shrilled out the ancient song:

"*And when 'e's dead we'll tan 'is 'ide* ——"

"*And we says so, and we 'opes so,*" came the heartfelt rejoinder.

"*When 'e's dead we'll tan 'is 'ide* ——"

"*Ho, Po-oo-r O-ol-ld Man!*"

(Continued on Page 114)

A Larger Ship of a Rival Line Had Sailed Mile for Mile With the Little Bark, Never Gaining a Fathom for All Her Greater Length and Full Rig

THE UNEASY MARK

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THERE is a well-known tradition about the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown, and comparatively recent history confirms the theory. Yet the uneasiest of royal domes reposes upon a pillow of utmost security compared with the German mark and the ordeal it is undergoing. You can find the usual quota of gullibles in the land where William Hohenzollern once ruled, but a search warrant would not reveal a single easy mark.

German money is the storm center of an orgy of inflation almost unmatched in financial history. Certainly it has not been duplicated since the Mississippi Bubble burst. The Austrian crown and the Russian ruble are also in the scrap heap, but they do not exert the same influence upon the international economic scheme, in either normal or abnormal times, as their companion in misfortune, the once-proud symbol of Teutonic specie value.

Reichsbanknote
Fünfhundert Mark
zahlt die Reichsbankhauptkasse in Berlin
gegen diese Banknote dem Einlieferer
Vom 1. April 1923 ab kann diese Banknote aufgerufen und unter Umtausch gegen andere gesetzliche Zahlungsmittel eingezogen werden
Berlin, den 7. Juli 1922
Reichsbankdirektorium
E.596622.

One of the 500-Mark Notes Printed in Ordinary Script Because the Rush to Turn Out Money Left No Time to Prepare a Proper Die

With circulation soaring towards the 400,000,000,000 record, with a daily output ranging from 3,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000, with incessant fluctuation disorganizing the social and business procedure, the mark presents a puzzle almost as baffling as the secret of perpetual motion. Incidentally it has a kinship with this familiar enigma, because the German printing presses keep up a perpetual grind of notes.

The collapse of the mark has a wider significance than lies in the impoverishment of a host of Germans and the complete upset of the national moral and fiscal structure. In Europe and America, especially the latter country, millions of misguided individuals have invested a stupendous sum in what today amounts to almost worthless paper. The mark is one of the many proverbial good things that have gone wrong. Foreign exchange these past few years has lured almost as many victims to their monetary destruction as the familiar get-rich-quick schemes of other days. Wallingford apparently has changed his citizenship. The victims of the devious exchange gamble have yet to learn that, as in other similar ventures, you cannot beat the game, particularly at long range.

The Currency Bootleggers

NOWHERE can you find a more distorted panorama of people and events than in the German republic, and it all springs from the mark depreciation. Its value or, rather, lack of value—is the first and last question of the day. Commerce, art, science, matrimony – in fact all existence is linked to its vagaries. The dollar is looked upon as a life-saver, and what has come to be called the dollar cult has almost superseded the faith of the fathers. It is really a religion.

Formerly the favorite German indoor sport was beer drinking, with a dash of militarism on the side. Now it is markomania. Everybody has joined in the scrimmage, which the Germans themselves call the flight from the mark. The entire population, convinced that its currency is worthless, is sitting up nights devising ways and means of spending it for luxuries.

Every decent human incentive is scrapped in the mad rush to spend or to convert the endless stream of new money into foreign bills. Dollars, pounds and francs are precisely like liquor in near-dry America. The law prohibits conversion, yet everybody is doing it. Thus the fine art of bootlegging is not confined entirely to booze.

It is easy to ascertain why the debacle began, but no one knows how it will end. It remains one of the riddles of the world. Money manipulation has well-nigh demoralized a once poised and stable folk, disrupted their mode of life, and provided a provocation—I should say excuse—for a frenzied speculation that extends from bootblack to banker. Like a malignant disease it grips, terrifies and ultimately destroys. The Germans are penalized in peace with a brand of war indemnity they never counted on.

It takes courage to try to disentangle this mark muddle. Perhaps the best way is to divide it into two phases, the purely economic—it is really highly impure—and the human. No one cares about a dull technical approach to the crash or an appraisal of the innumerable opinions about the possibilities of further decline or improvement. We are dealing with a condition and not a theory. Therefore, what concerns us most is the effect upon the people. How do they regard it? What are they doing? What will be the tomorrow of this day of abandonment to the eccentricities of a money which, in popular parlance, is acting like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail?

The first logical step will be to disabuse the minds of the many who believe that the slump of the mark was entirely due to post-Armistice causes. The root is much deeper. To get at it we must go back to that spectacular day when the sun gleamed so brightly upon the armor of William Hohenzollern. Long before 1914 Germany contracted large loans to complete her tremendous naval and military program. Figuratively, then began the first German inflation. It was in the expansion of the Teutonic military chest. I do not mean the war coffer, but the swelling breasts of the men about the Kaiser. Incidentally, the only deflation that exists in Germany today is in these now flat physiological fronts.

Hence the real trouble started during the war, when Germany financed her expenditures with loans and credit inflation. The only appreciable taxation between 1914 and 1919 was to pay interest on these obligations. All Germany was obsessed with the idea of victory and the people blindly believed the powers that be when they said "The Allies will pay." Here you have the beginning of the present catastrophe, because this unsound method of financing established a precedent from which it was difficult to escape, once the struggle was lost.

You will observe that the fiscal defect during those war days was a lack of taxation, and the same condition, as I pointed out in the previous article, obtains today. Nowhere else in the world is the tax responsibility regarded so lightly as in Germany. The point is often made by observers that if the relatively firm government before and in the early stages of the war was not strong enough to impose adequate taxation, it is not surprising that the weak government, with its diminished resources and the burden of reparations, which has been in office since the Armistice has utterly failed to put through a tax program necessary to stabilize the currency. There are also those who maintain that the German inflation is the result of a deliberate policy. Certainly it has been a weapon against the enemies of Germany, has aided the big industrialists and enriched the profiteers.

Probe the present trouble and you find that, being weak, the German Government has pursued the line of least resistance and gone through the motions of trying to balance the budget with a continuous issue of new money. The necessity for cash indemnity payments, which speeded up the printing presses and produced whole avalanches of currency with which to buy pounds, dollars and francs, together with the orgy of speculation, has merely aggravated the fundamental causes. The inevitable result has been a flood of bank notes almost without parallel, and a depreciation matched only in Austria and in Russia.

With shrinkage in value came the well-known flight from the mark to which I have referred, and in which everybody joined. As the money collapsed, the populace frantically began to get from under. For more than a year Germans have either spent recklessly or converted their marks into foreign exchange almost as fast as they got them. Panic has seized the people, just as it clutched at the currency itself. The world-wide frenzy of mark speculation, which I shall presently describe, is merely one detail of a sordid disaster that will rank as one of the extraordinary financial events of history.

The Strike of the Money Printers

BEFORE going into the human, or, rather, the unhuman aspects of the crisis it may be well to get the statistics out of our systems. You get some idea of the extent of the mark flood when I say that during three days last September the printing presses turned out more money than they did during the entire period of the war. On the day I write this paragraph—it happens to be October twentieth—the total mark circulation is 350,000,000,000. At parity, when the mark is a little under 24 cents, this would be about $90,000,000,000. Translating it into dollars by the mark quotation at this hour—I say "hour" advisedly, for the fluctuations are almost by minutes—it is only $88,000,000. This means that the circulation has increased fourfold since October, 1921, when the total stood at only 88,000,000,000 marks.

The German presses have gone from an output of 50,000,000 marks a day, which was considered excessive not so very long ago, to as high as 5,000,000,000 marks every twenty-four hours. So incessant is the money grind that when it became necessary in August to print a new 500-mark note—one of them is reproduced on this page—there was no time to prepare a proper die. It was simply engraved in ordinary German script and printed on white paper, which was a direct incentive to the counterfeiter. The money, however, is so depreciated that no self-respecting counterfeiter would waste his time or risk his freedom on the job.

In connection with this rapid-fire making of money is an amusing story. It shows that no tragedy is without its element of humor. The only times within the last seven months when the mark was really stabilized came about through accident, and in very unusual circumstances.

Last July the entire staff of employes at what is known as the *Reichsdruckerei*, which means government printing works, went on a strike. The irony was that in the midst of billions these men were almost without a living wage. This, however, is only one detail of the story. The men were out for a little more than two weeks and during that time not a single new mark was issued. Unconsciously the strikers contributed their mite to the otherwise futile attempts at stabilization.

This strike partly accounted for the mysterious currency famine that existed when I was in Germany in September. Once more you have the now familiar German paradox. With billions of marks flowing from the presses it was

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The Commercial Secretary

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY HERBERT PULLINGER

I WAS invited to sit in at the monthly luncheon meeting of the chamber of commerce in an ambitious Southwestern city. At the close of the meal the toastmaster opened the business session by telling at length just how it was that the committee had chosen him to preside; what the committee said to him and what he said to the committee. He told two stories, both in negro dialect, to show how unfitted he was to be a toastmaster. His remarks were very good, although his technic was somewhat marred by his unfortunate habit of moving his water glass about on the table in front of him whenever he lacked words.

At the close of the toastmaster's remarks a member got up and stated that he wished to introduce a gentleman who had something to say on a subject that would be of vital interest to everyone who had the good of the city at heart and who stood for bigger, better business.

The gentleman thus introduced was given the privilege of the floor.

He was a resolute-appearing man, obviously more sophisticated than the average chamber-of-commerce members about him. He began his remarks by making some very pleasant comments on the beauty and natural advantages of the city and the live-wire type of men whom he had the privilege of addressing. Always he indicated the proper place for applause by coming to an abrupt stop with his hand upraised. Having got his audience into a properly expansive frame of mind, he came directly to the matter in which he was interested.

The Sophisticated Stranger's Message

"I AM here," he said energetically, "to bring you a message you cannot afford to ignore, a message which, if heeded, will put this beautiful city of yours on the map as nothing else could do." He paused to let his hearers speculate a moment on what the message might be, and then went on: "It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that you gentlemen have failed to realize all the advantages your city really possesses. You are busy with your own affairs and do not see things with the clear eye of a stranger. I, who have been here but a few days, am struck with certain natural assets which, if properly developed, will easily double, yes, treble your population in a few short years."

The chamber-of-commerce members listened intently. It was pleasant to hear a sophisticated stranger tell them of hidden advantages which might cause their home town to double its population. He did not keep them long in suspense.

"I am here representing motion-picture interests," he went on importantly. "I am an experienced motion-picture man myself. I have come to the conclusion that your city is the one spot which may rival California as a motion-picture center. You have up-to-date business streets and beautiful residences. Your river is ideal for water scenes and the rolling country hereabouts for rural background. I have looked up your weather reports and find that you have a wonderful proportion of clear sunshiny days throughout the year."

All this was encouraging to men whose interests were bound up in the city that was being thus eulogized, but from a business standpoint the best was yet to come.

"I am not come before you," he concluded impressively, "to ask you to furnish me with money to develop this industry. All I want is your moral support and cooperation. On that basis I am prepared to go ahead and build my plant. One such successful enterprise here will doubtless be the first of many others. Look at Los Angeles!" He tapped the table impressively. "Remember, gentlemen, not a penny do I ask from this body. Only its moral support. If this sounds fair enough I should be glad to hear some member make a motion to indorse my project."

It was a tense moment. The chamber-of-commerce members already knew that their city had a river and business streets and handsome residences, but these features had never been portrayed so dramatically before. Half a dozen men were already on their feet to move that the sophisticated stranger's project be indorsed, when there was a little stir at the head table. A businesslike-looking young man who had been listening intently to the stranger's remarks leaned forward and whispered in the toastmaster's ear. That functionary, a really effective person when he was not trying to act like a toastmaster, got up and addressed the meeting.

"I hope the gentlemen who are on their feet will excuse me," he said diplomatically, "if I do not recognize them just now. I know that their desire is to have this chamber indorse the project we have just had so ably put before us. But on so important a matter we must proceed with great care so that nothing can occur that will prevent its consummation. If there are no objections I shall appoint a committee to handle the matter, their report to be made to the board of directors."

There was no objection to the toastmaster's ruling except from the moving-picture man himself; that gentleman leaped to his feet to warn the assemblage that delays were dangerous and that other communities might offer inducements he could not afford to pass up. But as he was not an official member his warning did not count and the toastmaster's ruling stood.

The young man who had whispered in the toastmaster's ear was the secretary of the chamber of commerce and it was he who suggested that the motion-picture promoter's proposition be handled by a committee instead of being settled offhand.

I saw him after the meeting and inquired the reason of his actions.

"It looks to me," I said, "as though you are wasting valuable time by referring the matter to a committee when it might have been disposed of in five minutes on the floor. The motion-picture man didn't ask for any money; if he had I can see where it would be wise to look him up. All he asked was the indorsement of the chamber of commerce so he could count on the friendly cooperation of members. If he doesn't make a go of his enterprise no one will be hurt but himself."

The secretary was noncommittal on the subject, merely stating that he believed it was best to let a committee handle it. A month later I was in the town again, and when I saw the secretary I asked him how the motion-picture industry was coming on.

"It isn't coming on at all," he answered; "it's blown up."

This seemed a sorry outcome of a project that promised to make a second Los Angeles of the town through capitalizing its river and handsome residences, but the chamber-of-commerce secretary did not seem to worry.

Getting Official Indorsement

"I GUESS we saved our citizens about a hundred thousand dollars by blocking that polished stranger's request for an indorsement," he said. "You noticed he was anxious to have it go over with a whoop in open meeting; he didn't want it handled by any committee. Afterward we found why. The committee insisted that he give references as to his financial record and standing in the business, and after some investigation it was learned that his financial strength consisted of about two hundred dollars and half a dozen suits of good clothes. His standing in the motion-picture business was based on the fact that he had been employed for about six months by one of the California concerns."

This was interesting, but it did not explain the fact that the stranger had stated emphatically he did not ask a dollar from the chamber of commerce, only its moral support. The secretary cleared up this question in his following remarks.

"It's a new way the grafters have," he explained. "They have found that the well-conducted chamber of commerce has become shy of cash bonuses to encourage new industries, and so they go at it by a grand-stand play to the effect that they are perfectly able to finance their own propositions and only want the chamber's official indorsement. But an official indorsement is about the last thing a local chamber of commerce ought to give unless it is absolutely sure of its ground. Take this motion-picture promoter for instance. If he had been able to get himself indorsed it would have meant that we would have given him a letter signed by our president stating that the chamber believed his enterprise would be a good thing for our town. Such a letter would be all he needed. Thus armed he would start on a campaign among the widows, women school-teachers

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LOBSTER THERMIDOR

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

A Dignitary Who Lifts the Silver Cover With the Solemn Air of One Performing a Priestly Rite

WHEN you are in Paris miss, if you must, Notre Dame, neglect the Louvre, let the gardens at Versailles go unvisited, but do not fail to have a lobster thermidor at Prunier's in the Rue Duphot.

In a manner peculiar to that ancient house a lobster of royal pedigree and imposing physique is first boiled, then his succulent meat is scooped out, mixed with rich, rare and mysterious condiments by some artist no less notable in his way than Matisse or Debussy; then the shell is refilled with this ambrosia till it bulges like overstuffed upholstery, and finally the lobster is thrust into a very hot oven for a second, till a crisp brownness covers him. He is then reverently served to you by an archbishop in waiter's garb, a dignitary aware of the sacredness of his office, who lifts the silver cover with the solemn air of one performing a priestly rite.

Then you eat your lobster thermidor, and angels may well envy you. Eat but one in any calendar month. The imperfect human system is not attuned to too much perfection. You will not, it is probable, crave more than one a month. There is a richness, a satisfying quality about the dish that leaves one gloriously replete for days. Only a hardened and experienced epicure can eat two in a month; three is a world record, made, the legend has it, by a Russian grand duke, whose tomb, adorned with a lobster in marble, may be seen in Père Lachaise; it is said he died smiling beatifically and murmuring, in Russian, "I hope that there is lobster thermidor in heaven!"

Knowing all this, the conduct of the plump young man with the rueful eyebrows surprised, and, indeed, alarmed me. He sat at the next table in Prunier's, whither I had hastened directly on reaching Paris. He was alone, and yet I distinctly heard him order two lobster thermidors. Two at a sitting! It was unheard of! It was splendid madness. It was an incredible feat of gastronomic daring.

Presently his lobsters came, Herculean cardinals of the sea, crisp and redolent. The rueful wrinkles about the young man's eyes were erased by an expression of cherubic rapture. Sparkle came to his eyes. Ecstatic sighs seeped from beneath his shirt bosom. From a somewhat mournful droopiness he became, of a sudden, all animation, interest. He licked red lips beneath perky spikes of waxed mustache. He tucked his napkin snugly under his second chin. He beamed upon the lobster with a glowing smile, even murmured to it, as if he were greeting a long-absent friend.

Then he began to eat. He ate slowly, pausing after each bite, with a roll of the eye and a gentle sigh that spoke eloquently of bliss. He lingered lovingly over every morsel; it was almost as if this were to be his last meal on earth, and he, perfect Sybarite that he was, had determined to extract from it the utmost degree of pleasure.

Somehow the idea that he was a condemned man, doomed on the morrow to end his days on the guillotine, grew on me. I cast my eyes about the room to see if there were police officers present, who had brought him to Prunier's to gratify a last whim, but I saw only the other diners engrossed in their own dinners, and the waiters, moving about like alert, efficient phantoms. By now he had finished one lobster thermidor, and was staring at the emptied shell as if he contemplated devouring that as well. The second lobster came, providentially, and he attacked it with the same zest, the same tender care, as if the pleasure were almost a pain. I watched his circular face. Only in cathedrals have I seen such an expression. I began to wonder if perhaps the man belonged to some strange cult that worshiped a lobster god. He finished his second lobster—I saw the waiter shudder with admiration and awe at the feat—paid for it, cast at the empty shell the wistful look of an exile banished from the land he loved, and slowly took his departure.

Imagine my surprise when, a week later, I saw him again in Prunier's, in the very act of eating two more lobster thermidors. He was oblivious of the world as he delicately sank the lobster fork into the lobster. And yet, at times, the world seemed to prick through his perfect happiness, for that banished look now and again came to his face, only to be expelled by a bite of the food he seemed so greatly to love. I studied him. He was indubitably French, and not more than thirty, and except when in communion with the lobster there was an air of world-weariness about him. When he had stripped the second lobster shell of the last shred of meat with a vacuum-cleaner thoroughness, and had gone forth without even so much as an after-dinner liqueur, I beckoned François, waiter incomparable, to me.

"Who," I asked, "is the gentleman of the lobsters?"

"Ah, monsieur," François betrayed emotion, "his name I know not, but his fate I fear. He comes here about once every ten days for a lobster orgy. Sometimes he eats three at a sitting. It is unbelievable. It would not surprise me, monsieur, if some night he should leap into the air and—pouf!"

François made a delicately explosive gesture with his finger tips.

"But surely," I said, "you have warned him?"

"Ah, but yes! I said to him only tonight, 'Monsieur, beware of a biliousness.' But he, with great sternness, said, 'It must be lobster. It is fate, it is a symbol, it is religion!' One cannot argue against fate, a symbol and religion, monsieur."

Ten nights later I dined again at Prunier's. It was crowded, and one of the head waiters—a bishop of a man—with a thousand apologies asked me if I would mind sharing my table with another gentleman. I consented. With something of a thrill I noted that my companion was to be the devotee of lobsters, and that he had already demolished one enormous lobster thermidor, and was exploring the claw of a second with the most fervent gusto imaginable. My curious eye caught his.

"Monsieur is fond of lobster thermidor," I ventured.

He rolled his eyes heavenward. He brought his manicured finger tips to his lips and tossed skyward a kiss.

"It is my life!" he said passionately.

"I wonder," I said with a smile, "if monsieur would graciously pardon a question?"

He performed a miracle of surgery on the tip of the claw, captured the morsel of meat, ate it, smiled, sighed and said politely, "But certainly."

"Is it true," I asked, "that monsieur is a member of a curious cult, that he is a lobster worshiper?"

He smiled, and there was an infinite pathos in the smile.

"One might say that," he answered. He looked at me intently for a moment. Then he said, "Would monsieur really care to know why I eat lobster, only lobster, much lobster?"

I said that I was burning to know.

"My little story may have its lesson."

"I will tell you," he said slowly.

I bent toward him.

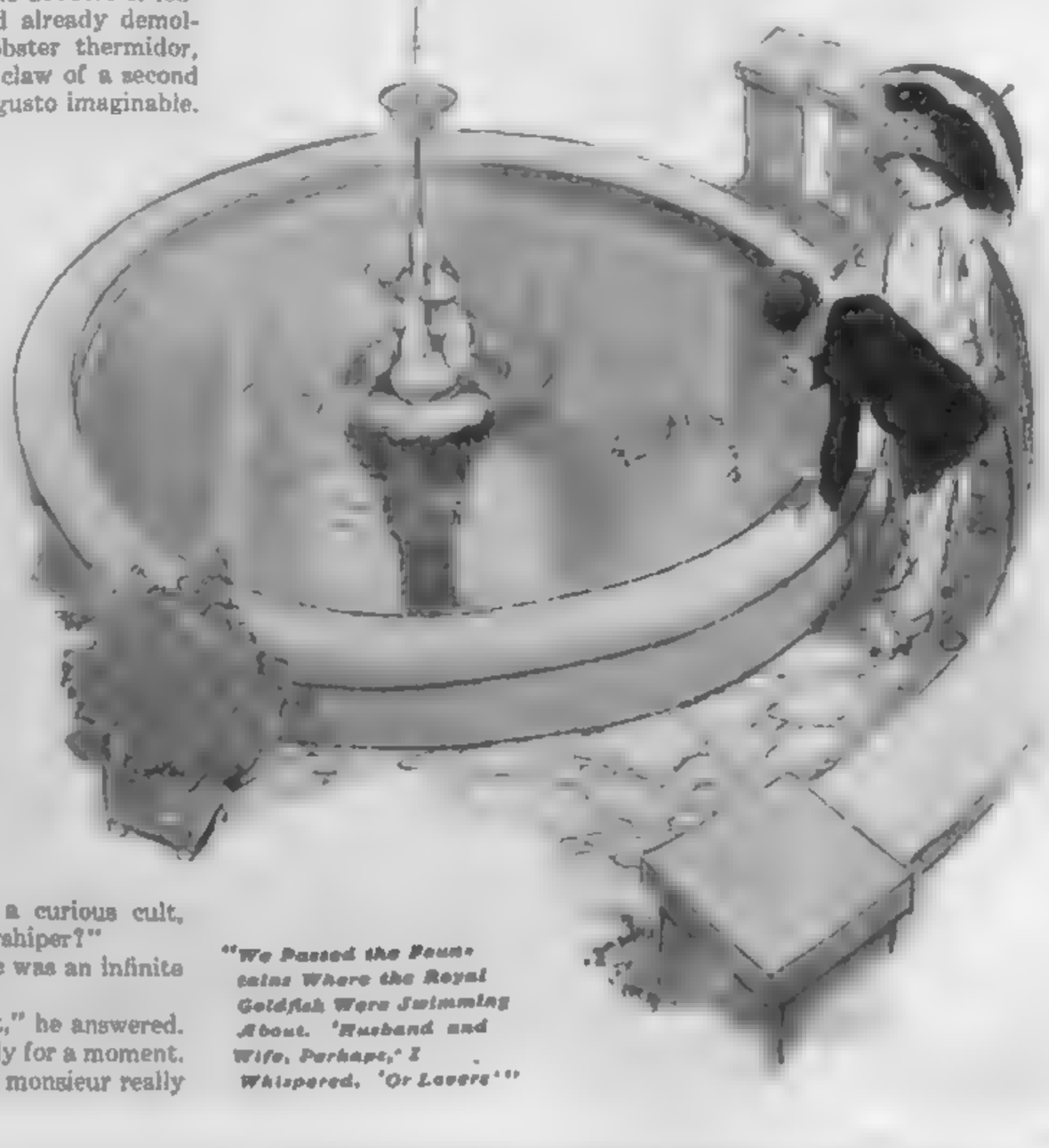
"My name," said the lover of lobsters, "is Bombier—Lucien Louis Barbey Bombier. The cards of life were stacked against me, monsieur. I was born rich."

I murmured that this did not seem to me to be a particularly mean trick of fate.

"But attend," cried Bombier. "I say I was born rich. In a sense I was. I was brought up by an uncle who was immensely wealthy. I was his heir. He was a fellow the most remarkable, was my old Uncle Gustav; a typical *boulevardier*. He was a cynic, monsieur, a cynic the most cynical. He was, as you Americans say, boiled to a hardness. Two things he taught me—to love luxury and to despise love. Never have I heard him say the word 'love' without adding the word 'bah.' Any sentimentality made him positively ill; I have seen him during a love passage at the Comédie Française—but never mind. I was a faithful disciple of his; I, too, became boiled to a hardness. He cultivated in me expensive tastes, and he gratified them too.

"I had my house in the Faubourg St.-Germain—you should have seen the dining room, monsieur, all gilt peacocks and purple gryphons—and I had my villa at Nice; I had caviar for breakfast; I slept in black silk sheets clad in orange satin pajamas; my scented cigarettes were made to measure in Cairo; Deauville knew me, and Monte Carlo; I had my own special perfume; my limousines—ah, when I think of the one upholstered in violet, tears come to my eyes, monsieur."

The lover of lobsters paused to wipe his eyes and continued: "You see, monsieur, I was brought up to be a lily of the field; I toiled not and neither did I spin; anything, that is, but a roulette wheel. And I did not do that often. My uncle discouraged gambling; he said it was too much like love. Luxury became necessary to me. And the particular luxury I enjoyed most was the luxury of having lobster thermidor whenever I wanted it. I felt that I could get along somehow without the villa at Nice; that I could dispense with the silk sheets and the special perfume; but to give up my lobster



"We Passed the Fountains Where the Royal Goldfish Were Swimming About. 'Husband and Wife, Perhaps,' I Whispered. 'Or Lovers'"

thermidor, that was unthinkable! However, there was no reason for anticipating that I'd have to give up anything. My uncle was seventy; I was his heir. His money was prudently invested; in financial as well as sentimental matters it was his boast that he was boiled to a hardness most undentable. As you would say in America, I was sitting beautifully. And then, monsieur, and then ——"

Emotion choked Bombier; he recovered.

"And then, monsieur, on his seventy-first birthday that uncle of mine married a barmaid a third his age, and invested his fortune in a machine that the inventor said could turn soap into gold. It couldn't. My uncle died—but I, I lived. At thirty I was thrown upon a singularly unsympathetic world, with fourteen suits, nineteen canes, a few hundred francs and a deeply rooted taste for luxury. What was I to do? I needed luxury—especially lobster thermidor, but how could I get it?"

I suggested gently that he might have gone to work. He shook his head.

"An American idea," he said. "And anyhow," he went on ruefully, "I suppose that any man who has sense enough to earn black silk sheets and special perfume has too much sense to want them.

"I considered my case. I was, as you would say, in a pretty olive."

"Pickle?" I suggested.

He accepted the amendment, and considered his lobster a moment. Then he said: "What was I to do? I sold all but five of my canes. Then I went to my cousin, Dr. Max Spinet, for advice. You know him, perhaps, monsieur? Of course. All Paris knows Doctor Spinet, the celebrated psychologist. You never met him? A man the most extraordinary, I assure you. He is a scientist with acid for blood and a chemical retort for a heart. He dissects human emotions as a physiologist dissects guinea pigs. He is the only man in the world with Nile-green eyes. Hate, fear, anger, love—they are nothing to Max but little squiggly lines on a chart. Man is a machine, he says; something like a piano. One presses on a key, and he plays hate; another key, and he plays love. Max professes to be able to play any tune he likes on a man. He despises emotion.

"A Frenchman who does that is, what do you say—a rare fish. Max is a strange man, monsieur, and a terrible. But also, he is a fellow of worldliness, and to him I went with my problem.

"I went to the apartment of this Max, a place full of skeletons and guinea pigs; a place to give one the flesh of a duck, I assure you.

"'What,' I say to Max, 'am I to do?'

"'Have you no money left?'

"'A few hundred francs,' I sigh.

"'Why not go to work?'

"'Be serious, Max,' I say. 'What could I do?'

"'Clip poodles, perhaps,' he suggests.

"'No!'

"'Design pastry?'

"'Never.'

"'Pose for animal crackers?'

"'A thousand nevers!'

"His Nile-green eyes light up like a glass of absinth held before a candle.

"'I have it!' he cries.

"'What?'

"'Marry!'

"'Oh, Max!'

"'Marry,' he says, 'an heiress.'

"'Oh, Max!'

"'Marry,' he repeats, 'an heiress—an American heiress.'

"'Must I?'

"'You must.'

"'Is there no other way?'

"'None.'

"'It is the last thing in the world I want to do,' I cry.

"'Oh, no,' says the diabolic Max; 'there are two other things you'd like to do less.'

"'What are they?'

"'Work and starve,' he says.

"He has me there; he is right, that cool devil with the green eyes. But still I rebel at the idea.

"Monsieur is Fond of Lobster Thermidor," I Ventured. "It is My Life!" He Said Passionately

I cry out in a voice most plaintive, 'But, Max, you know I hate the idea of marriage. You know I regard love with contempt. You know my uncle has taught me to be an egg of twenty minutes. Romance? It gives me to shudder. I contemplate making love with infinite horror. And marriage? As uncle would say, "Bah." I cannot picture myself a papa. I cannot, save in nightmares, see myself being clambered over by wriggling urchins, squealing "Papa, where does the wind come from? Papa, why can't eggs talk? Papa, why are you fat." And a wife! I cannot bring myself to call any female Ickle Tweetums. How could I, as an honest man, swear that she was the only woman in the world when there are a million women right here in Paris? If I met Cupid in the Bois de Boulogne I'd wring his neck. Max, I can't do it, this marrying. I cannot understand why man inflicts on himself such nuisances as a wife and children. I'll join the army!'

"'You'll miss your lobster thermidor,' says Max.

"Ah, how well he understands me! I surrender.

"'Well,' I says miserably, 'I don't know any heiresses'

"Max spins about in his chair and consults a card catalogue; he is most systematic. He riffles through the cards, picks one out, and reads, 'Heiresses; Abyssinian, Brazilian, Czecho-Slovakian —— Ah, here we are! United States.' He reads from the card, 'Miss Edith Yelverton, about 27; home, Buffalo, New York. Only child of Henry T. Yelverton, president of the Yelverton, Tuttle & Snell corporation, glass manufacturers. Largest makers of goldfish bowls in the world. She will inherit seven million dollars, not to mention ten million goldfish bowls a year

"'I hate goldfish,' I groan.

"'You must learn to love them,' says Max. 'Pray permit me to go on. Miss Yelverton is a tall girl of the queenly type, blond, intelligent, even intellectual, and very reserved. I understand she is a man-hater. She did have one suitor, William Parker by name, of Cleveland, Ohio, but I have information that she has rejected him most firmly. She is studying singing and is living in a handsome apartment, Number 977 Boulevard Raspail. Her companion there is Miss Mabel Pratt, of Rochester, New York, an impossible person, fat, plain, poor and noisy; a person to be avoided, Lucien.'

"'I shall do so,' I promise. 'But, Max, how can I possibly woo this queen of the goldfish bowls? She sounds forbidding, frigid, all brains ——'

"'She is,' says Max.

"'I might as well pay court to the Eiffel Tower,' I demur.

"'One does not attain seven million dollars without some effort,' says Max.

"'True. That would buy much lobster thermidor. However, I cannot see myself in the rôle of cavalier to an intellectual giantess. How could I possibly appeal to this young lady?'

"'Ah,' says Max, 'you must become an intellectual, what Americans call an eyebrow.'

"'But how?'

"'It's easy,' Max assures me. 'Be solemn. Say little, and that in the voice of an oracle. Use long words. Be portentous. Quote freely from the philosophers. Look owlish. Get yourself spectacles made of the shell of the tortoise. If she is all brains, then you must be all brains. But see here, Lucien, I am not going to do your wooing for you. I merely suggest a method.'

"'Max,' I exclaim, 'you are priceless! I shall become an eyebrow. An excellent idea! It fits into my philosophy exactly. Do I not loathe romance? Instead of calling her Ittle Girlums I'll quote Schopenhauer to her. I'll suggest a marriage of minds ——'

"'And goldfish bowls,' suggests Max.

"'Naturally. When can I meet my golden icicle?'

"'This afternoon at four, if you wish. I'll take you to tea at her apartment.'

"I wring Max's hand in gratitude. My worries evaporate. I rush out to purchase spectacles made of the shell of a tortoise."

Monsieur Bombier paused, worried a bit of lobster, sighed and continued: "I met Miss Yelverton that afternoon. She was indeed queenly, as beautiful as a Gainsborough portrait, but with eyes as cold as the dark blue ice on the north side of the North Pole. I shook hands with her, and it was like shaking hands with a marble statue on Christmas Eve. I talked with her, and my temperature sank to three degrees below freezing. Miss Pratt was there, too, a terrible person. She was one of those healthy red-faced girls with a laugh that went off like an alarm clock. I believe you'd call her bouncing; she was, as you say, the life of the party. I took an instant dislike to her. It was clear that her trouble was not a rush of brains to the head.

"Well, monsieur, to hurry on, I called on Miss Yelverton next day. As I entered her apartment, I wished I'd worn my overcoat. Br-r-r-r-r! What a chilly woman! We talked. At least, I did. I was primed for the occasion, and I must admit, monsieur, that I talked well. I can get a great deal of mileage to a gallon of facts. I started chatting about the theory of relativity, touched lightly on the political history of China in the Ming dynasty, made a few general remarks about the theory of sabotage and its relation to pre-Raphaelitism, demolished in a few well-turned sentences the theories of Benedetto Croce, and got off some rather deep thoughts—which I'd

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As You Americans Say, I Sold Her the Idea of Eloping

THE MAGNETIC WEST

The Emigrants to the City of Zion Were Forced to Cross the Country Frugally With Handcarts. They Were Starved, Fell From Sheer Weariness

CASCADES OF FAITH

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

AT DENVER the Rocky Mountains, the West, were at last a reality; yet, before me, they still lay farther on: there was a West, I had learned, beyond the Rockies, and the center of that was Salt Lake City. From the windows of a room in the Hotel Utah, facing both Temple Square and the sweep of South Market Street, that city had an appearance of the unfamiliar; but whether this was the result of the oddness of Temple Square itself, within its high adobe walls, or of the legends, the spirit of Mormon, gathered about it, I was unable to determine. Both of these influences were potent. The Tabernacle, its great curved roof seen flattened from above, was like the shell of a gigantic amphibian; beside the attempted Gothic lift of the Temple it was Eastern, as though, within that shut ten acres, Constantinople had been mingled with Milan. Neither had gained, though the granite pile of the Temple had been built, perhaps, in as sheer an act of faith as any wrought in a form of stone; its spires, even the one lifting Moroni toward the sky, were heavy. In spite of that it was grimly impressive, secretive; it had, beyond any doubt, the ominous power of mystery; and I recalled what I had been told about its ponderous bronze doors, how—never within a long memory opened they had been swung back for the entrance of three old men in very formal black coats and stovepipe hats who, before they advanced, took off their shoes and stockings and dipped their feet in ashes.

The Beauties of Salt Lake City

I HAD, casually, in Denver, determined to see the interior of the Temple; but in Salt Lake City I soon realized the impossibility of what I had lightly undertaken. And there, I thought, the Mormons were wise: it was, for their purpose and hopes, a necessary prudence to keep the Temple doors shut. Instead of the Temple I was content to follow the city streets; nowhere could I remember ways more beautiful. The squares, as every one knew, were laid in that ten-acre pattern; they were long with deep flagged gutters always brimming with a clear rushing water; and those impetuous-ordered streams, cool in sound and flashing, brought a vigorous and constant reminder of mountain slopes and valley shadows into the walls of the city. Just at the street ends, apparently, stood the mountains, the Wahsatch Range and, to the west, beyond the Jordan, the Oquirrh.

They were, then, covered with snow, there was an amber mist in the valley, and as the sun shifted, the mountains were lost or made visible in high curtains of rose and silver. In the morning they were magically bright on the west, and then, past noon, in the east; the day hovered and passed over them, and, peaks of lavender, they faded into the dusk.

It was, because of the torrent of City Creek and the mountains, a beautiful place; but the simplicity of loveliness that had once marked Salt Lake City had gone in a shy retreat before the tides of progress. It had been, once, a city of orchards on a bench of the Wahsatch, a place of low greyblue adobe dwellings, gardens of daisies and mint and sweet lilacs, of cornflowers and phlox, with, in spring, rows of gay tulips and the blossoming fruit trees. The leisurely streets had been planted with elms and poplars, maples and catalpas and hawthorns, a miracle of flowering raised in the desert; and, while there were still files and companies of trees, they were more and more forced out from the centers of life and activity.

Salt Lake City, too, except for the Temple Square, the Beehive House and Eagle Gate, was changing its biblical aspects for a state wholly modern. It was, at least on the surface, growing less Mormon every year; and, with rumors, whispered and alarming, to the contrary, there was the clearest indication that the same progress—progress or retrogression?—lay at its heart. The younger members of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, at least those I happily saw in Salt Lake City, formed very nearly as urban a society as any I had met. Certainly the clothes of the girls, the young wives, were in the best momentary fashion; their slippers, too, were fragile affairs of strapped brocades; and, at a limited indoor variety of golf, their skill—not unlike that of Butte—quickly took possession of my gentile silver.

They, the young wives, were expensively charming, clear-voiced and positive; and their husbands had a very familiar American appearance of a married pride mingled with acquiescence. The doctrine that women reached the higher levels of heaven only through men was not impressively evident; the time when an apostle could, as he saw fit, seal a wife to him for this life or for eternity had plainly slipped away. The Mormon—at that party—who would have introduced a plural wife to the one he had present didn't perceptibly exist!

Executives of the Church

MY EXPERIENCE did not extend to the country only an insignificant proportion of Mormons lived in communities larger than scattering villages—and there, where the body of their belief remained, certainly the Church was stronger. The body was agricultural and incurious; except historically it was hidden from me; but the head, the directing mind, I was fortunate enough slightly to encounter. What I met had, amazingly, a resemblance to a thoroughly sound corporation: there were buildings and corridors of colored granites, council rooms with stately panels of Circassian walnut, long board tables and an intricate system of outer offices and protecting messengers. The executive—but subordinate—bishops were beautifully inclosed in metal grilles, with discreet clerks to furnish the records I was almost permitted to see. There was no reason, of course, why I should have seen them, or the

The Crew Had Been Persuaded That He Was a Capitalist and That They Were the Victims, the Slaves, of Property

books of any other financial organization; and a question I asked—what that particular bishop thought the annual church tithing amounted to?—was no more than idiotic. As quickly as possible, in the accent of the lamented Albert Chevalier, he replied, wholly reasonable, that he couldn't tell me. It was my opinion that he didn't know.

Yes, on its economic side, the Church became profoundly American in form, in, to be more exact, the cultivation of sugar beets. The Mormons planted the beets and refined them but the marketing was delegated to an unregenerate Eastern firm of brokers. However, the Latter-Day Saints soon even attended to that detail; and, as a result, they put up a substantial office building with a single year's profit. After that, I gathered, the sugar-beet industry had declined: there was, among other untoward incidents, a level increase in freight rate confining the market to regions with a very low density of population. At this I remembered that sugar, as well, was ground from cane; and, in place of the elected members of the Senate, I saw seated rows of sugar beets opposed to files of cane; and in that vision the cane consumed the beets—fibre, sugar and last green tops.

History From the Book of Gold

CERTAINLY, in the person of the younger Joseph Smith, the Mormon Church had made a different beginning. He was born in Vermont, in 1805; but it was in New York, near Palmyra, that the gold plates of the Church's sacred books were revealed to him; they were six inches wide by eight inches tall, not quite as thick as tin plate, and covered with Egyptian characters. With the records was an ancient contrivance called the Urim and Thummim two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow fastened to a breastplate; and, by the aid of this, Smith, who had had practice as a crystal gazer, translated the engraved characters into English. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was organized in 1830 at Fayette, in New York; and at once there were visions, impromptu speaking in strange tongues and the devil cast out of a man named Newel Knight; Martin Harris, who saw the devil, said that he had smooth hair like a mouse.

The historical substance of the gold book was explicit: America was first settled by a colony escaping from the Tower of Babel; they were the Jaradites, speedily destroyed; but a second race, principally Israelites and descendants of Joseph, came directly from Jerusalem Most of them fell in battle toward the close of the fourth century A.D., but the remnant survived to become the American Indian.

This, then, gave the Jews a very aged and commanding hold upon North America: they were the Indians—the royal Six Nations, the Mandans in their northern huts, the treacherous Blackfeet on the high passes, the Shoshones, the pueblo dwellers of the mesa, the buffalo-hunting Arapahoes, the Ojibways paddling their lakes; they were the Assiniboin Indians, the Brulé Sioux and the Oglalas, the Sans Arcs, Diggers, Piankashaws and a very great many others.

I ignored the temptation to make certain striking comparisons between that first rippling passage of Israel and the later arriving waves; but, properly, I limited my attention to the Mormons in their early capacity as founders of an American state. That they heroically accomplished, and beside it all the rest—the revelations and massacres and polygamy—made but a faint impression on me. Once more I enormously regretted that I had missed a privilege of an extraordinary age—some contact with Brigham Young.

The Roll of Wives

THE contemporary unprejudiced records of him show a man of amazing vitality and a robust determination. I liked especially the account of a traveler's dinner, with the Twelve Mormon Apostles, of fat mutton and rare roast beef, turkeys and plum pudding and gold-seal champagne; and a familiar description of Brigham's wives took all the horrors from the most reviled institution the country had known. Mary Ann Angell, for example, had a stone house for her own; but his first plural wife was Lucy Decker. She had been married to Isaac Seely, with two children, but Brigham moved her up. Then there was Clara, Lucy's sister, and Harriet Cook, who was more than commonly spirited. Lucy Bigelow had dark brown hair, blue eyes and a pretty mouth; but a Miss Twiss was freckled, with sandy hair. Martha Bowker dressed very neatly; Harriet Barney left a husband and three children for an exaltation in the future; Eliza Burgess was English, dark and quick-tempered; Ellen Rockwood was the daughter of the jail keeper; and a Mrs. Hampton—Brigham was her third husband—he cast out from happiness. Mary Bigelow perhaps it was Lucy—was sent away; and Margaret Pierce had no better luck. Emmeline Free was young and lively, tall with fair hair and violet eyes; and Emmeline

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There Were Three Miles of Excavation Along the Bitter Root: at the Beginning of May a Six-Mile Cut Was Blasted From a Rock Face

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Salvador, Spain, Panama and Peru, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 9, 1922

Transatlantic Critics

AMERICANS who keep in touch with the foreign press have constantly to read reproaches to the effect that the United States is failing in her duty to the world. We are accused of "insular isolation." We are urged "to enter into the affairs of the world." We are enjoined to "assume our measure of responsibility for the conditions of the world." American citizens listen daily to the broadcast radio messages of the world. This general attitude is reflected in the expressions of returned tourists. These complaints are so varied in different countries that a classification is necessary. It will be of advantage to follow each statement of European opinion with a comment:

The United States should join the League of Nations.

It is unnecessary to make résumé of arguments in this direction.

Whatever may have been the domestic reasons for our refusal to join the League of Nations, the conduct of European states during the past three years has not been such as to convince us that the majority of European countries are qualified historically, politically and socially to function in a League of Nations.

The United States should maintain membership in the Entente.

In France, and in a considerable part of Great Britain, faith still remains in the proposition of an Entente of great nations ruling the world with paternal benevolence. Such a world government by a self-constituted Entente is usually held to embrace control of finances, allocation of raw materials and regulation of immigration. However flattering it may be to the *amour propre* of Americans to be included in an Entente with Great Britain and France, the average American hesitates to participate in a paternalistic governing of such large national infants as Germany, Russia and India.

The United States should act as arbiter between the different countries of Europe.

This proposition might seem to suggest that the United States has declined to offer her offices in instances where countries were willing to arbitrate their differences. This is not true. The recent efforts of the United States in the settlement of the differences between Peru and Chile are an illustration to the contrary. Greece and Turkey did not offer to arbitrate; nor have the economic controversies that have developed from the Treaty of Versailles been offered for arbitration.

The United States should accept mandates.

It is commonly stated in Europe that if the United States had accepted the proffered mandate in the Levant peace would have been secured for this unfortunate area. This is sheer speculation. The best information on the situation in the Levant would seem to indicate that a mandate which did not control the political aspirations of Great Britain and France could not have controlled the military ambitions of Greece and Turkey. For Europeans to suggest that the Monroe Doctrine was a sort of mandate over the Western Hemisphere is wide of the mark.

The United States should hold membership on the Reparations Commission.

Germany professes to believe that the attitude of the Reparations Commission is influenced against her by the absence of the United States. France professes to believe that the Reparations Commission is able to secure no payments from Germany because the United States is not represented. Membership on the Reparations Commission would not carry with it the function of referee. A unanimous vote is not necessary on the Reparations Commission, and if the United States were present and were to vote one way or the other it would merely enlarge the majority or the minority.

The United States should cancel the war loans to the Allied governments.

This was postulated as the indispensable condition of American coöperation in the unfortunate Balfour note. Americans who contrast the note of Balfour and the speech of McKenna will find no difficulty in believing that coöperation need not spell cancellation.

The United States should make loans to Europe.

There has been so much exaggeration of the unfunded commercial balance due to the United States that the extent of our new foreign loans has not been appreciated. During 1921 we exported practically a billion dollars of fresh capital. New foreign investments in 1922 will apparently reach an equal figure. The outside world, Europe included, has made heavy borrowings in the United States. There is indeed evidence that home needs for capital have been neglected—for example, in railways. It is sometimes rejoined that what Europe needs is not private capital but governmental loans. To this the American is satisfied to reply that the history of governmental loans by European countries has proved the wisdom of the framers of our Constitution in confining such fiscal functions to Congress.

The United States should participate in a general European conference; the failures of the conferences in Genoa and at The Hague were due to the absence of the United States.

Americans have no records of international conferences in which all the cards were placed face up on the table. Even at this late date the positive achievements of the Washington Conference cannot be counted or measured. The calling of a conference on the Dardanelles without including the country whose products naturally comprise the largest proportion of the cargoes passing out of the Black Sea was not calculated to stimulate American interest in international conferences. The truth is that the particular potency ascribed to American participation in international conferences lies in American dollars rather than in American opinions. European economists are now inclined to place on the monetary policy of the United States the blame for a great deal of economic disorganization in Europe during the past two years. Are we to understand that an international conference should have the power of fixing the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Board? It may be predicted that American participation in the coming Brussels economic conference would have no more influence than President Wilson had in Paris. Stinnes once remarked, on behalf of the German industrial magnates, that he would not place his signature on a paper unless that paper could be discounted. Certainly Congress would not permit an American delegation to an international economic conference to affix their signatures to obligations that could not be discounted. And certainly Congress will not sign a blank check of which the figures are to be filled in at an international conference.

The complaint against American inability to participate in economic conferences of the European type is largely a complaint against our form of government.

The Press and the Jury

IT HAS taken more than the obstructive and sensation-mongering methods of many of our criminal lawyers and the complaisance of the bench to bring our courts to the present pass. Two other factors have contributed—the gross playing up of criminal cases in the newspapers, and the chronic sentimentality of jurors.

The attitude of a considerable section of the press is in itself enough almost to account for the constantly increasing length of criminal trials and the legal jockeyings that clog the wheels of justice.

The newspapers have found that a part of the public will wade through any amount of stuff that has to do with a current criminal sensation, and they foster this moron morbidity by devoting column after column and page after page to the dirty and grisly details. The evidence is printed in verbatim form, flanked by the inanities of the sob sister and the turgid bosh of the descriptive writer. Stand a clever criminal before the bar of justice, or a "frail little woman" who has handled a revolver with all the deadliness of a gunman, and there flows forth journalistic bathos in unbelievable bulk. Sentimentalize, psychoanalyze, Fletcherize. Play up the unpleasant in streaming headlines. Gangway for the ghastly. Squeeze the teardrops into every column—that is the conception of the part the press should play in the administration of justice that too many of our newspapers hold.

The tendency of the criminal lawyer to spin a case out to unnecessary lengths and to strive for personal triumphs of generalship and oratory is accentuated by the attitude of the press. Every move he makes, every word he utters, every consultation he holds with the "frail little woman" or the astute criminal is noted and commented on. If the case is one of those sensations that set the great newspaper public by the ears he is bound to get hundreds of columns of publicity. The lawyer is human like the rest of us, and it is too much to expect that he will fail to improve the shining hour. But the newspapers of America should realize that a great gulf lies between what the reading public will devour and what the reading public should have.

Proceeding on that basis, reporting criminal cases with sanity and restraint, it is certain that the courts would be speeded up. With the incentive of press publicity removed, counsel would lock horns less fiercely and less often, and expeditious methods might even be introduced.

Court reform will be futile, however, if we do not find some means of injecting a little iron into our jurors. It would be a grand thing for the cause of justice if twelve individuals could be assembled with enough backbone to send a murderess to the gallows and to refuse precedence to the unwritten law over all the well-tried laws on the statute books.

Sentimental verdicts are altogether too common. Jealous passions will lead to tragedy less often when sex equality has been established in our courts and juries act on logic instead of hysteria.

The connection can be traced easily enough between the sensationalism of the press and the laxity of juries. Jurors are newspaper readers and have acquired in some degree at least the maudlin viewpoint that the perusal of highly colored murder reports is likely to create. The reader who agonizes with the sob sister over the plight of the prisoner of today may be called to serve on the panel that tries the murder sensation of tomorrow, and he is likely to bring to his solemn task a sadly distorted perspective.

Sanity in the press might ultimately lead to backbone in the jury box.

The Business of Selling Discontent

By JAMES H. COLLINS

AS A FOURSQUARE citizen you are set against radicalism as something bad for the country. It is usually fought on that basis, with fervent upholding of the Constitution. But radicalism hasn't hurt the country or the Constitution yet, and probably never will, unless we all see red together. It is the fellow who imbibes a skinful of the red or pink stuff who really gets hurt.

"I had six years' experience with a radical husband," writes a woman "He was hard-working, thrifty and kind until agitators made him hate the so-called capitalistic system and become discontented with his lot. Then radical literature, friends and meetings took everything we had, and gave nothing in return. He disappeared about three years ago. Today I am waitress in a hotel at thirty-five dollars a month, when we might have had plenty. Sometimes I feel like taking a soap box and doing my bit against these false doctrines. Every magazine in the United States should publish something on this line, as it is destructive in every way. Wake the women up! They make good fighters when they once see the point."

Resentment as Merchandise

THE coming winter will be a harvest time for agitators. Lost and half-settled strikes; unemployment arising from coal shortage and transportation tangles; unbalanced wages, prices and rents; disgruntled feeling between classes; imported propaganda; and the knocks and rattles of the times generally will make a market for the merchants of discontent. They are merchants, and their stuff is merchandise sold at a profit under various brands by different sections of a distributing trade that reaches all classes.

This is the season when the caterpillar, woodchuck and wishbone prophets forecast a hard or mild winter, as they read the signs. It is a good season to look into the discontent industry, see how it manufactures and markets, learn to spot its merchandise, and warn innocent purchasers against its wood-alcohol products. Every effort the foursquare citizen makes to counteract the spread of discontent at a time when conditions are temporarily favorable for spreading it will not simply help the country and the world get back to normal but help cut down the self-poisoning that does the real damage. The country and the Constitution will take care of themselves and go on, but the poisoned consumer of discontent goes broke and disappears, and his wife has to find a job waiting on table.

Very interesting! to study as merchandise are the many brands of discontent now on the market.

There are really two kinds, which may be called the legitimate and the illegitimate. Legitimate discontent with real wrongs is healthy—the normal growth of the social body. Civic discontent with graft, industrial discontent with bad working conditions, social discontent with profiteering—these are tangible troubles that can be remedied by discussion, organization and action, and ought to be

But illegitimate discontent is largely the kind of trouble that never happens, a product manufactured out of nothing. In radicalism a capitalistic system is built out of a few facts and a great deal of fancy over which people who are in no way directly affected by it are persuaded to brood and fret.

Radicalism is not the only brand of manufactured hate being sold in current markets. The farmer is a steady customer for manufactured resentment against the city fellow, and now popular brands of resentment against the farmer are available to the city fellow. Along with their legitimate discontent because they couldn't vote, the ladies have been imbibing a lot of purely hypothetical resentment against man. Thus far there has been almost no demand for a counter resentment against the ladies probably there never will be. Realism versus romance, youth versus middle age—are bilious concoctions widely consumed in the arts; and besides Bolshevism, Europe is sending us new brands of hatred for the British, the French, the Japanese and other nations and issues, together with various new preparations of European hatred for our prosperity, for our aloofness from its parish quarrels, and for ourselves because we are ourselves.

Let us look at discontent from the commercial standpoint—see how it is made and branded, where it is sold, who sells it, who are the best customers for it, where the trade thrives most, and how to do one's bit in scotching it.

"White Man's Africa"

AN INTERESTING new brand of discontent showing how it is manufactured is the one concocted the past few years for negro consumption. There is no sunnier fellow by nature than the negro. Slavery took him from a primitive life in Africa, bloody and repressive in many of its conditions, and gave him almost a family contact with a more advanced race. Legitimate discontent with slavery on the part of white people rather than black brought about his emancipation. For fifty-odd years, in freedom, he has been a healthy-minded, happy farmer and servant. He had reason to be discontented with institutions like lynching, and such handicaps as being barred from many occupations on account of his color. But he paid little attention to these things until agitators made brands of discontent and began selling them to him at good prices. Today negroes have begun to fret about purely illegitimate troubles, made out of blue sky. Lynching, discrimination and other real negro grievances are skillfully used to create resentment against a white man's Africa. Probably not one negro in a hundred wants to go back to Africa, and any proposal to send him there forcibly would be trouble sure enough. But the agitator product branded White Man's Africa is souring the negro's disposition—it has as vicious a kick as white mule.

Radicalism is put up in compounds ranging all the way from double distillate of red revolution to rose-colored philosophical tinctures. But the base ingredient is always the same. It may be subtly flavored and perfumed, but the first thing its compounder pours into his glass graduate is a generous dose of contempt for authority Century by century the world has changed the forms of authority under which it is

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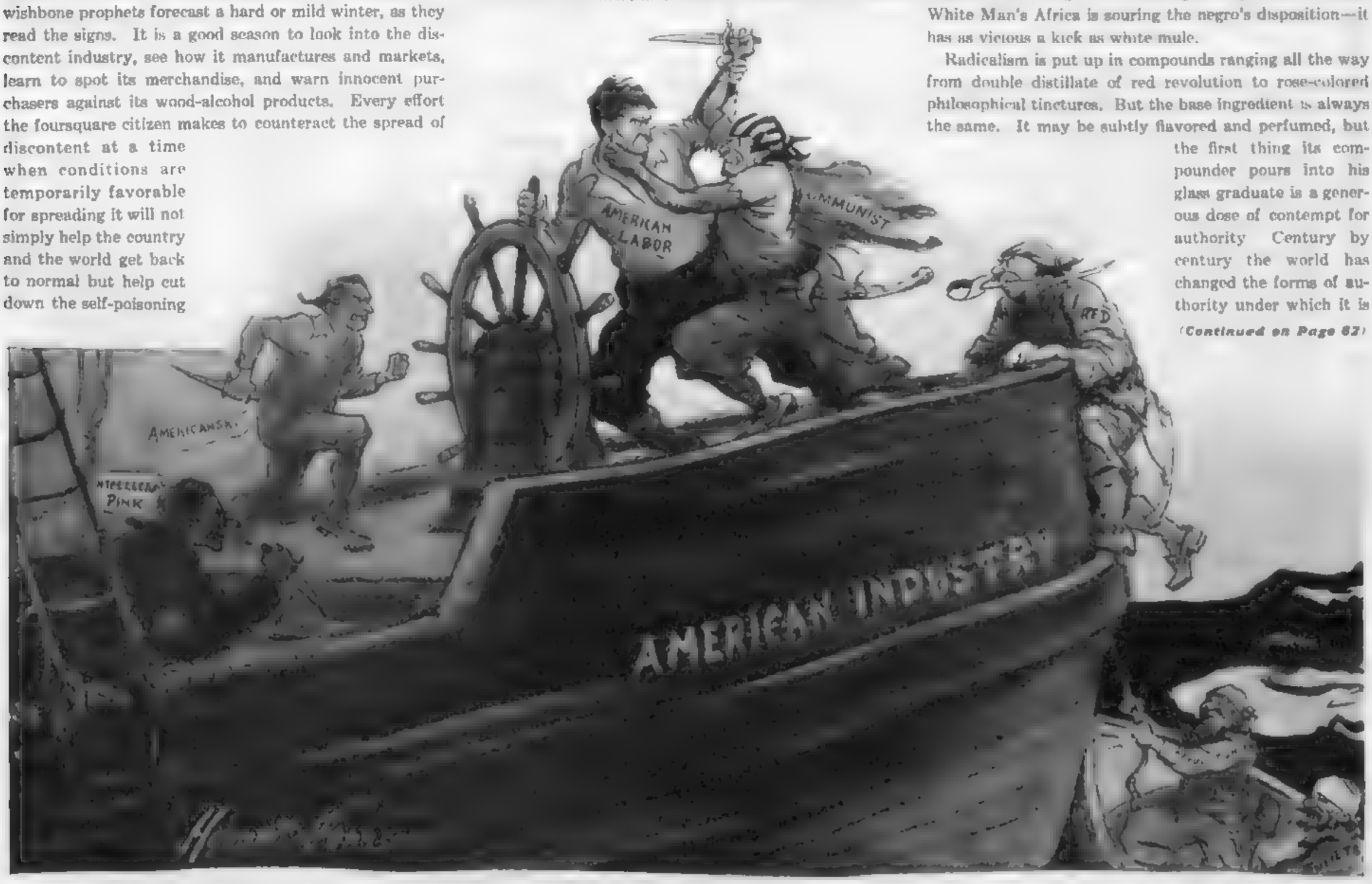

THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Dedications

PROFESSOR," said I, "to whom are you going to dedicate your book? To your class, which has done most of the work?"

The professor exercised his privilege of absentmindedness. He heard only my first sentence. "I am going to have an eighteenth-century dedication," he said.

"An eighteenth-century ——"

"Precisely. In those rational days an author did not waste a page in a witless dedication to My Wife, without whose incessant nagging this little work would have been impossible. Nor to Julius and Juliana, with their daddy's blessing. No. He dedicated it to the Duke of Worcestershire or the Most Worshipful Henry Rumbottle, president of the Ancient Company of Cheesemongers. Thereupon the duke or the Worshipful Henry settled upon the author a considerable pension, or got him a post as admiral, or at least staked him to a few meals. I am planning to revive that custom. Indeed, I have been sketching out a few lines, in an idle moment. I wonder if I have them on me, by any chance ——"

"Oh, don't bother, don't bother."

The professor, with evident surprise, found in his pocket a large sheet of paper.

"Now here is one to Charles M. Schwab. He is a hard one on account of the paucity of rimes—slob, gob, swab, and so forth. Of course this is only the first draft; it will be all changed around; I dashed it off in three minutes; I don't think a lot of it myself; but tell me how it strikes you, anyway." He stood behind me, reading over my shoulder; I could feel him trembling with a compound of confidence that his work was simply wonderful and certainty that it was simply awful. We read together these lines:

An Old Head on Young Shoulders

When man's first parents, by the guilt of Eve,
Their fair delightful garden had to leave,
Their hands were empty when they 'gan to roam,
They took no tools from their celestial home.
They built a refuge, stick by weary stick,
No hammer had they, nor they owned no pick.
Then aged Eve to Tubal Cain gave birth;
He tore the iron ore from the bowels of earth
And casting it in torrid flame to swelter
He cried to Eve: "Mamma! Behold a smelter!"

We skip six thousand years. Now Tubal Cain
To conqu'ring earth returns his bones again.
Man and his works are dust; remains the job,
And Tubal is replaced by Charles M. Schwab.
O Schwab! O Charles! I dedicate to thee
My Educational Psychology.
By all good fortunes may'st thou be attended;
My name and P. O. box are here appended.

"Delicious!" I cried. "Delicious! And now, if you will excuse me ——"

"And here is one, a sonnet; I will read it out loud.

"Master of men and motors, Henry Ford!
The wide world overruns thy clarion fame,
In many tongues men call upon thy name,
And, at thy name, they call upon the Lord.
Thou bad'st the warring nations sheathe the sword
And beat it into tractors; by thy grace
Triumphant man has subjugated space
At prices any person can afford.

"Yea, all save one, my master, all save me;
I use my sorrowful and reluctant feet,
I stand on stony sidewalks and I see
My colleagues bouncing in the driver's seat;
This little book I dedicate to thee,
Tomorrow may my Ford stand in the street."

I took the professor's china ash tray, dashed it on the floor, and walked out. The professor did not notice the crash of breaking china, nor my exit. He was declaiming a Pindaric ode, something about John D. Rockefeller striking a rock in the wilderness and crude petroleum gushing forth.

—*Morris Bishop.*

People Who Matter

A Rimed Editorial

IN THE days we remember as pre-Prohibition
You could hear almost anyone say,
"This country won't stand for that dry proposition;
Shucks! how do those guys get that way?
Let 'em kick up their heels, let 'em cackle and clatter;
Perhaps they can stir up a row,
But they can't get the votes of the People Who Matter!"

Well, look at us now.

When Oliver Cromwell began to get busy
And said that the King stuff was wrong,
The peerage all said, "Why, the poor cove is dizzy.
Ho, well, 'e won't larst werry long.
The People 'Oo Matter won't p'y no attention
To blighters like Cromwell—eh, wot?"
But what Cromwell did to that bunch need I mention?

I thought I need not.

The People Who Matter look down on the people
That People Who Matter don't know;
They gaze at the stars from their own private steeple
And ignore hoi polloi down below.
But after the show-down, in spite of their chatter
Of what will be done and what won't,
It isn't the People Who Matter who matter,
It's the People Who Don't.

—*Baron Ireland.*

"Listen, Bud! Did You Ever Meet a Black Cat at Midnight on Friday the Thirteenth?" "No!" "Well, Don't!"

New Yorkers I Know

The Edgar L. Swopes

IT ALWAYS irritates me when I hear New Yorkers called the most inhospitable people in the world! For instance, take the Edgar L. Swopes. Bigger-hearted, more generous hosts never lived. When they entertain—and one rarely meets them except when they are entertaining—they invite everybody whether they know them or not! Just let your name appear in the Social Register, and sooner or later you will be asked somewhere by the Swopes—to their daughter's début at the Ritz, or a theater party followed by dancing at the newest supper club, or to lunch with Mrs. Swope at Pierre's, or to dine with her at Sherry's. There isn't a fashionable hotel or restaurant or theater in New York in which the Swopes have not entertained at one time or another. Of course they must have a house somewhere—indeed I remember now that I always address my acceptances to a number in East Eightieth Street—but I've never been there. I suppose with servants as they are nowadays, and macaroons getting ground into the carpets, it's really cheaper in the end just to rent the Ritz. But they're such cordial people, the Swopes! I can't say that I really know Mr. Swope, because it's so difficult to find him at his parties; in fact, I recall once expressing my gratitude for a pleasant evening to a waiter, and again to a private detective, under the impression that it must be he. But Mrs. Swope—how well I remember her warmth of manner when I made my adieus one evening! It was at her Venetian Fête, given at the Plaza, when twelve hundred invitations had been issued and sixteen hundred acceptances received. Nine jazz orchestras, in Venetian costume, were playing in different parts of the ballroom.

"It was so good of you to ask me!" I screamed above the merrymaking. "We could not have had it without you, dear Mr.——" she replied, addressing me by the wrong name. It always irritates me when I hear New Yorkers called the most inhospitable people in the world!

Mrs. Gerald Mapes-Massingham

EVERYONE in New York who knows Mrs. Gerald Mapes-Massingham—and who does not?—agrees that she is simply wonderful at getting up things, and though the ending of the Great War did away with most of the really nice causes that costume balls and *tableaux vivants* could be got up for, she has been just splendid about going right ahead getting up things for our local charities. Indeed, it has become almost impossible for me to walk down Park Avenue on a sunny winter morning without encountering Mrs. Mapes-Massingham on her way to get up something.

"I have a meeting of my committee," she greets me—it goes without saying that Mrs. Mapes-Massingham is always chairman and the committee is always hers—"at eleven. Surely you're going to help me! Everyone has been so wonderful about helping me—sopranos from the Hippodrome, and elephants from the Metropolitan—oh, my dear, I'm such a wreck from planning, but you know what I mean—and Princess Stumble-Heels, that Indian dancer who can't get any engagements—are giving me

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

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Good beans selected with utmost care to meet the Campbell's standard for strictly high quality. Prepared, cooked and blended with their tempting tomato sauce, according to Campbell's exclusive recipe. Slow-cooked to make them as digestible as they are delightful. When you eat Campbell's, you eat beans made just right to taste good and nourish richly. Order a supply today!

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Return of Frank Clamart

Nevertheless There Was a Dimness in Her Eyes and a Tremor in Her Voice When He Said Good-by to Her

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

THERE are critical moments when the most elaborate preparedness becomes a hindrance rather than a help. To many alert minds instinct, reflex action are swifter than a rehearsed line of conduct that emergency serves only to clog.

Shane Emmet's mind was of this sort. There is a price to quick-wittedness, just as there is to any rare and valuable faculty. If while speeding down a slope in his car another were to emerge from a blind lane, it is certain that he would have instinctively done the proper thing, whether in accelerating to speed ahead, swerving in front or behind or taking a chance and skidding around. But if he had been previously warned that just such a thing was due to happen and what he was to do, it is very possible that at the crucial instant he might have bungled it.

Clamart's mind was of this sort only in part. It worked swiftly and reflexly, but it was no more to be disturbed by waiting, by anticipation of the lupine spring than that of a starved stalking timber wolf. Temperamentally the two men were very much alike, and for that very reason might not have made so capable a working couple but for the wealth of experience that put Clamart in the rôle of teacher. He had been absolutely prepared for precisely what was to happen. He believed that the lights would go out and that the pair of killers, having accurately located their prey, would then spring in, strike probably with knife, spring out again and escape before the current was restored.

Clamart had counted on this method because it was the one *par excellence* that he would himself have employed had, for instance, Chu-Chu been at that table. It would not be difficult to gain access to the main switch of the current that lighted the building. When Shane had entered with Princess Karescu and Sharon Jedburgh and their names had been immediately circulated Clamart thought, just as Shane had counted, that there was no further danger of attack. But the two men had not moved or made any attempt to communicate with the confederates that must be outside. Moreover, they had struck Clamart as being engaged in heated argument, in disagreement about something. Clamart, watching them covertly, thought it possible that they might not know the motive of their commission to kill, and as merely hired assassins they disliked the job of tackling so large a party and one composed of such distinguished people. It might be that they knew nothing about Jedburgh's importance to their client.

All things considered, Clamart thought it about an even bet whether they would make any murderous assault in the place or not. The hazard did not worry him. He did not believe that there was the slightest possibility of their using firearms. The chances of missing in the dark were too great, while the using of a torch to illumine their target might lead subsequently to their certain identification as the murderers. It would be knife work if it came at all, Clamart thought; a spring at Shane by one of the men and at himself by the other, a few quick thrusts, and an exit through front or rear before the lights could be turned on again or it was even discovered that death had been lurking in their midst and the screams those of mortal anguish. Shots would precipitate the alarm and pursuit. Knife work would be more sure and give more time.

It may be wondered then that Clamart, weighing the situation thus, should have waited for attack and exposed the women. There were several reasons for his doing so, the greatest of which, perhaps, was his singular one-purposefulness. He had set himself to do a certain thing, and his nature was of a sort never to withdraw from what he undertook, no matter what the danger to himself or others, if he considered the object to be attained sufficiently important.

In the present case he felt this to be tremendously important. He was convinced of the existence of a purely commercial murder syndicate, and he was determined to uncover it.

Then, he considered that Léontine, Shane and himself had deliberately taken hands in this life-and-death game. If police assistance were to be summoned it must lead to the disclosure of the past activities of Léontine and himself and render further efforts on their part useless. Cynthia Cabot had been drawn into it fortuitously, but she was now involved, and Clamart considered her danger actually less in the present situation than in subsequently going unprotected about her affairs. As for the princess and Sharon, there was that he could see no object in their assassination and no great danger to them except the possibility of being mistaken in the dark.

But above all these other factors, the weight that drew down the balance in his determination to see the business through, whatever happened, was himself. He trusted to his proved speed of mind and body. In his violent past he had never waited for attack, never taken the defensive. He attacked. He was like a sprinter who wins to the tape not only by virtue of his speed but because of his ability to beat the pistol. His reflexes were swifter than those of any person he had ever encountered. He could strike before the slower impulse of his adversary had innervated the group of muscles required to achieve the mortal gesture.

Sitting there, outwardly calm, inwardly tense and tingling, he was as well organized for action as a cat drowsing near a rat hole; fibers relaxed but ready for quick tetanic contraction, eyes alert and watchful through the slits of narrowed lids. His feet and legs were clear of any impediment. He figured that at the slightest overt symptom he could reach that pair and put them *hors de combat* before their knees had straightened. He thought that Shane would give him sufficiently rapid support, warned as he had been. But he was nevertheless annoyed at his confrère's evident refusal to appreciate the potentiality of danger.

Shane counted too much on the baffling influence of these two guests that he had managed so cleverly to bring Clamart never counted on such fortuitous support. First and last he counted on himself.

One may therefore understand that if some trustworthy intelligence had, five seconds before the lights went out, whispered "Now" in Clamart's ear he could not possibly have been more ready. From where he sat the table between him and the two bearded men offered no obstacles, as it was placed out a little and its occupants were dancing

So it happened that the image of his objective had scarcely dimmed in Clamart's vision when he sprang. It was not the leap of a wolf or jaguar, but more like the swift, stealthy, gliding rush of a weasel or ferret, a sort of protracted uncoiling, like loosing the end of a spring.

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THE extraordinary increase of Hupmobiles in your own locality this year was not peculiar to that locality alone.

Everywhere in America, Hupmobiles were being bought at a rate never before recorded.

By mid-October, our domestic market—without special inducement or special stimulation—had absorbed twice as many cars as in any previous entire year.

This growth is sound and substantial. It is rooted deep in the satisfaction of thousands who ask nothing finer than the Hupmobile in the way of a motor car.

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As for Shane, nothing could have convinced him that he was not himself on his feet and in purposeful motion simultaneously with the darkening of the room, and yet as time counts in such crises his defensive movement, or rather protective one, was infinitely behind Clamart's swift offensive.

Shane had sprung to his feet in a slightly crouching attitude, with his arms thrust out and to the sides, his object not to protect himself but to block any attack directly toward Cynthia and Sharon. To do this more effectually he had slid half a pace sideways from his chair, farther out into the room, and scarcely had he done so when something struck against the back of his hand, sharply and painfully, with a stinging across the knuckles. No doubt his shifting of position had left his hand in the space occupied by his body a second or two before. He struck out violently with his other fist, but into the black and empty air, and before he could strike again an invisible body brushed past him. Shane whipped up his chair and flailed about with it immediately in front of him but the effort was futile so far as the encountering of any object was concerned.

The place was immediately in an uproar. The crash of an adjoining table with its glass and chinaware had aroused alarm for what otherwise might have been regarded as an ill-advised but intentional prank. It is an old trick of certain establishments of the sort to flick off the lights for a few seconds, then switch them on to the amusement of the patrons at the tableau presented. But such tricks are no longer played; it would be criminally unjustified in an epoch of crime and violence of every sort.

The women thought of their jewels, the men of a raid of which the management had been warned at the eleventh hour and had plunged the place in darkness to give time for the disposing of contraband. Shrieks rang out with hoarse angry cries. The music stopped in an uncertain way, like a motor that turns a few times in momentum after the current is cut off. Then pocket torches began to flash and matches to flare. The place was dimly lighted by innumerable tiny flames of these latter, people lighting fresh ones as the former were extinguished. Those dancing had stood still, those sitting had sprung to their feet. Angry voices were crying "Lights! Lights!" Shane desisted from the blind defense of his swinging chair and glanced about. His eyes fell first on Clamart, seen dimly in the flickering light sitting as he had seen him last, but breathing deeply. Cynthia tottered against his side. Shane threw his arm about her and eased her to her seat, then looked past her for Sharon. But the girl had disappeared.

"Where's Miss Jedburgh?" he asked in a quick harsh voice.

Clamart sprang to his feet. He had been looking toward the table where the two bearded men had sat.

"Miss Jedburgh!" he echoed, then glanced across the table, under it, and tried to pierce the semidarkness of the room.

The princess was leaning forward, her knuckles on the table, eyes wide with astonishment rather than fear.

Clamart whipped out a pocket torch and turned it variously about. Shane catching a glimpse of his face saw that it had suddenly grown terrible. He glanced instinctively toward the wreck of the table where the two men had sat. It was overturned, the things upon it littering the floor. Then as some ray of light whipped in its direction he saw the head and shoulders of a man lying face downward in a widening pool of blood.

Shane next discovered that his hand was bleeding freely from a slash across the knuckles, an incised wound where the edge of a knife had slipped along as its point was driven forward. He whipped a napkin tightly around it. "Where's Miss Jedburgh?" he repeated.

Clamart rushed across the room and out of the door. He was met by two policemen coming in.

"Have you seen a young lady go out?" he demanded.

"Naw!" answered one of them roughly. "Get back in there!"

Clamart obeyed. He was baffled, bewildered, at a loss to explain the disappearance of the girl. Nor had he seen any sign of the other bearded man. He returned to the table. Meeting Shane's anguished eyes he shook his head.

Then all at once the lights went on again, to disclose no great disorder beyond that of the capsized table and the dead man half under it. The police began taking their notes of this mortality. The frightened patrons were curtly ordered to resume their places at their tables until given permission to leave. The patrol wagon arrived, waiters were lined up and put through a brief questioning by a gray-haired chief with a military air. Their testimony immediately disclosed the fact that two bearded men had been sitting at that table quietly enough and that when for some reason of which the management protested ignorance the lights went out there had been a crash, a brief scuffle, and that one of the men had disappeared. The inference was obvious—one of them had evidently profited by the sudden extinction of the lights to stab his companion and escape.

Shane, pallid and quivering, stepped forward and offered his hand for inspection. "That man ran into me, and when I grabbed at him slashed at me with a knife. But for God's sake let this business wait! A young lady of our party has disappeared. She is Miss Sharon Jedburgh, Julius Jedburgh's daughter."

This information produced its effect. "She must have been frightened and run out," the chief suggested.

He took the names of the party, raised his bushy eyebrows at that of Princess Karescu, but he noted indifferently those of the others until Shane gave him his. Then his face lighted with recognition.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I've seen you in court, Mr. Emmet. Now what's this about Miss Jedburgh?"

Shane told him rapidly of how he had brought the two ladies from the Duanes' dinner party. "She was beside me when the lights went out," said he.

Cynthia and the princess testified the same. In the confusion and excitement neither had noticed Sharon's withdrawal. The chief hurriedly dispatched some of his men to look for her. "She can't be far," he said. "Might have run out and got in her car."

"But it was pitch dark," Shane objected.

The doorman was questioned. He said that not one but several people, both men and women, had rushed out. He had made no effort to prevent their going. In the darkness he could distinguish none of them, but thought one of the women was hysterical.

The guests of the place were then allowed to leave. The gruesome affair appeared to be simple enough—a murder perpetrated in the darkness for reasons unknown. Shane's party was very briefly questioned. None of them had particularly noticed this pair. They had all sprung up at the crash, but none had left their places. They were merely asked where they might be found to identify the murderer if caught.

The princess was disposed to make light of the affair. "She merely got panicky and bolted for the door," was the opinion of the guest of honor. "Who'd harm her?"

"But the chauffeur hasn't seen her," Shane groaned. Clamart, who had sat grim and silent, here suggested that they leave the place. He drew Shane aside.

"That's Him!" He Said Eagerly. "The Guy That Came Around the Corner and Helped Hold the Lady"

"We fluked it," he said. "There were two parties—maybe more. Sharon started for the door and was grabbed by somebody inside or out. Your man might have run into her and taken advantage of her being rattled or—or ——"

"Say it out," groaned Shane.

"Knifed her, thinking it was Cynthia, and carried her out and put her in a taxi," said Clamart inexorably. "Why didn't you kill him?"

"Why didn't I?" Shane almost snarled. "Because it came too quick; but I did manage to fend him off." His tormented face hardened. "Nice question for you to ask, Clamart. What did you do?"

"I killed mine," said Clamart wearily. "He's the man that's been watching my house from the bench in Gramercy Park. Let's go."

IX

CLAMART went with Léontine and Cynthia. Shane took the princess to her hotel in the Jedburgh car. On the way he was forced to listen with agony to the princess' enthusiastic appreciation of the party, and she, discovering his torment of mind and knowing nothing of its deeper cause, made light of it.

"Don't be in such a stew, my dear man. Nothing could have happened her."

"But, princess, she wouldn't bolt off without a word to any of us!"

"No telling what a rattled girl will do. She might have run out and got turned about, then decided to go quietly home. As one of those bobbies said, somebody may have given her a lift, thinking the place was being raided."

All this, of course, was nonsense to Shane. He dropped the princess, a little piqued, then told the chauffeur to go to the Jedburgh house. Nearly there they overtook another car that drew up in front of the house just ahead of them. A compactly built man in evening dress got out of it and crossed the sidewalk. Shane recognized the heavy figure of Julius Jedburgh. He leaped out and overtook him at his door.

"Mr. Jedburgh."

"Huh?" Jedburgh swung about quickly for his bulk, like a bear.

"I'm Shane Emmet ——"

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Let's get in quick and find out if your daughter's got here."

Jedburgh stared, opened his mouth, the half-smoked cigar fell unheeded on the stoop. "What's that, young feller?"

"Oh, go in! Let's see if she's here."

The door was swung open at this moment by a sleepy footman. "Has my darter come in?" Jedburgh demanded.

"Not yet, sir."

"Sure?"

"I've been right here, sir. Seen nothing of Miss Jedburgh or the car, sir."

"Go up to her room and make sure," said Shane.

Jedburgh looked at him with a frown. "Come back here," he said, and led the way to the library, in the rear of the house, flung off his coat, and motioned Shane to a chair.

"Now what's up?" he demanded.

Shane described with rapid brevity his meeting with Sharon at the Duanes', his telling the princess of his engagement to meet three friends later at the Melting Pot, her request that he take her with him, and her invitation to Sharon to be of the party. At this point Jedburgh interrupted him:

"What did she want of Sharon?"

"She seemed to take a fancy to her," Shane answered. "Might have preferred three of us for the look of it."

He continued his account, told of their joining three of his friends, and on mention of the names again was interrupted:

"That Clamart feller ——"

"Yes. I knew him in France before the war and during it. We were both in the French Secret Service."

"Huh!" This was noncommittal.

Shane continued his narrative, his description no more than what might have been evident to anybody there but Clamart, Léontine, Cynthia and himself. As he told of the sudden extinction of the light, the fracas at the table close by, the man colliding with him, at mention of which he took his bandaged hand from his pocket and

(Continued on Page 32)

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(Continued from Page 30)

showed it, Jedburgh began to breathe heavily. Then at his conclusion—"your daughter had disappeared"—Jedburgh's heavy features grew suddenly flaccid for a moment before becoming engorged with blood.

Without moving a muscle he cried "Kidnaped!"

"But how and—why?" Shane almost wailed.

Jedburgh pressed a button. The footman, who had almost as soon as Shane started his narrative come to say there was no sign of Miss Jedburgh, reappeared.

"Wake up Olivant and tell him to come here—in a hurry," Jedburgh said.

He shoved a humidor of cigars at Shane, took one himself, lighted it and stared at the younger man. The heavy imperturbable face had not changed a shade of its expression, or lack of it, during Shane's recital. The artist was reminded of a heathen idol or a thick-bodied spider, or of a clock. Jedburgh evidently was one who ticked away without a change of face. If he noticed Shane's most evident anguish of mind he gave no sign of it. The affair evidently was being turned through the perfectly working brain as might be any other problem, methodically and without emotion. It was being milled, shaped, stamped, like a piece of sheet iron fed into a complicated machine, to come out a finished product—a tin can duly rounded, soldered and labeled; or the hood of a motor.

This mental process proceeded in silence, punctuated only by the reddening at the tip of the cigar and a rapidly lengthening ash. This was rhythmic, like the swing of the pendulum of a grandfather's clock. Time might have been computed by it. Jedburgh's eyes, a curious rusty-iron color with a rim of gray that was not *arcus senilis*, remained fastened on the silver top of the humidor as though courting hypnosis.

Shane sagged down in his chair and waited. Jedburgh appeared to have forgotten his presence, his existence. He had not so much as suggested that he cleanse his wound. Shane had done this abstractly at the Melting Pot, when the first police examination was going on. He had rinsed the cut with champagne, then wound back the napkin. Shane now reflected bitterly on the vanity of human plannings, the fatuity of cleverness. He had invited Sharon to protect the rest of them, and failed in his protection of Sharon. He did not wonder what Jedburgh might presently say to him anent this dismal failure. He was not interested in what Jedburgh might say about himself, only what hypothesis he might advance about his daughter's disappearance.

The metronomic process of Jedburgh's thought was broken by the entrance of Olivant, in gown and slippers, and with his hair brushed. The young man glanced with mild surprise at Shane, nodded and sat down comfortably, glancing as if from force of habit at his nails.

Jedburgh came out of his trance, rolled the fat cigar to the other side of his mouth and said to Shane, "Tell this feller what you just told me."

Shane expelled the residual air from his lungs, took a fresh breath and repeated his narrative with exactness, almost word for word. He made no additions or deletions. It struck him that Jedburgh was putting him through a sort of test of accuracy, comparing the two copies, as one might say. Olivant listened much as Jedburgh had done. He copied his benefactor in many ways, but had, besides, a natural gift for concealing his emotions. The difference was that Jedburgh gave the impression of having none to conceal.

Shane finished with no appendix of apology. None seemed, in fact, to be in order. Jedburgh nodded, then looked at Olivant.

"Well?" he growled.

Olivant looked at his nails. "Such joints are the rendezvous of crooks more or less keyed up with different kinds of dope. Sharon's face has been published a good deal, and she drives her own car up and down Fifth Avenue. Some prowler or prowlers scouting for a job recognized her and thought, 'What if I could steal that girl, then ask about a million ransom for her?' Then the lights went out and the chance offered. Opportunism."

Jedburgh looked at Shane. "What's your idea?"

"Olivant's sounds as good as any other," Shane muttered.

"Well, it don't to me!" Jedburgh growled. "Things don't happen like that. Folks don't think quick enough This job was framed." He glared at Shane. "Premeditated."

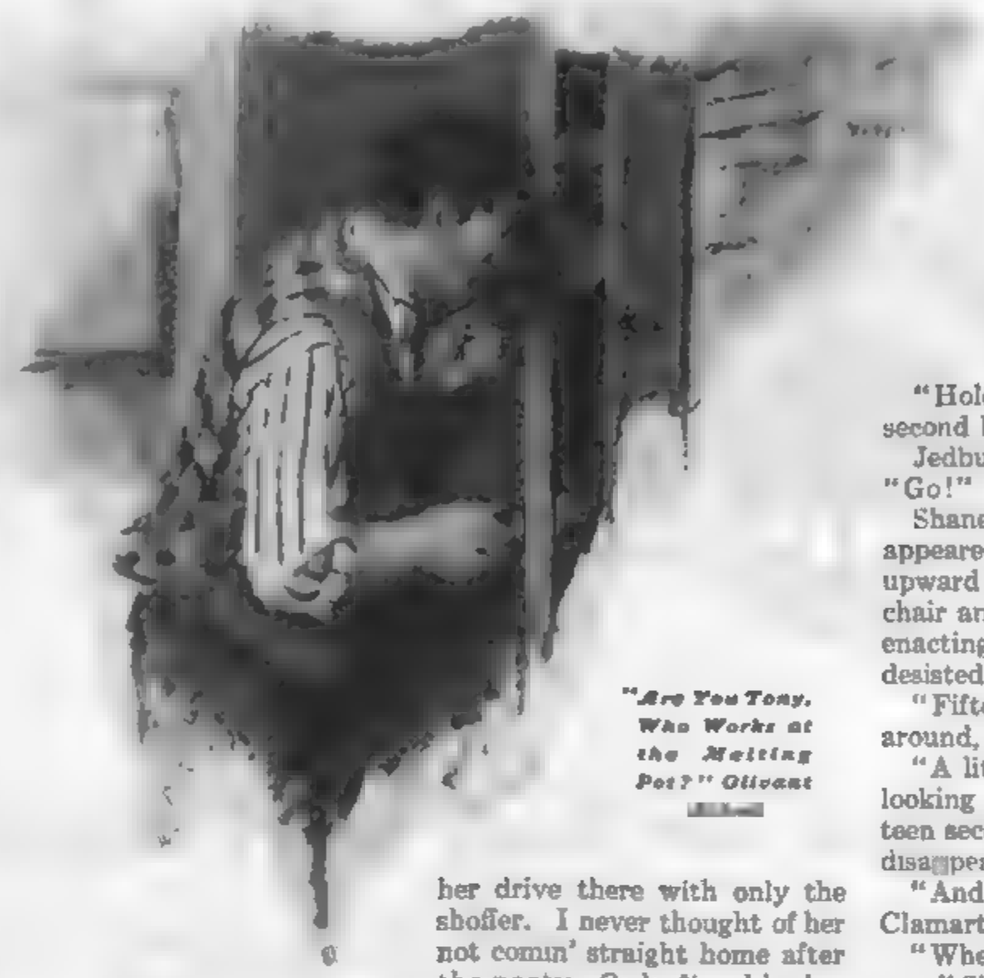
Shane's guilty conscience thought it felt a covert accusation. Olivant thought so, too, and looked at Shane with a quick suspicion that faded instantly. Shane was past the danger of a change of countenance. Clamart's words, "Knifed her, thinking it was Cynthia," had devitalized him. If this theory were true he did not want to live. If he had taken that lovely girl to that place through such a motive as he had and her life had paid the price of it, then Shane could never know a single moment of peace, no matter what blessings were to be vouchsafed him. Even now his soul felt dead.

Jedburgh's next words came therefore as an astonishing revivant: "They cooked it up to steal my goat. They think they got me where they want me now. It ain't for any million-dollar ransom. It's a bigger job than that."

Shane's drooping petals revived a little, but not much. Olivant discovered a microscopic blemish on a nail, and removed it with a silver cigar cutter. He nodded almost imperceptibly.

Shane asked in a voice too lifeless to be doubting, "How could they know what was going to happen?"

"Use your thinker. They made it happen. They follered her from the time she left here to go to the Duanes' a little farther down the Avenue. They hung round, seein'



"Are You Tony, Who Works at the Melting Pot?" Olivant

her drive there with only the shoffer. I never thought of her not comin' straight home after the party. Only five blocks. They follered the three of you to this dump. They got a feller to turn off the lights. She might 'a' jumped back or somethin' when she heard you and the feller scufflin', or broke for the door. Most girls would. Then they nabbed her."

He leaned back, and the pulmotor suction of his cigar began again.

Shane's pulse began to beat more strongly. It cleared his head, refreshed mental faculties sunk into the apathy of despair. Jedburgh seemed so sure. His cigar now traveled back to the other extremity of his straight but thick-lipped mouth.

"Sounds all of a piece to me, the lights out and the killin' and rushin' off my darter."

"The killing?" Shane exclaimed. "Why the killing?"

"Well, why not?" Jedburgh demanded. "Make a diversion, wouldn't it? Distract attention from Sharon. Give 'em time to rush her off. D'ye think they'd stick at knifin' a stray bum or two to back a play like that? Any gang that's got the nerve to kidnap Julius Jedburgh's darter ain't goin' to stop at any such trifle. Didn't the feller make a lunge at you too? Look at it from their slant. What if the lights had gone on and nothin' happened but Sharon missing? Or you'd missed her even before they went on? You'd have dug out after her, raised a hell of a row, got the police right on the job. But no. Here's a dead man on the floor. You're all held to give your names and what you know about the business. By the time you beat it into their heads that one of your party's disappeared they've made their get-away."

He spat out his badly mangled perfecto. Jedburgh smoked half a cigar and ate the other half, or seemed to.

Shane's head began to whirl. What if the man was right, and Sharon had actually been followed? That was to make a double job of it, and he playing into the hands of the mob. Jedburgh seemed sure that this was an attempt at his coercion. Shane wondered at what, and decided that the best way to find out might be to ask him.

"What do they want to force you to?" he began; then at Jedburgh's forbidding scowl said harshly: "Good heavens, man, I'm safe! All I want is to get your daughter. I'm responsible. I took her there."

Jedburgh sucked away and stared at him. Shane felt that he had never fallen under the steady scrutiny of such searching, knowing eyes. They had, too, some hypnotic quality, gave him a sort of bewilderment that he summoned his forces to resist. He succeeded in fighting back the mazedness to which another might have succumbed.

Jedburgh, as if he felt his power slipping, shot at him suddenly, "What d'ye know about this feller Clamart?"

"I know all about him," Shane answered. "I know his past life and his present ambitions and efforts. We worked together for a while in the French Secret Service during the war. There's nothing wrong with Clamart."

"Oh, there isn't, hey? Ever know that he was once a yegg? A master cracksman? Ever know that he escaped from the French penal colony of Cayenne? Ever know that he turned on his old mob and killed the chief of it?"

"He didn't turn on it," Shane retorted, "and he didn't kill the chief of it. It turned on him because it was afraid of him. Chu-Chu le Tondeur killed the chief, poisoned him, and Frank Clamart killed Chu-Chu at Meudon, in a park. Knifed him after being shot. The man that got Clamart pardoned and stood his sponsor was a friend of mine. So was his wife. It was at their house in Paris that I first met Clamart."

The heavy face opposite did not show surprise, but it was plain to Shane that Jedburgh felt it. Olivant stirred slightly in his chair. Jedburgh's round head with its coarse scrub of hair turned slowly on the massive shoulders.

"Well?"

Olivant raised his eyebrows. "I say, Emmet, allowing for the stress and strain of the moment, and all that sort of thing, how long should you say it actually was from the moment the lights went out before you were able to see anything at all?"

"Hold your watch on me," said Shane. "Look at the second hand and tell me when to start."

Jedburgh tugged out his own. "Get set," he muttered. "Go!"

Shane sprang up, flung out both hands in front of him, appeared to ward off an imaginary assailant, struck an upward blow with his fist, then whipped up an imaginary chair and lashed back and forth with it five or six times, enacting in pantomime what he had already described, then desisted suddenly and cried "Now!"

"Fifteen seconds," Jedburgh grunted. "You could see around, then?"

"A little, but only in flashes here and there. I wasn't looking toward the door. It might have been another fifteen seconds before I discovered that Miss Jedburgh had disappeared."

"And what," asked Olivant in his drawling voice, "was Clamart doing all that time?"

"When the lights went out he was talking to the princess," Shane said shortly. "When I looked at him again he was still sitting facing me, swung around a little as if to fend off anything or anybody from the ladies behind him."

"Must have been asleep at the switch," Olivant observed, "while you were on your feet and fighting."

"Yes he was!" Jedburgh growled; and added, "Clamart, I mean."

Shane leaned forward. "Just what else do you mean, Mr. Jedburgh?" he demanded.

"Aw—never you mind."

Jedburgh's tone was less discourteous than the words. He was staring at the silver-topped humidor again, as a crystal gazer might turn in perplexity to his globe. The curt speech was more as though to detach his mind from Shane, to fend off interruption.

"But I do mind," Shane persisted. "I very much mind. Quite apart from Clamart happening to be a friend of mine. I want to know about anything that has any bearing on this business."

Jedburgh made a gesture of annoyance with a heavy bejeweled hand, coarse, freckled, fingers tufted with reddish hair. It was as if to say, "Don't bother me."

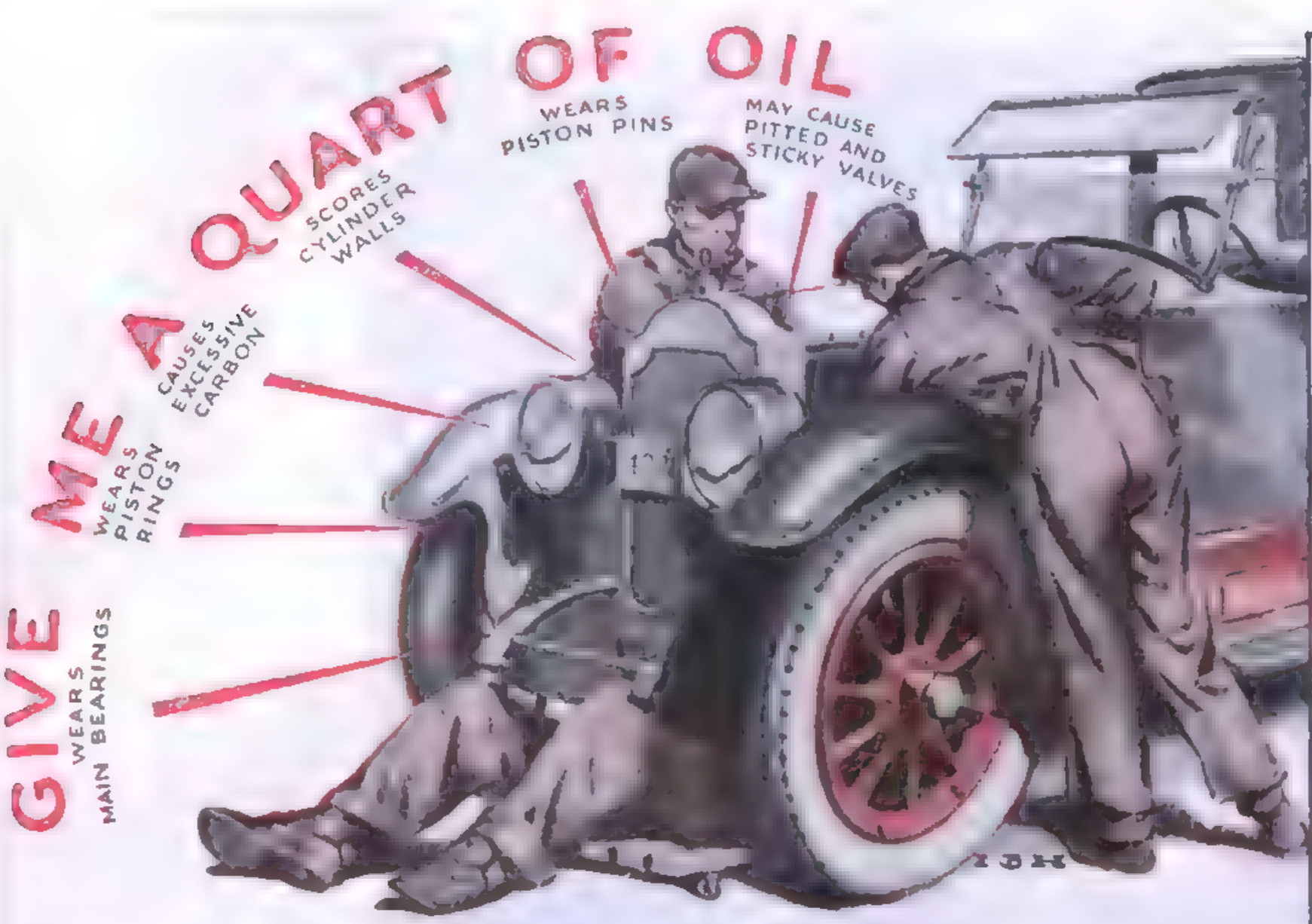
Shane's face darkened. He leaned forward to interrupt the cogitations of this squat oracle when Olivant, observing his intention, thrust at his ankle with his slippered foot, at the same time laying a finger tip on his lips and shaking his head.

This gesture of veneration from Olivant for such a man as Jedburgh seemed to arouse a sudden gust of anger in Shane. More than if Jedburgh had told him curtly to shut up, an admonition that he was in fact about to utter. But one may support from the despot what one will not take from the lips of the myrmidon. Besides, it was Olivant who had first cast aspersion at Clamart, and it was now Olivant who had the cheek to kick at Shane's ankle. But Shane disdained to look at this king's jackal, to notice him at all unless he stood in his way, when Shane also might do a little kicking, but not on the ankle.

He rose slowly to his feet, leaned forward, rested his knuckles on the desk and fastened his eyes on Jedburgh's, these still staring at the brilliant object on the desk. It did not occur to Shane that Jedburgh had a moment ago tried to whelm him with his will and failed, and that perhaps he might now have better luck with Jedburgh. He succeeded at any rate in tugging the abstracted gaze away from the cigar jar and to himself.

"Well, what's the matter?" Jedburgh grunted, and executed the sleight of lip that shifted his cigar. Shane noticed

(Continued on Page 78)



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Reliable dealers carry Gargoyle Mobiloil in the several grades. It comes in 1-gallon and 5-gallon sealed cans, and in 15, 30 and 55 gallon steel drums.

Ask one of these dealers to supply you with the correct grade for your car.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)*, Indianapolis, Boston, Minneapolis, Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Detroit, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Kan.

Chart of Recommendations

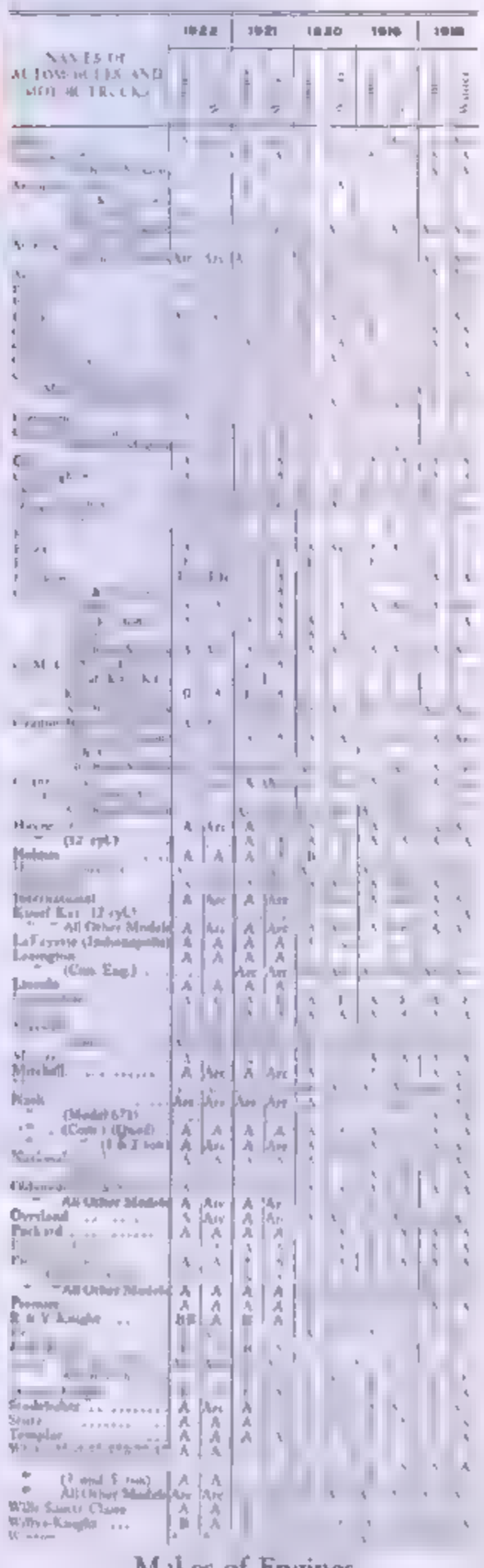
Abbreviated Edition

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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1922

His first Christmas

A GREAT BIG TREE—a tiny boy—and the magic touch of Light.

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LIGHT UP your tree this year with Edison MAZDA Christmas Tree Lamps. They are safe, dependable and add a greater touch of brilliancy and beauty.

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Patient Waiter

SOME theorists develop some fairly good theories on the subjects concerning which they theorize. More theorists, however, develop theories that aren't worth the powder to blow them out of the minds of their originators. Thus it has come to pass that persons of a high order of intelligence, when desirous of seeking advice on strange matters, usually turn to men who have acquired their knowledge through experience rather than to men who have developed rich, ripe theories on these matters by overmuch referring to weighty and fusty-smelling reference books in the privacy of their chambers. The wisdom of a man may frequently be gauged by the number of theorists that appear among his advisers. The wisdom, in the highly spiced language of the mathematicians, is in inverse ratio to the number of theorists.

There is no finer grazing ground for theorists than the field of immigration. Here the theorists may be seen at large at any hour of the day or night, browsing among the thistles, kicking their heels wildly in the air and emitting deafening brays. Because of the nature of immigration not many people have had the time, the temperament or the bank account to become experienced in all branches of it. Many people, however, are interested in it. Much advice is sought on it, and much is given—and that is, unfortunately, where the theorist comes in. Fortunately, it is also where William Walter Husband, of East Highgate and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Commissioner General of Immigration, comes in.

William Walter Husband, of East Highgate and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is not a theorist on the subject of immigration. He has no theories as to whether the natives of Transcaucasia wish to leave Transcaucasia for the Bronx, and if so, why. He has sojourned among the natives of Transcaucasia, and he doesn't need to theorize about them. He knows. He knows exactly what they would do if they had two hundred dollars apiece. He knows because they have told him, and also because he has watched them do it. He has never waded through ninety-eight pounds of assorted books to find out the conditions among the White Russians which relate to emigration, and then evolved a large number of plausible theories dealing with the whys and the wherefores of their whichness; but he has waded through a good deal of White Russian mud and slept on top of a great many White Russian stoves and scratched himself amiably in the presence of large numbers of more or less White Russian peasants. He has picked up their ideas as well as their fleas, and has no need of theories where they are concerned. Similarly, it would be fruitless for a theorist to come to him with any groundless or half-baked theories concerning the Poles, the Letts, the Germans, the Vlachs, the Czechs, the Croats, the Slovaks, the Magyars, the Syrians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Armenians, the Turks or any of the other involved and baffling peoples of Europe. He knows about these people from experience. He has seen them, and he comes from East Highgate, Vermont; and a theorist must be able to function with the maximum of speed and the minimum of friction in order to make any appreciable dent on a person who, in addition to having been reared among the rock-ribbed hills of New England, has had experience in the matter on which the theorist is theorizing.

Green Mountain Days

THE Commissioner General of Immigration makes, as the saying goes, particularly poor picking for theorists because he has one of those New England upbringings that seem to coat the possessor with a sort of adamantine varnish that offers no point of entry or exit for free verse, garrulousness, unwise money spending, loose thinking or kindred barbed irritants.

He was born out among the Vermont hills in a section where the hills are so plentiful that each house has a hill of its own behind which to hide. When he was fifteen years old his mother died, and he migrated to the flourishing metropolis of Sheldon, Vermont, where there were all of seventy-five houses and three churches. There were also two glittering emporiums or general stores which struck the fifteen-year-old William Walter Husband as being the last cry in metropolitan magnificence. Each day he lingered in the neighborhood of these marts, feasting his eyes upon their opulence, and longing for an excuse to remain permanently among their splendors. He was a diffident youth, however, reluctant to ask baldly for a job in either store lest he should seem too presumptuous. But one afternoon, as he tarried before the fascinations of Durkee's General Store, he was observed by the Jove of this Olympus in the person of Durkee himself.

William W. Husband, Commissioner General of Immigration

Unbending, as Joves have been known to do, Durkee looked at him meditatively and inquired, "How'd you like to work in here, son?"

He was too overcome with joy to speak, but he was able to indicate his willingness in the customary conservative Vermont manner, which consists of nodding the head once. The generally accepted emolument for labors such as he performed, which consisted of rising at five in the morning and busying himself with the manifold duties of the store until the last villager had reluctantly torn himself from the cracker barrel at nine o'clock at night, was fifty dollars a year. The daybook of Durkee's General Store for 1888 shows that at the end of his first year he was rewarded with seventy-five dollars instead of with the agreed fifty dollars.

After two years of labor he decided that his education had been neglected, so he went over to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and entered St. Johnsbury Academy. He worked nights and mornings in the academy boarding house, getting up at five o'clock to build the fires; and he also worked all day Saturday. This gave him his lodgings, but he had to pay two dollars a week for his board, which was something of an imposition. He put up with it in silence, just as he puts up today with bad features of the immigration law; but he knows what he wants and he's a good and a patient waiter.

A St. Johnsbury shoe store stole him from the academy by offering him his board and lodging for his extra time in the mornings and evenings, and adding a dollar for his Saturday activity. This was pretty soft for Husband; easy hours and good money, so to speak.

But all soft snaps must end sooner or later. Having declared himself educated, he secured the job of assistant postmaster. This failed to stir his pulses to any noticeable extent, so he decided to see the world. For a year and a half he traveled out through the Middle West and in the South, pausing occasionally to earn more railroad fare. Then he went back to St. Johnsbury and worked as a reporter on the St. Johnsbury Caledonian for the gratifying salary of eight dollars a week. It was the St. Johnsbury Caledonian on which George Brinton McClellan Harvey, of Peacham, Vermont, now Ambassador to the Court of St. James, received his first journalistic experience, though he has carelessly neglected to note this fact in the pages of Who's Who. From the Caledonian, Husband went to the Montpelier Daily Journal as combination managing editor, star reporter and head proof reader. While acting in this triangular capacity he wrote pieces in the paper about Senator William P. Dillingham, who lived in Montpelier, and who was chairman of the Senate Immigration Committee. The pieces pleased the senator, so he sent for Husband and asked him whether he would be interested in going to Washington as clerk of the Senate Committee on Immigration. Husband laughed a hoarse, repressed New England laugh and asked how soon he could start. That was in 1903.

Getting to be an Expert

SOON after he arrived in Washington a peculiar political whirlpool made the Senate and the House Immigration Committee decide to study the immigration laws with unusual care. The law was rewritten, and provision was made for an immigration commission composed of three senators, three representatives and three men appointed by the President to study every phase of the immigration question. Husband was named executive secretary of this commission. He accompanied it to Europe and made exhaustive examinations of peoples that neither he nor any other members of the commission had heard of before. The reports of the Immigration Commission are contained in forty-one ponderous volumes. Of these, Husband wrote the two volumes dealing with Emigration Conditions in Europe and the Immigration Situation in Canada. He also took a year off and edited the thirty-nine other volumes. Thus he has read all of them, which is a thing that probably no one else has ever done, and that no one else is apt to do. These forty-one volumes have become a standard reference work for all writers on economic questions. They are mines of information on industrial conditions and living conditions in the United States and Europe. They contain no propaganda; no hearsay testimony from persons who might possibly be interested in concealing certain phases of any subject under investigation. They are filled with the results of original investigations in the field by the commission and its employes. Husband sifted, sorted and edited all this information, in addition to collecting a lot of it himself. He knew the immigration laws of every European country, the story of emigration from every country, and the history of all the different races and peoples who were emigrating to America. He was the original information bureau on the subject of immigration.

When he had finished his job with the Immigration Commission in 1911, he was asked by Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to take charge of the Division of Contract Labor. He did this with so much enthusiasm that the Government began to collect large sums of money from corporations that had violated the Contract Labor Law. In one case over which Husband had supervision the Government collected fifty thousand dollars. In another it collected thirty-five thousand dollars.

In 1913 the Democrats came back to power, and one of the jobs that was urgently needed for deserving Democrats was Husband's job. Several applicants were turned down, but finally an influential Southern congressman got the job for one of his constituents. Thereupon Secretary of Labor Wilson assigned Husband to the congenial task of going to Eastern Europe to make additional immigration investigations for the department. He is one of the few known Republicans that lost his job under a Democratic Administration and had a better one handed to him at once.

He spent three months in Russia, sometimes riding, sometimes cruising in river boats and sometimes walking. He got down into the Caucasus, combed through the Balkan States, worked through Turkey and down through Asia Minor, examined conditions in Syria and Egypt, and came back to Greece and Italy.

When he came back he knew so much about immigration that he felt obliged to start a magazine dealing with the

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BRASSINGTON HALL

By Maryse Rutledge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AS SHE stood looking out of the open window of the old library she wondered even now, after four months, if it were true; if the bright scene before her were not a drop curtain suddenly to be whisked away, leaving her staring at the impersonal walls and plush furniture of some Continental hotel bedroom. But there was no trickery in the cool dusk of the high-wainscoted room with its shelves upon shelves of books, nor yet in the robust unstartled sweep of land lit by June.

Yes, this was Brassington Hall, this sturdy old house of wings and towers from which Hal had been exiled so long ago. The dreary years of hazardous wandering, of forfeited security were over. And Major Brassington-Welsh was making good at last. Well, it was no one's fault what kind of life he had led all these years, now that he had come back to a county where the name of Brassington was respected, and where tales of his wild boyhood had fallen into legend.

But to think of Hal honorary secretary and treasurer of the Brassington Golf Club! Hal a treasurer!

She touched the rose in the buttonhole of her jacket; could hardly recognize herself. She, Nita, in a tweed suit, with only a thin dusting of powder over a skin that was younger, healthier than it had been for many a day, and with lips that lifted more lightly under a diminished tracery of scarlet. Of course a little red always helped.

The new golf links, one hundred and fifty acres of Brassington land within an hour of London, dipped and curved, melting in pastures beyond, running along the thready gleam of a brook, rising in bunkers, flattening to the damask squares of putting greens. The first day of the tournament was on.

And Hal had done it all! Had leased the place for ten years, paid the first year's term, and transformed field and pasture into this ideal course. He had gained the backing of gouty, conservative old Lord Lansmere, who as president of the club insured its success. Of course he had known Hal's people. And then it was a good thing for his son, the Honorable Eric Grey, to be working under Hal. Keep him out of mischief. Lansmere must have considered that. Still, to think of Hal overcoming so many obstacles, overweighing every argument, every objection.

Against the clean blue sky Lansmere Abbey loomed, feudal, dominating its hill. Over the grassy stretches below, players moved slowly, stooping in concentrated poses to rise with a swing of arms. A parasol opened like a flower. In blobs of color sweaters flashed across the green. Presently all these people—friends of Lansmere's, members of the club—would gather for tea on the broad silken terrace of Brassington Hall. Hal needn't have made this lavish unnecessary gesture when the dower house fitted up as a clubhouse could have provided just as well for its new members.

She wished they might have started out with a little less show, fewer servants, a more modest program of entertainment. You couldn't hold Hal down, though; not while he had a shilling left from the six thousand dollars he had earned in London. Earned honestly—almost honestly. A bitter comment on their life. When he sold that Latin manuscript to Professor Marshall he hadn't believed it to be the real thing. They had thought of everything else but that it might be the real thing. And it was genuine. Even Hal had realized then that life was not made up only of fraudulent stuff, of lies, of imitations. And he had turned to Brassington Hall.

Among These High Dark Bookshelves, Under the Lowering Gaze of Colonel Welsh, She Felt Keyed to a Vivid Performance

That beastly portrait again! In this room, she always felt it, harsh, contemptuous, sneering at her from the heavy frame. She turned impatiently. In two opposite niches between oak bookshelves, Colonel Welsh and Mrs. Brassington-Welsh faced each other. Hal's mother, poor anæmic lady, sat in a faded pose of resignation, hair parted, hands folded, as if all her life had been drained away in vain appeals. And yet, house and land and the long line of Brassingtons reaching back, came from her. The old colonel knew what he was doing when he married her. Look at him now, glowering down with his harsh dark eyes. She resented the resemblance to Hal. Same thick brows, long nose, brick-red color.

But there was no cheer in the expression of this unforgiving old man who seemed to be demanding, "Who are you? I never heard of the Moffetts, of Stamford. You were a fool to marry my son. Why have you hung on to him when any decent woman would have left him long ago?"

"I'm not that kind of a decent woman." She spoke aloud fiercely, standing like a boy, her hands thrust into the deep pockets of her jacket. Absurd to allow a portrait to get so on one's nerves.

She went back to the window. Why, there was Hal talking to a man. Dear old Hal in the rôle of a jovial country squire, standing with horsy wishbone curve to his legs, his check cap pulled over one eye, his dark mustache like a stirrup on which was mounted a ruddy beaming expression. In one of his expansive moods; showing off. His hand, gripping that vile stubby pipe of his, swept out in a large encircling gesture which took in the countryside. All his—his golf course, his land, his England. How solid he looked in that Norfolk jacket and baggy breeches! Quite another man from the Major Brassington-Welsh of cities, of garish cafés and race courses, of hotel lounges, swaggering and boasting over his drinks.

He looked up, waved with a boyish toss of his cap. His companion turned, and even at that distance she felt the keen directness of his gaze. Bareheaded for this long-range introduction, he stood in relief against the brilliant light—spare of figure, long of arm, his hair bleached as grass in summer's heat. Not English. Her heart tapped the old note of fear against doors she had closed and locked.

Foolish creature she was. Always imagining trouble. Never had seen this man before. Smile and wave back. The sun picked her out as she stood framed in the ivy-crowned window—a plump greenish-gold little woman with a wide mouth that lifted her face into radiance when she smiled.

"May I come in? How's everything?"

She hadn't heard the door open. "Everything's fine."

She glanced over her shoulder at Eric Grey as he sauntered across the room. A bit seedy today. The pink of his cheek and blue of his eye were obviously recovering from a night in town.

He admitted his sins, standing loosely beside her, fingering his short blond mustache. "I feel rotten," said he as from one comrade to another.

"You look it." She tried to sound severe, but the engaging way he always assumed her indulgence, disarmed her. She found herself recommending a nap.

"Just had one. I say, you know, you and the major are ripping good sports." He grinned down at her.

The glare of the sun was really too intense. Every secret of her eyes and skin was given over to his youthful inspection. She drew back with a suggestive motion toward the desk.

"If you have any secretarial duties to attend to I'd better go."

"Thanks awfully." He didn't look enthusiastic. "By Jove, there's old Hawkes with the major. Must have nipped around here from the station. We were expecting him on the 2:10." Suddenly animated he thrust his sleek head out of the window.

"Who is he?" She braved the light again.

Young Grey brushed by her as he righted himself briskly. Jerry Hawkes? She must have heard of him. He owned one of the biggest sporting-goods houses in the States—Hawkes & Browning. Quite a decent sort, in spite of that. Keen on golf. Spent half of every year in England.

Continued on Page 38

BODY by FISHER

The modest little emblem Body by Fisher is now seen on thousands of motor cars. It indicates that for the benefit of their owners, a large number of car makers have availed themselves of body-building experience and resources recognized to have no parallel anywhere in the world.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 36

She watched the two men moving off below in the brilliant sunshine—the American scissor-shaped, steely. She could almost hear the boom of Hal's voice as he swaggered beside his guest. They turned the right wing of the house.

"Is he playing in the tournament?"

Eric, frowning slightly, shook his head, lit a cigarette. "I hope those two hit it off."

"Why shouldn't they?" She hadn't meant that sharp note.

The young man hesitated. Perched on the edge of the big littered table, a knee looped over the corner, he studied her a moment.

"It would simplify matters. The governor's got quite a bit invested in the club. Surprisin' how much it takes to set up a thing like this. He's in an awful funk, and old Hawkes ——"

She stood listening to his jerky explanations with a faint sense of chill, as if she had moved from the saturating warmth of noon into the brusque shadow of stone walls. So Lansmere wasn't satisfied with the way things were going. He wanted this Jerry Hawkes to come in with them. Wanted to form a company. Hawkes had been invited down to look over the proposition, incidentally to look Hal over, she supposed.

"You see, the governor can't put up another shilling," Eric explained, absently shoving aside the desk telephone. "Feels poorer than ever. I know, because I tried to borrow a few quid from him the other day." He made a wry face. "A lot depends then on whether Mr. Hawkes thinks we're worth while?" Her voice kept its edge. Why did they have to drag in this stranger?

"I say, don't take it so hard." Eric slid from his careless pose. "Don't see, myself, what the governor's makin' such a fuss about. We've employed local labor. They're not going to come down on us. Barry won't send in his bill for another three months. By then, the initiation fees ——"

She stared at the small safe in the wainscoting behind the desk. Very little she didn't know about credit and unpaid bills.

"What if Mr. Hawkes doesn't ——"

"Oh, he'll come in. Practically told the governor so," Eric assured her. "You see he's thinkin' of buying a place here. Jolly nice for him to have a control in the club."

A control. How jolly would that be for Hal? She caught the sardonic eye of the portrait. Then from the window a shimmer of blue drew her gaze. She was lost in it as in a shining prairie where nothing else counted.

"It's all right." Eric's voice roused her. He was fiddling with Hal's typewriter.

Oh, well, it would have to be all right.

"Are you coming to the party?" Her lips parted, curled. Even in tweeds she could be arch, beguiling.

"Bally nuisance, teas," he affected to grumble, tapping the machine with one long shapely finger. His face was puckered like a small boy's doing sums.

She laughed. "Don't tire yourself."

As she closed the door the tick of the machine stopped. No danger of his overworking. She reopened the door softly. He stood there staring at nothing—a dapper young man, exquisitely tailored. How suddenly old he looked. People off their guard had a way of looking old. But there was something else in the droop of his features, as if a spring that held them together had relaxed. Worried. He hadn't been frank with her. He was worried about this business with Hawkes. She closed the door again silently. The house spread, very old and watchful, about her. Light pried through a leaded window, lay shallow on the dark polished floor. From the far reaches of the gallery, faces seemed to be peering at her—the stranger here.

With small hushed steps she hurried to their room overlooking the rose garden. She moved shyly among faded chintz and Adam furniture. The maid had laid out everything—a white linen gown with an embroidered surplice effect, white stockings, shoes. Hal evidently wasn't going to change.

White was the thing—sweet and simple. Nothing like black though. Hal didn't want her to wear black any more. Black had been her bold uniform of adventure.

What a day of roses, of bird notes and humming of bees in the air. England strong about her. Why spoil it by thinking of Jerry Hawkes? She thought of him.

II

SHE paused on the wide oak stairs to peer down at the great hall, where among strong dark furniture and tapestries groups of florid gentlemen stood about as if they had strayed there by mistake and were waiting to be shown the way out. She didn't see herself in the picture. A shade too vivacious and blond, perhaps, for such undemonstrative company.

From the shadows of the landing the portrait of Sir Philip Brassington gently mocked. A gallant creature in his furbelows—his lace and silks, his plumed hat set rakishly on his long curls. Very little he didn't know about men—and women. She caught his debonair smile and held it for her own as she trotted down the last steps.

Why, there was Mr. Hawkes glancing around as if he were hunting for someone. He was of a crisper cut than the other men. You couldn't tell much from that impassive bronzed face accented by the oddly light hair. Young or old?

A blond little woman in white, she advanced, head tilted back for a bright play of eye and mouth.

"Are you wondering where my husband is, Mr. Hawkes? So am I."

Yes, his eyes were gray, but he needn't look at her that way, as if he were a gimlet searching for a likely spot to drill through.

"Mrs. Brassington-Welsh?" He faintly underlined the Brassington. His voice was like a very fine wire in a wind. You could fancy messages that were not for you humming overhead.

"I've just left your husband." He hesitated. "Can you tell me where I can find Lord Lansmere? I believe he is to be here this afternoon."

Wasn't the man ever going to smile? Her own expression fluttered open and shut like a gay little fan for which one has no use. "Perhaps he's in the garden. Won't you let me give you some tea?"

The small graces of a hostess were lost on him. "Thank you, no." He moved as if he didn't wish to take up too much of her time.

Should she say anything about his business here? Better not. "I'm sorry." She flashed her smile again, inviting response.

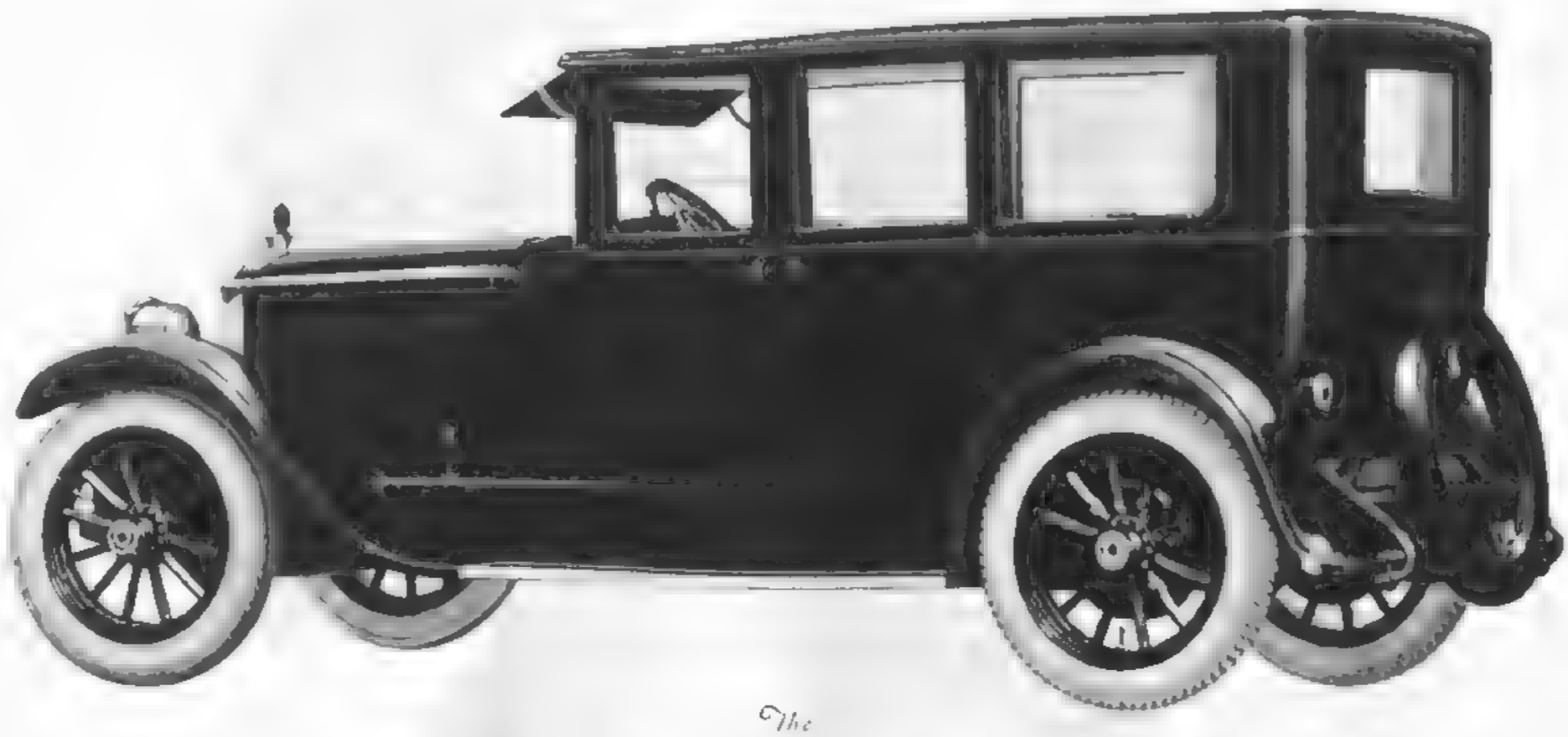
"I'm sorry, too." He sounded sorry, and for an instant in that vibrant tone she thought she detected a special message for herself.

"I do hope you'll like us, Mr. Hawkes." That at least wasn't going too far.

(Continued on Page 48

Everywhere a Rattle of Conversation. People Sat, Stood, Drifted About as If the Place Belonged to Them

PACKARD



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SINGLE-SIX
FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN

There is one important respect in which the Packard Single-Six stands particularly alone among America's fine cars. That is the new low-level of operating costs which it has established.

In times past, owners expected to pay a heavy premium for the luxury of fine-car performance.

But now, to the intense satisfaction of its owners, the Single-Six has shown that performance of the very highest character is entirely compatible with a moderate cost of operation.

This happy result is far from being haphazard or accidental. In reality, its attainment formed the ground-work for all the development which led up to the finished product.

It distinguishes and differentiates the Single-Six, and causes it to stand out in still sharper contrast among its kind.

It lays new and forceful emphasis on that exclusive excellence which is universally thought of in association with Packard.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485. Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485. Sport Model, $2650. Coupe, $3175. Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275. Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525. Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3325. Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575. at Detroit

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

Roosevelt's Talks With His Physician—Edited by Hermann Hagedorn

[Dr. John H. Richards was one of the physicians in attendance on Colonel Roosevelt during his last illness. He was called to Sagamore Hill to attend Colonel Roosevelt for the first time late in October, 1918, in consultation with Doctor Schwartz. It was in Mr. Roosevelt's bedroom at Sagamore Hill and at Roosevelt Hospital, in New York City, whither he was subsequently moved, that the conversations here recorded took place. It became Doctor Richards' habit, after calling on his distinguished patient, to jot down on his prescription pad brief notes of what he remembered of Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous talk. It is these notes, amplified and written down while the conversations were yet fresh in Doctor Richards' memory, which are gathered together in this article.]

Colonel Roosevelt and His Grandson, the Son of Captain Archie Roosevelt. Above—Roosevelt at Portland, Maine, After Recovering From the Serious Illness That Preceded His Final Illness

Diets and Mustard Plasters

I HAD never met Colonel Roosevelt before I went to Sagamore Hill at his call as a physician, and I had my own notions concerning his probable tractability as a patient.

"I hesitate to give you directions that may be disagreeable to you," I said.

"Doctor," he answered quickly, "I never argue with my physicians. Ninety-seven classes of people out of every hundred know more of their work than I do, but I don't take instructions from the other three. I am somewhat familiar with history and politics, and have dabbled in the outskirts of natural history. For instance, some of my friends cautioned me to be mild in my Carnegie Hall speech, and I assured them that I would be mild, and added, 'even as I have always been mild.'"

I told Colonel Roosevelt that it would be necessary for him to restrict his diet more than I thought he would like. He admitted that that was probable. I told him that I hesitated to advise the diet I thought was best for him, because it would be a diet that Mrs. Roosevelt had told me he had never before been willing to follow.

"You see, I am not at all like the Misses Pengrin," he said, "who did the things they should, and for that reason did nothing at all that they liked."

He told me to write out the diet for him, telling him exactly what he could eat:

"Do what you consider best," he added. "I want you to know that I have no habits that I cannot correct, and no ideas that I cannot control."

There was a determined look in his face that I remembered to have seen for the first time when he was campaigning for governor in his Rough Rider uniform twenty years previously. His teeth snapped together as he spoke, but a moment later the tense expression relaxed, and his face broke into the old genial smile.

I wrote out the prescribed diet list. He looked at it ruefully.

"This is not much to eat," he remarked, "for a simple savage like me."

On the diet list he was permitted two lamb chops daily or an equivalent amount of eggs, meat, fish or fowl.

"Let me see," he mused, "if I have one egg in the morning that will take the place of one lamb chop. One lamb chop—an equivalent in fowl for that would be about one half a duck, would it not?"

At one time I had considered the advisability of having a mustard plaster applied to Colonel Roosevelt's chest, but Mrs. Roosevelt told me that he had an aversion to external applications of all kinds.

I told him what I had heard of his prejudice, adding that I thought a mustard plaster would relieve the distress in his chest.

"Will you allow me to use one?"

He greeted my question with a broad and genial smile. "Yes, doctor," he said, "you may put one on my back and one on my chest; I will sit on one; and if you wish it, then I will eat all three."

Medicine and Magic

IN THE course of the discussion concerning his diet Colonel Roosevelt asked me whether diet was prescribed as the result of scientific experiments or of empirical deduction.

"Medicine is an infant science," I said, "and hardly out of empiricism."

"Doctor," exclaimed Mr. Roosevelt, "I am glad to hear you say that. I know by experience that there are some things that the osteopath relieves, and if these things were a part of regular medical therapeutics there would be no excuse for the osteopath excepting as a regular physician specializing in that department. I know nothing about Christian Science, but they must have appropriated a germ of truth that more properly should have been employed by your profession. That little Frenchman from Rockefeller Institute—I have forgotten his name now ——"

I suggested Doctor Carrel.

"Yes. Doctor Carrel told me that he had seen tissue grow at Lourdes; but the most interesting instance of apparent superhuman power that came to my notice was when I was hunting once in Arizona. The father of my guide was a healer. He was a miserable, ignorant, unwashed soul, who chewed tobacco all the time, but so far as I could learn he was able at least to get a sick man out of bed and on his feet no matter what disease he had. He would do this by rubbing the patient with his hands. I asked him to what he attributed his ability, and he said, 'Ah lays no claim to davine power; it is mah personal magnetism.'

"The control that certain people have over animals is most interesting to me. I saw the Hopi Indian snake dance. Very few white people had been privileged to see this dance. Archie and Quentin were with me, and at the appointed time we were taken to the entrance of the hole, were led down some narrow steps cut in stone, hardly lighted at all, into a damp, smoky, smelly room in the rock, rectangular in shape and about twice the size of this room. With great solemnity, not a word being uttered, we were directed to our stone seats. There were about two hundred and fifty snakes in the room, most of them at one end. About half of them were rattlers, and I saw that a few of them were diamond-backs.

"The Indians arranged themselves in different groups, either squatting or sitting at times, but most of them uttering a weird incantation like this"—here he imitated the incantation of the Indians—"as they danced after the manner of the Hopi Indians. In the meantime these snakes for the most part remained where they were supposed to remain, but on looking out of the corner of my eye I saw a big diamond-back making toward me. I glanced up at an Indian who was standing near, and then down at the snake. Without any show of concern, and in a most casual manner, the Indian picked a pinch of dust up from the floor and threw it in the face of the snake. The snake blinked his eyes, and like a whipped child went back into his proper place.

"At a later time one of the snakes again came toward me, but this time there was no big Indian near, and without more hesitation than enough to smell around a little, the snake crawled over my knees, and then over the boys' legs and down again. Of course we didn't move.

"All this time the Indians were singing their weird incantation, at first low in tone, and then in gradual crescendo, developing into a veritable howl. At one time, apparently prearranged, when the Indians were at the top of their crescendo, they picked up these snakes in their hands and hurled them into a large basin of water. This seemed to rouse the snakes, but even after this bath the snakes could be again handled by the Indians."

The Two Red Rags

ON MY first visit to Oyster Bay it was considered necessary to take blood from Colonel Roosevelt's arm for a chemical examination. He insisted on standing while this was being done, in spite of the fact that his ankles were acutely inflamed at the time.

While the needle was being inserted he was joking with Doctor Schwartz and Dr. W. Martin, who were in the room with us, and I, fearful lest he should move his arm, thereby making another vein puncture necessary, said, "Please do not move your arm, so that I shall not misplace the needle."

(Continued on Page 42)

A NEW SUPER-SIX SEDAN $2295

Freight and Tax Extra

For Those Who Want The Finest 7-Passenger Closed Car

Particular attention is called to the price of the Hudson Sedan—$2295—for two reasons.

We offer the Sedan as the very finest closed car that can be built. It is the product of one of America's oldest builders of costly bodies. The workmen have never been hurried. Painstaking care is expressed in every detail. Quantity production, as understood in motor car building, is not possible with such traditions and organization. But the costly though worth-while way of manufacture under such conditions has been greatly minimized by the fact that the entire effort of this builder is exclusively devoted to the Hudson Sedan. Thus we obtain the richness and fineness of the most exclusive custom built bodies and at the cost of quantity output.

No car at its price that has a body of approachable attractions in richness and luxury is so well regarded for performance and reliability. For you know the Hudson Super-Six, by official mark, is one of the world's truly great motor cars. And with the new improved Super-Six motor it is a smoother, more enduring car than the 120,000 earlier models which during the past seven years gave it such wide fame.

And where you find a car of comparable appeal in body and in automobile performance you will also find the cost is from $1000 to $1500 greater than for the Hudson Super-Six, seven-passenger Sedan.

Speedster - $1525 **7-Pass. Phaeton - $1575** **Coach - $1625** **Sedan - $2295**

Freight From Detroit and Tax Extra

Canadian Prices, F. O. B. Windsor; All Duty, Sales, Excise Taxes Paid

Speedster - - $2275 7-Pass. Phaeton - - $2150 Coach - - $2430 Sedan - - $2455

HUDSON

The Famous Super-Six

5167

Jim Henry's Column

Trouble

It's amazing, when you meditate on the subject, how many ways there are of being totally in bad.

Trouble, you might say, if you like to say things poetically, is the pattern that is woven into the fabric of life—or the shadows which define the high lights of existence.

There is one curious phenomenon about trouble. While we struggle manfully to escape from our own peculiar, individual troubles, we are inclined to accept as inevitable and unavoidable those annoyances which distress everyone.

As for example, the impotent irritation and nerve strain incident to the use of old fashioned shaving soap.

It seems unbelievable, but there are millions of men who actually cling to the privilege of torturing themselves every morning—who stubbornly close their minds to the idea which I have been hurling at them for several years—the idea that Mennen Shaving Cream takes all the unpleasantness out of shaving.

Only about one shaver in ten uses Mennen's. And yet, if the other nine would try it just once, they would no more dream of using anything else than they would of going back to top boots like those their grandfathers wore under their trousers.

Mennen lather is absolutely convincing. There's something about the way a speck of Cream whips into a mountain of foggy lather, which instantly convinces you that you are working with a great preparation. And the first time the blade cases down through a Mennen-treated beard, all doubt flees. You know that your shaving troubles are over.

If you will send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube, I will include with the purchase a sample tin of Mennen Talcum for Men, a remarkable masculine powder which adds greatly to comfort but doesn't show because it's the color of your skin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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"All right," he answered, "but don't anyone mention Wilson or the Kaiser."

Literature

MRS. ROOSEVELT was in the colonel's room one morning when I entered. She had a slip of paper in her hand and it seemed to me that her head was thrown back with a touch of gay defiance.

"I will bring them if you wish it," I heard Mrs. Roosevelt say.

"That is exactly as I wish it, my dear," he answered.

Mrs. Roosevelt held up the slip. "Colonel Roosevelt wants me to go to the library and get this list of cheap literature for him."

She was gone before I could examine the list. The colonel turned to me:

"Mrs. Roosevelt says I do not read books, but only printed matter between covers, mostly yellow. She wants me to read Shakspere all the time. However, it is a great thing to have read books in one's youth that can be reread later on. The second reading always gives increased pleasure. I was very fortunate in my youth when I read books that give me pleasure now."

Dr. Walter Sherwood, who was with us, remarked, "When I was a boy I used to like to read Cooper."

"Well, that is fine!" exclaimed the colonel. "Cooper gave some of the best descriptions in the English language. I have just been reading The Two Admirals. The love story is abominable, but the description of the sea fight is great. Everybody ought to read it."

His Son's Maternal Ancestors

COLONEL ROOSEVELT had agreed to have no visitors whatever except by appointment, and had agreed further to see no one for more than ten minutes, with the understanding that as a special favor he might extend this to fifteen minutes, "thereby," as he himself explained, "making a visitor who thinks he ought to see me for at least two hours feel happy at the five-minute extension."

Colonel Roosevelt abided by this rule satisfactorily in the main, but at times extended the time at his own discretion, with the remark to me that "if I break the rule, doctor, I know that I am breaking it, and am, of course, willing to bear the consequences."

The exceptions were not frequent, but the few were notable. One day Capt. Archie Roosevelt called on me and complained that his father was having too much company, stating that Mr. Blank had been with him for two hours.

I took the matter up with Colonel Roosevelt, who said with mock seriousness: "Now isn't that just like Archie! The dear boy gets all his good qualities from me, and all his bad qualities from his mother. You see, his mother is of old New England stock, and the disapprobation of her Puritan ancestors is sometimes a part of Archie's make-up. When that boy takes a dislike to a person nothing can change his estimate of him. This is equally true of his likes, and Archie has taken a dislike to poor Mr. Blank for some unaccountable reason which only his maternal ancestors can explain."

The Abundant Life

COLONEL ROOSEVELT was fully aware of the seriousness of his condition. One morning when a joint which had once cleared up had again become inflamed and the prospects of an early recovery appeared even more remote than usual, he said: "I have always wanted to live until the last of my children should be twenty-one. Tomorrow will be Quentin's birthday, and I suppose I might as well go. Doctor, I have had an abundant life. I have done everything from shooting lizards to being President, and on the whole I have been happy."

The Sideboard of Lucy Hayes

IT WAS commonly understood about New York, and had come to my ears from many different sources, that Colonel Roosevelt had a blood pressure constantly over 200, and I was somewhat astonished by finding on a number of occasions that his blood pressure was never over 130. I asked him early in his illness whether he knew what the common gossip was among physicians. He replied that he had not heard it; but that his blood pressure had been taken many times and had each time been reported as normal.

"I don't know how these stories get circulated about me," he continued. "I presume

The Colonel in Favorite Clothes

that I am to blame for the origin of many of them, but by the time that the tale comes back to me I cannot recognize it as my child.

"Take the matter of my drinking, for instance. As I told you some time ago, I take a little wine occasionally, say, once or twice a week. I do not take beer or whisky at all. I have not been accustomed, on account of an old laryngitis which I have had all my life, to smoke, and when offered a cigar, rather than go into explanations, I have declined, and have frequently foolishly remarked, 'I never smoke, for you know that I take strong drink, and such people rarely smoke.' At the time of my libel suit the lawyer of Newett, the man I sued, came to me and asked me what I wanted, a statement or money. I told him I had not gone into the libel suit for money but only for satisfaction, and asked what kind of statement they were willing to make. He said that they had traced every clew as far as they could go, and at the bottom of each clew was a statement by me that I took strong drink. No evidence whatever was found that anyone had ever seen me either intoxicated or taking strong drink. I, of course, told him that a statement would do.

"I believe that the belief in my alcoholism was almost as widespread as the belief in my existence.

"The tale that annoyed me almost as much did not, however, have its origin in me. It was about a sideboard while I was President. The furniture of the White House, in common with all the government property, cannot be disposed of excepting by public auction after a board of condemnation has decided on its sale. There was a sideboard in the dining room of the White House that had incurred the displeasure of the superintendent. I do not remember anything about the sideboard as the result of my own observation. I do not recall that I ever looked at it, but this sideboard was put up for public auction, and was purchased by a saloon keeper.

"A young newspaper reporter—to whom I was devoted—thought he would write up a story about it so burlesque that no one would believe it; but instead of that, everyone did believe it. The story ran about like this:

"'The temperance ladies of Cincinnati took up a collection and purchased a sideboard which they presented to Lucy Hayes, the wife of President Hayes. The sideboard reposed in the dining room of the White House until the present occupant, Theodore Roosevelt, sold it to a saloon keeper.'

"Doctor, I received upwards of five thousand letters of protest from all sorts of well-meaning people, and had to employ a special secretary to answer the mail. The W. C. T. U. of Cincinnati sent letters of protest, which I answered personally, telling them that the temperance ladies of Cincinnati had not taken up a collection, and had not bought a sideboard for Lucy Hayes, and that if they had taken up a collection and had bought a sideboard for Lucy Hayes it could not have been the sideboard in question, which had a large closet—as I learned after the sideboard had been sold—for the reception of bottles. The W. C. T. U. in reply sent me a sharp letter in which they accused me of begging the question. To silence them I had the reporter send them a statement of fact.

"The Hayes family took up the matter in protest. I wrote to them and told them they ought to know better. This sort of thing continued for some time, and was silenced by Uncle Joe Cannon. I do not think he meant to do me a good turn, but I think he was bored to death. Someone introduced a resolution in the House:

"'Whereas, the temperance ladies of Cincinnati have taken up a collection and have presented a sideboard to Lucy Hayes, wife of President Hayes; and

'Whereas, this sideboard has reposed in the dining room of the White House until the incumbency of the present occupant; and

'Whereas, it is reputed that the present occupant has sold it to a saloon keeper; be it

'Resolved, that a committee be appointed for an investigation.

"Whereupon Uncle Joe got up, and in a grave ministerial voice said: 'Mister Speaker, a great many years ago Abigail Adams, with her husband, President Adams, resided in the White House. Abigail Adams was a domestic woman and she washed her own clothes, which she hung to dry in the East Room of the White House, upon a line extending from one side of the room to the other; and oh, God, where is that clothesline now?' This absolutely finished the discussion about the sideboard."

A Yellow Article

EARLY in November, 1918, an article appeared in a New York newspaper that pictured in bold detail the development

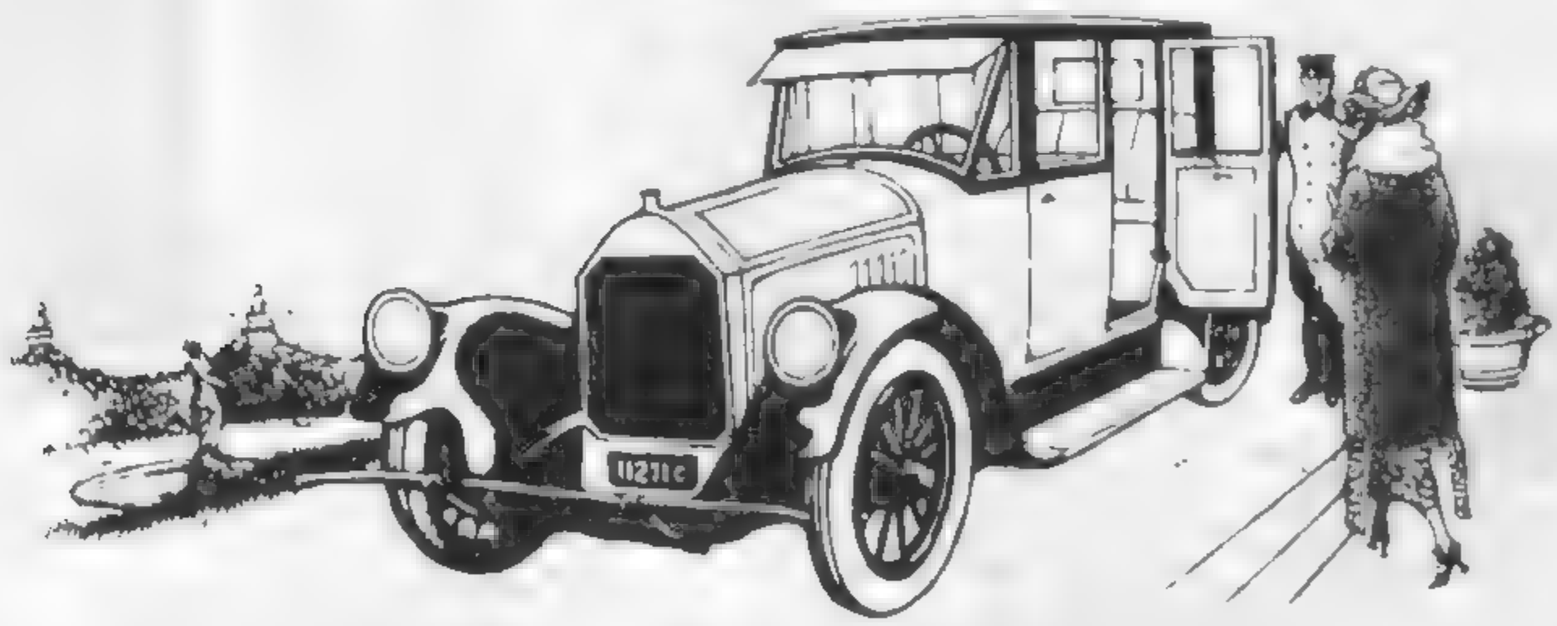
Continued on Page 44

PIERCE

One undeviating incentive has always actuated this company in building motor cars. To build as finely as can be done; to approach even the smallest detail with infinite pains; to spare no time — no care; to eliminate the element of chance from even the most trivial part; to know, through every scientific means, that the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car you receive, whether today or tomorrow, is as nearly perfect in operation, in finish, in comfort, as is humanly possible. It follows, naturally, that Pierce-Arrow Motor Cars cannot be built in haste and that at times of increased demand, such as the present, immediate deliveries on all types of Pierce-Arrow cars cannot always be assured.

Open Cars $5250 • Closed Cars $7000
At Buffalo
Prices in Canada upon application

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, New York



This is the most sought for motor car that ever bore the Pierce-Arrow name — THE ENCLOSED DRIVE LIMOUSINE. *Instantly convertible from a chauffeur-driven limousine to an owner-driven seven-passenger sedan*

ARROW

Watch This Column

"The New Leather Pushers"

I HAVE a pleasant surprise for the countless thousands who saw "The Leather Pushers" last season. We are producing another series of six episodes or "rounds," with Reginald Denny in the title role of "Kid Roberts," and Hayden Stevenson as the patient and ingenious manager.

* * *

These stories were written by the well known humorist, H.C. Witwer, and were published in Collier's Weekly. They were known as the Universal-Collier's series. "Kid Roberts" is the son of a millionaire, who went broke, and takes to the prize ring to restore the family fortune. * * *

I had no thought of making the second series until I saw how enthusiastically the public received and enjoyed the first. Then came a storm of demand from the public and theatre managers, and there was no chance to dodge. These stories are part comedy and part drama, and so full of real American humor and action that every member of the family can see and enjoy them.

Witwer, the humorist, never wrote anything that met with such general approval. And I candidly believe the second series is better than the first. However, you can tell better when you see them. The new "rounds" are entitled "Young King Cole," "He Raised Kane," "The Chickasha Bone Crusher," "When Kane Met Abel," "Strike Father, Strike Son," and "Joan of Newark." * * *

Exhibitors are warned to book these rounds early. The demand is most unusual. And they are again going to demonstrate that you can't see all that is best in pictures until you see Universals.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 42)

of sciatica in Colonel Roosevelt, as the result of the bite of a South American tick. The article was profusely illustrated with scenes of the Brazilian wilderness, and one drawing of Mr. Roosevelt's head showing a tick in the act of biting his cheek. The article asserted that the tick in question had caused the disease which had reduced Mr. Roosevelt to the extremity which the author described, which was nothing less than the complete degeneration of his mental organa. The last paragraph contained the gist of the whole matter.

Some friends of mine called my attention to the article, and I showed it to Colonel Roosevelt. He read it with an expression that was half annoyance and half concern; but when he came to the last paragraph he smiled and threw the paper aside.

"I suppose I have cause for a libel suit," he said. "I will send this to my lawyer, but if he does advise a libel suit I do not think that I will undertake it, for I have been pretty successful in my libel suits and one can easuy get the habit. I think a better way to answer that will be to go to Florida harpooning devilfish in March. I expect to take that trip with Archie then, providing we are both well enough. A picture harpooning devilfish, and a description of the performance, will answer this better, I think, than a libel suit would. The public have always exaggerated such reports. I do not know what they think I will do. Some people will think that I take the harpoon between my teeth, swim out to where the devilfish is, drive the harpoon into the devilfish and, with the rope over my shoulder, swim to the shore with the devilfish in tow."

Rating the Army Divisions

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918—the day the Armistice was signed—Colonel Roosevelt was very ill, with a temperature of 102. We were all trying to make him rest and to refrain from talking, but it was impossible, for physical disability never seemed in the slightest to affect his genial good humor.

As I was standing beside his bed his daughter, Mrs. Derby, came into the room for a moment. "You know, father," she said, "I have just heard from Dick. He sends love."

Without further comment Colonel Roosevelt turned to me and said: "You know that while our entire army is most excellent, yet the first three divisions outshine all the others. But when compared with the First and Second, the Third Division is as nothing."

"Why, father," Mrs. Derby interrupted, "you must not say that, for Doctor Richards will believe it."

The colonel said, "That is exactly what I wish him to do, daughter. You know," he added, turning to me, "I have two sons with the First and Second Divisions, and my daughter has a husband with the Third."

The Armistice

I CALLED on Colonel Roosevelt the morning the Armistice terms were published. He was in bed with a copy of the New York Times in his hand, and called out hilariously as I came into the room, waving the paper over his head in spite of the inflammation in his wrist which made every movement painful.

"Doctor, I feel very much better this morning!" he exclaimed. "I have just read Foch's admirable interpretation and amplification of the Fourteen Points."

Remarks About the Kaiser

THE conclusion of the war seemed to have a salutary effect on Colonel Roosevelt. A day or two after the Armistice was signed I found him one morning sitting up in bed for the first time in several days. The morning papers were around him, containing that day the account of the Kaiser's flight to Holland. I asked Colonel Roosevelt how he felt.

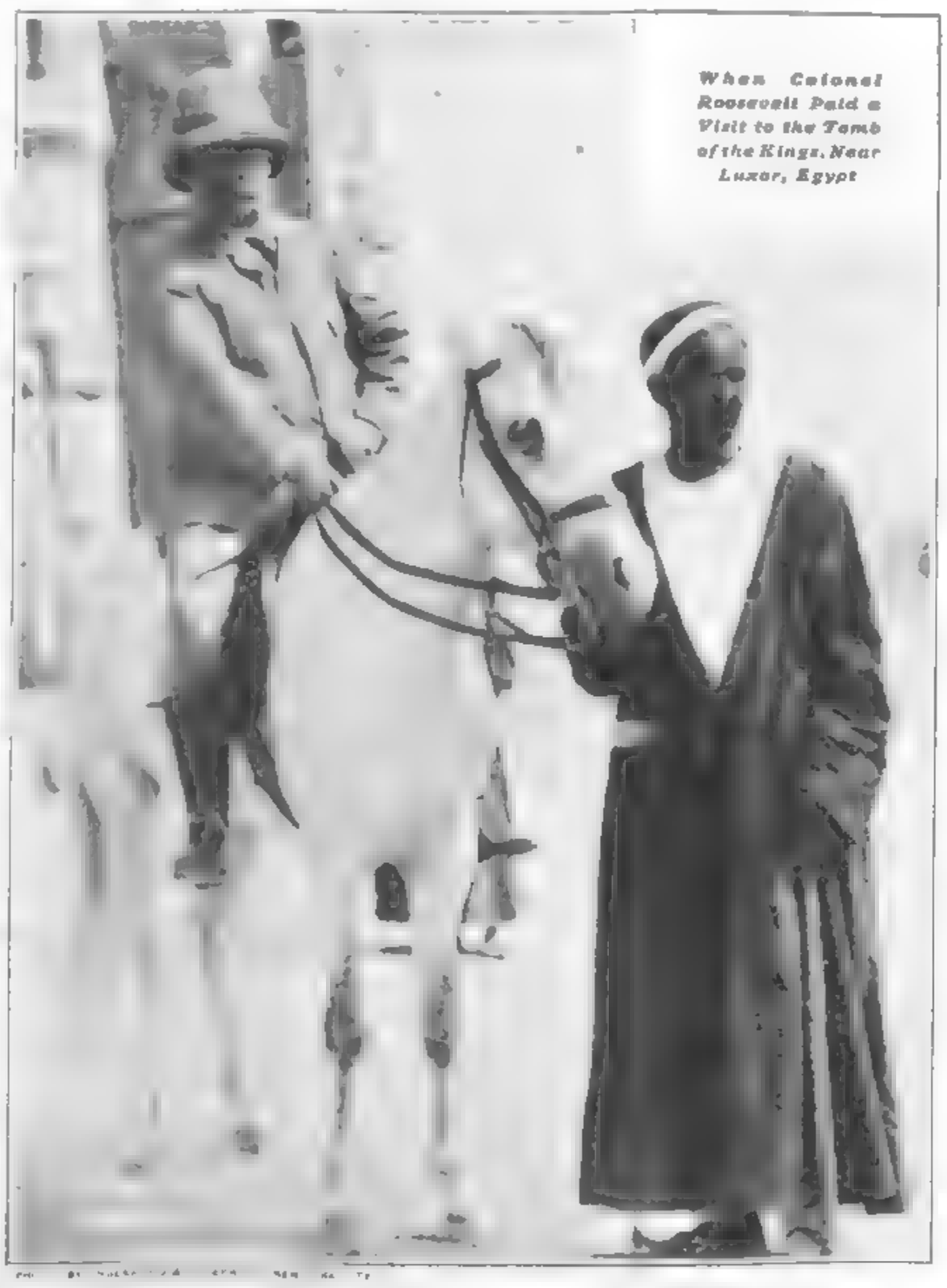
"Better!" he exclaimed. "A man would be a dog not to feel better on a morning like this."

He spoke of the swift-passing events, touching on the Kaiser's flight with his entourage and his armored cars, while the Empress, according to the newspaper accounts, was left to shift for herself in an aeroplane. I asked him point-blank what he would have done had he been in the Kaiser's place.

"That is a fair question, doctor," he said. "All my life I have been in the habit of asking myself what I would do if placed in this circumstance or that, and I have already asked myself that question, and at the risk of being considered egotistical I will answer you as I answered myself:

"If I had been the Kaiser when my generals told me that the war was lost I would have surrounded myself by my six healthy and unharmed sons, and would have charged the strongest part of the Allied lines in the hope that God in His infinite goodness and mercy would give me a speedy and painless death. I have had too many lies told about me to believe all I hear about the Kaiser and the Kaiserin just now, but the most ignoble thing of which I have ever heard is the flight of William to Holland in a well provisioned and guarded train, while Augusta is fluttering her skirts about in an aeroplane, looking for a soft spot to rest the soles of her feet. The Kaiser lost his last chance for fame.

"I have a lot of presents from the Kaiser," Colonel Roosevelt continued "When I was in Berlin the Kaiser sent me, unsolicited, about thirty photographs he had taken with me. He had written on the back of these various faddish remarks, such as 'Germany and the United States can rule the world. William, R.I.' I was very much amused by them. The next day Bethmann-Hollweg personally asked me to let him have the pictures; and when I refused he declared he would bring them back. I suggested that when he brought them back the most interesting part—that is, the notations on the back—would probably be missing. I further told him that I did not intend to show these pictures to any but a few friends, but that I would not give them back."



When Colonel Roosevelt Paid a Visit to the Tomb of the Kings, Near Luxor, Egypt

The Peace Conference

THE personnel of the American delegation to the Peace Conference troubled Colonel Roosevelt. He said that White was a very good man to have gone as adviser to someone else, but that the rest of our delegation was not, in his opinion, good. I asked him how great a man Lloyd George was.

"Lloyd George is a shrewd politician," he answered, holding the morning paper lightly in his hand, "with not very great breadth of vision; but Clemenceau is a great man. He has grown old, but not in his brain. He is utterly fearless and very sane."

"I read a speech of Poincaré's in today's paper," I said, "and it seemed pretty good to me."

"Poincaré is a good man for his place," Mr. Roosevelt answered, "but he is not a great man. The speech was probably written for him."

The British Navy

I ENTERED the colonel's room one day just as he finished reading a letter from Rudyard Kipling.

"I received a letter from Kipling today," he remarked. "He thanked me in it for the attitude I had taken toward the efforts of the British navy in the war, but he went too far when he claimed that for over a hundred years the British navy had protected us from foreign aggression. The fact is that for ninety of those years the British navy was our greatest menace. I am going to write him that, and will let you know what he says."

The League of Nations

WHILE he was at Roosevelt Hospital, Colonel Roosevelt received a letter from ex-President Taft asking him for an extended interview. Colonel Roosevelt granted the request. The two ex-Presidents were in conference for a long time and after Mr. Taft had departed I went to Colonel Roosevelt at once to determine whether an unusual rest would be necessary to compensate for the unwonted strain on his depleted vitality.

Mr. Roosevelt was not in his accustomed high spirits when I entered the room. He seemed perplexed, or as near as you could ever come to getting him perplexed. I asked him whether he felt fatigued. He did not answer my question.

"I want to get along with those fellows and especially with Will Taft in the matter of the League of Nations," he said, "but I will follow them just so far and no farther. I don't believe it ever did either an individual or a nation any good to tell a lie.

(Continued on Page 46

What's a fraction of a cent per shingle!

—*if it buys the protection of an Asbestos Roof*

Waked in the night by fire gongs!—almost at your door. A strange shower is on the roof, dreadful and soft-falling—the rain of fire-sparks.

Will the roof hold? Or will it betray the home it is supposed to protect?

Between the agony of fear and the calm of security stands a tiny bit of money—a fraction of a cent.

Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles cost but the fraction of a cent more per shingle than the general run of composition shingles. A fraction of a cent difference between a shingle that cannot burn and one that may burn to a cinder. On the average house this difference would amount to no more than twenty-five dollars. Not much to pay for fire-safety, is it?

But asbestos rock has other qualities, in addition to its fire-safety, that make it unequaled as a roofing material. It is durable and permanent as the rock-beds from which it comes. Being mineral it is unaffected by the elements. It will not rot or disintegrate.

Johns-Manville makes this indestructible asbestos rock into many kinds of roofing, all of which are given highest ratings by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. In the chart on the right you will find the one that is especially adapted for the building you have in mind.

Your local dealer or builder will be glad to show you samples and tell you more. Or drop into the nearest Johns-Manville Branch. There is one in every large city.

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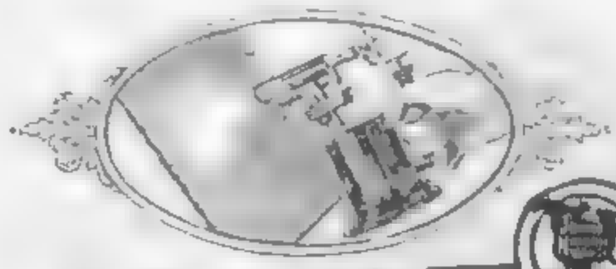
What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red, green, or blue-black
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green or blue-black, [illegible] red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, [illegible]
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	[illegible] red or gray [illegible]
[illegible] Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing or Built-up Asbestos Roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing, with steel reinforcement	Asbestos Protected Metal
Skeleton frame buildings excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel [illegible] metal	Johns-Manville [illegible]ite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



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IN olden times, when thrifty housewives cooked at great open fireplaces, a Yuletide gift of a cooking utensil was a gracious compliment to the housewife's culinary skill. A gift of fine quality Aladdin Utensils today carries with it the same message. Make her happier and her kitchen hours pleasanter by starting her Aladdin set now.

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THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also makers of NEW PERFECTION Oil Stoves, Ovens and Water Heaters.
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(Continued from Page 44)

The question is not what do I think is the righteous thing to do. It is not what would I personally be willing to do, but what will the nation do. That is the question. If the League of Nations means that we will have to go to war every time a Jugo-Slav wishes to slap a Czecho-Slav in the face, then I won't follow them. For I don't believe our people will do it, and we don't want any more scraps of paper."

The President's Trip to France

I ASKED Colonel Roosevelt whether he would have gone to France when Wilson did, had he been President. He said: "If I had had a hostile Senate I would have gone, but with a committee appointed by that Senate. That would have taken the whole matter out of politics and would have left me in the best possible position under the circumstances. Wilson reminds me of Cowper, who could write fine English, but who knew nothing of the human nature of which he was writing. If Wilson had known anything of human nature he would not have conducted himself as he did."

The Busybody

A FRIEND of Mr. Roosevelt who had a reputation for thrusting his finger into many pies in which his finger was not always the particular ingredient which the particular pie seemed most to require, called on Colonel Roosevelt shortly after the Armistice. I was in the room when he was announced.

Mr. Roosevelt clicked his teeth and grinned. "Blank is coming to see me for moral support. He wants to think that he is needed in France, and he wants me to tell him so. I shall probably do it. But the fact is, he wants to be in at the show."

The Rockefellers

ON MY first visit to Mr. Roosevelt I had occasion to question him concerning his activities during the preceding week. He interpreted the query liberally and gave me a picturesque account of his doings.

"On Tuesday night," he remarked among other things, "I had dinner with young Rockefeller." In answer to a question from me he went on: "I think that young Rockefeller is an absolutely sincere man, very earnest and with good intentions, but absolutely devoid of a sense of humor. Yes, he is."

Then after a thoughtful pause he went on, "I think he is a very good man for his place, and I believe he is rendering a genuine service to his country, especially in his attitude toward labor. I think the country could stand more like him." Here Colonel Roosevelt quickly added: "But that is a lot more than I can say for his father. I criticize this man more for misuse of power than for actual wrongdoing. Any man who could organize the Standard Oil Company could have rendered a very valuable service to our country had he been so disposed. I think his wealth hangs heavy on his conscience, and this is a good sign."

The Opportunity of the Church

COLONEL ROOSEVELT was fond of discussing the disturbed physiology of his own case, and on one occasion I referred to a Harvey lecture by Professor Haldane, and Colonel Roosevelt expressed a desire to read it. My copy had been previously read by Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, who had underscored certain passages and had made notes of a theological nature on the margin. I brought this copy to Colonel Roosevelt, and he asked me whether Doctor Woelfkin was the man who had delivered a certain Meroz sermon. I told him he was, and he said that that sermon was the greatest war sermon that he had read.

He inquired about my personal acquaintance with Doctor Woelfkin. I told him of Doctor Woelfkin's activities for the unification of the Protestant churches.

"Doctor Woelfkin is a great man," he said, "and can render a very valuable public service. Liberality in doctrinal differences and steadfastness in fundamental righteousness are matters that are too little emphasized in our modern Protestant churches. The Protestant Church needs an awakening to its present-day responsibilities. It cannot minister in the same way today that it did two hundred years ago. I have been very distressed at the tendency of our Protestant churches, especially in the cities, to move from the poorer neighborhoods, leaving the immigrant sections entirely uncared for. I believe the chief function of the Protestant Church to be the training of the immigrant toward a righteous Americanism. Protestant churches should combine and establish community churches in which are to be found lecture halls, reading rooms, amusement rooms and dance halls. In such a way I believe the greatest service can be given. Doctor, I believe in organized religion, and I think our Protestant churches need reorganization. I think reorganization should be made in such a way that doctrinal considerations are left to the individual. I think the essence of the Christian religion was expressed by Micah, and it is from him that I get the fundamentals of my religion. 'Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

The Voice of Authority

ONE day shortly before Christmas, as I entered his room, Colonel Roosevelt greeted me with a twinkle in his eye.

"Doctor, you have deceived me," he said in a voice which he tried to make very gruff. "During my entire stay in the hospital you have, and I think purposely, withheld from me the facts. At one time you said I had acute arthritis, and at another time Josh Hartwell told me that I had a low-grade infection, and, oh, how I hate anything low grade! But this morning, innocently enough, my daughter Ethel, who is married to a doctor and for that reason knows a great deal of medicine, told me the truth. She told me that I had inflammatory rheumatism, and that is a disease that I know all about."

The Nerve of Colonel Means

WHILE Mr. Roosevelt was in the hospital it was necessary to remove one of his teeth, the upper left bicuspid. In discussing the advisability of an anæsthetic Colonel Roosevelt said, "I can stand pain if I have to, but I am not hankering after it." In describing his improved wrist joint he said, "The wrist was painful day before yesterday, yesterday it was sore, but now there is discomfort."

The removal of the tooth caused Mr. Roosevelt a great deal of pain, and he remarked to me repeatedly what a coward he was. I told him that I had not only been differently informed by people who knew him best but that all the American people had been differently informed, and that I should hate myself to take the risk involved in calling him what he called himself, for I had always considered him the most fearless man whom I had ever known.

"The most fearless man of my acquaintance," said Colonel Roosevelt in the course of the conversation that followed, "was Colonel Means. He was absolutely unafraid, and at the same time one of the gentlest of souls. He was an army surgeon, but much more interested in natural history than in medicine. At the request of the Smithsonian Institution—to enable him to secure specimens—he was assigned to duty in the Philippines during the Moro war.

"It happened one day that he heard the call of a certain animal he was after, and out in the Moro country as he was, without any hesitation he went after that animal alone. He shot it, and noting the place of the carcass he planned to get it after dark, and then started back to our lines.

"On looking around he saw that he was being pursued by a naked Moro armed with a spear. Now he could have killed that Moro, but his feelings were too tender, and he was too kind-hearted; and so he ran, and on turning his head to see how much progress the Moro was making he saw that not only was the Moro gaining on him but that he had been joined by two other Moros, similarly clothed and armed. He doubled his speed, but soon realized that he could not make our lines.

"Much to his dislike, thereupon, he stopped and shot all three.

"Then, ever a true naturalist, he went to examine the specimens, and finding that the heads were of a peculiar shape he cut them off and sent them to the Smithsonian Institution as specimens.

"Colonel Means was one of our party in the African hunt. It was our custom, whenever the natives had located a lion, for two of the party to take the lion—one to take the picture and the other to shoot the lion. This time it was the turn of Lorrens and Means, Means to take the pictures and Lorrens to shoot. The lion, which proved to be a lioness, was in the brush about eight miles distant from the camp. Lorrens and Means had no sooner arrived than the lioness made her appearance, and Lorrens, who is so deadly a shot that he used a rifle of too small bore, wounded the animal with a shot which was not instantly mortal. The lioness charged directly at Lorrens. She was a fine specimen, and as Lorrens saw her bounding straight at him he raised his gun to shoot. Means called out in a loud tone, 'Don't shoot, Lorrens, don't hit that lion in the head! Lorrens, don't spoil that specimen!' Lorrens did shoot, but did not spoil the specimen. Neither Means nor Lorrens seemed to see the joke, but everybody else in camp did."

Bingham's Falls, Green Mountains, Vt.

The Colonel's Last Days

AS CHRISTMAS approached, Colonel Roosevelt improved noticeably. He was sitting fully dressed in a chair one morning when I entered the room, and was in rare good humor at the prospect of going home to Sagamore Hill within a few days. I asked him how he was feeling.

"If this left wrist were a little bit better," he remarked with slow unction, "I would like to be left alone in this room with our great and good President for about fifteen minutes, and then I would cheerfully be hung."

There seemed no question that Colonel Roosevelt was on the way to convalescence. There was still a stiffness about the joints, but there was no acute inflammation. He was weak, for the acute rheumatic fever had been followed by considerable anæmia, but he was able to walk unsupported Ever since his illness of the preceding spring, however, when the labyrinth, or internal ear, had been seriously inflamed he had suffered from extreme vertigo on any sudden change of position. The day he left Roosevelt Hospital an attack of vertigo came on as soon as the elevator started down. I supported him by the arm.

"Don't do that, doctor," he said quickly. "I am not sick, and it will give the wrong impression."

As the elevator stopped he braced himself, walked firmly down the corridor of the hospital, and went home unattended by either a nurse or a physician.

A day or two later I went down to Sagamore Hill to see him and found him at work and in good humor, but complaining of general weakness. The last time I saw him was a week before he died. I was to have seen him on the evening of January fifth, a Sunday, but it happened that I was detained in New York until too late to go and return the same night. I telephoned Mrs. Roosevelt and she told me that Colonel Roosevelt had done eleven hours' work that day, and was feeling very well, and that I could visit him on Monday evening instead.

He died that night of an embolism, probably in the coronary artery.

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The United States Treasury offers an opportunity to renew your investment

Your 1918 War Savings Stamps will become due January 1st. Take them now to your post office or your bank. Exchange them for Treasury Savings Certificates.

If you have $25 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $25 Treasury Savings Certificate and $4.50 in cash.

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Advantages to you in owning Treasury Savings Certificates

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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They come in a great variety of Exquisite Gift Boxes and Baskets, at prices ranging from $15.00 down. Buy them of the Booth dealer in your locality.

Booth's True Blue Package as illustrated above is one of the most popular packages on the market. 20 oz. for $2.

If unable to obtain Booth's from your dealer, send us his name, and money order for any size package desired. Other favorite packages: Booth's Butter Chocolates, 1 lb. $1.50. Booth's Esther Chocolates, 1 lb. $1.25. Booth's Billy Chocolates, 1 lb. $1.00. Other size boxes in proportion.

BOOTH'S CHOCOLATES
Elmira New York

THE POETS' CORNER

To a Beggar

SOMETIMES, along the street, where I
Walk gayly, with my head held high,
And Youth beating within my breast
The rhythm of an endless quest.

Sometimes, I come upon you there,
In the deep-shadowed corner where
You sit—crouched forward—beaten—blind
Staring with eyes that cannot find

The light—groping with hands too old
To seek or do, to make or hold.
And then I pause, and all my dreams
Fall back upon my heart. Life seems

A strange and cruel, futile thing.
Why is it given me to sing,
To gather blossoms, laugh and know
Love's rapture—and to you, to go

Sightless and broken, along ways
Unpitied and through vacant days?
Why are life's gifts cast at my feet—
All that is magical and sweet—

While you are left—poor, twisted Mask—
To grope unceasingly, to ask
Of strangers bread but to prolong
Your agony, as Youth, and Song,

And Love, and Love's high court go by,
Tossing you pennies for a sigh?
Ah, may there be another land
That you shall enter—may you stand

Erect, beside the King of kings,
And ask of angels, angel things!
And may you look with laughing eyes
Down all the roads of Paradise!

Then shall I, humbly, lift my face
To yours, and take my rightful place,
And cry, "Oh, Beggarman, please be
My friend and speak to God for me!"

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

The Great Open Spaces

BENEATH the wind-swept pine trees
where the shining stars look down on you,
Balsam-scented breezes, and the purling of
a stream.
Pack and gun beside you, and a healthy out-
door brown on you,
The Red Gods, they are calling you; for
you the camp fires gleam.
So seize your pack and strike the trail, for
now's the time to do it, lad.
The great wide open spaces where the blood
runs red,
And sleep beneath the sky—but as for me,
I'll stake you to it, lad.
I love the open spaces, but I'd rather sleep
in bed.

Yes, I'd rather sleep in bed
With a pillow 'neath my head,
For the woods are filled with bugs and things,
When all is done and said,
When you wake you find they've fed
On your face and hands and head.
Oh, I like the woods in daytime,
But at night I love my bed.

Newman Levy.

What's the Use?

THERE is so little happiness happy,
And so little truth that is true;
There is so little snap that is snappy,
So seldom are novelties new.

There's so little good that is goodness,
And so little evil that's wrong;
There's so little fun that is funny
And so little singing that's song.

There's so little honesty honest,
There's so little cheating that cheats;
There's so little losing that loses
And so little beating that beats.

There's so little love that is loving,
There are so few weddings that wed;
So few of the live ones are living,
So few of the dead ones are dead.

So few prohibitions prohibit,
So seldom successes succeed;
But why carry this any further
When there are so few readers who read.

—Carolyn Wells.

Ballade of Quite a Few Poets

OH, HOW I suffer! Every song I sing
Reveals new griefs unknown to men of
phlegm;
Anguished, I tell what pains my bosom wring
In verses measuring many a printer's em.
That life is woe, remains my theorem;
My heart is like a bowl of battered delf,
So cracked, so blue! My soul's a clouded
gem.
Ah, me! I feel so sorry for myself!

How poignant is the beauty of the spring!
It stabs me through! The rose upon the
stem
Can make me weep and wail like anything.
Binding with funeral black my garment's
hem.
And, weary sons of Japheth, Ham and
Shem,
That hunger, yearn, and madly strive for pelf,
Your agonies are mine—at least, pro tem.
Ah, me! I feel so sorry for myself!

Where is the ancient dynasty of Ming?
Where is Assyria's gorgeous diadem?
What quinqueremes to Tyre will tribute
bring?
What camels seek thy sacred well, Zemzem?
Mourn, mourn for Athens, Rome, Jeru-
salem,
And other cities laid upon the shelf!
Their troubles hurt me more than they do
them;
That's why I feel so sorry for myself.

Envoi

Prince, Caliph, Rajah, Potentate and King,
Deplore my lot! A glum and gloomy elf,
My spirit is a bird of broken wing.
Ah, me! I feel so sorry for myself!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Bookstalling

WHEN you highbrowse around in book-
ery,
Looking over the musty old tomes,
Thumbing volumes on Plato and cookery,
With what fancy your intellect roams!

Here's a set of Voltaire in its black array;
Here is Wells in a binding of red;
Then there's Smollett and Fielding and
Thackeray—
Pax vobiscum! They'll never be dead!

Here's a counter that's crowded with mystery
And adventure that make your blood boil,
Next you pick up a Jesuit history,
Then you daintily finger a Hoyle.

Oh, you've Hugo, Villon and Hippocrates,
Paul Verlaine and Goldoni and Paine,
Doctor Johnson, Dean Swift, Lecky, Socrates,
Merrick, Herrick, Hall Caine and Mark
Twain.

You read verses that sparkle and scintillate,
You read essays of humor and wit,
And you're scarcely aware you've stayed in
till late
When a clerk soon reminds you of it.

For you're chuckling and tittering happily,
And you throw in a gurgle and gish,
When the freckle-faced fiend asks you
snappily,
"Is there anything special you wish?"

—Max Lief.

BRASSINGTON HALL

(Continued from Page 38)

Farther, however, than he meant to go. He bowed. And she knew that he wanted to get away. Her gesture released him.

Those steely-gray eyes swiftly probed. Then she was left to watch his thin agile figure cross the hall, his long arms swinging at his sides. A cool hard man. Didn't like him. He and Hal would never agree. Well, they'd pull through somehow without Mr. Jerry Hawkes.

The big hall seemed suddenly crowded with furniture, flowers, people. Good heavens, of what was she thinking, standing here like a schoolgirl! Little phrases came tripping graciously as she went forward to one, to the other.

"How do you do? Won't you have some tea?" "Yes, the buffet is in the Blue Room, and you'll find tables on the terrace." "Oh, quite!—oh, very! Beautiful day. Ripping game."

Voices like a scenic railway swooping up, swooping down and around curves. Red faces, brown faces. Women in abominable hats. Women with faces like sheep and horses and little frizzled dogs. Women with beautiful skins and loud breezy manners. The groups drifted, dissolved. She felt as if she had just taken her eyes and mouth out of curl papers.

Now where was Hal? Perhaps in the smoking room.

She knew him to be there before she reached the door. She heard the louder man noise, the laughter, and above it all a hearty voice booming good cheer.

Yes, he would be in the center of men in the leathered ease of that room among pipe and cigar smoke and the tinkle of glasses. Major Brassington-Welsh astride of the occasion, off at a brisk gallop in the wind of a waggish humor. Red and jolly, he stood guffawing at his own stories.

From the door she watched him jovially clap Eric on the back to mark some point. How fond he was of the boy! Everything must be all right or he wouldn't ——

He sighted her and roared a welcome: "Gentlemen, my wife; the finest little woman in the world."

And now she was among them, flushed and smiling. They drew themselves up, very solemn, as if she had caught them at mischief. Hal thundered out names with a wink and a quip for each—Viscount Futhering, Mr. Mannes-Carr, Captain Barclay.

"And Mr. McDonald, my dear, who has a Scotch eye on the Brassington cup. Ha, ha." His laughter filled the room. "More cups than one, eh, McDonald?"

"Hal"—she managed it discreetly—"may I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly, certainly." He beamed down upon her, calling on them all to envy his privilege. "Domestic secrets. Wait till you're married, Eric, my boy."

Eric twinkled in her direction and strolled off, sleek as a young seal. The other men retreated to the farther end of the room. Hal stood huge and rollicking beside her, twirling his mustache.

"Hal, I think you ought to come out with me and talk to people."

"Been everywhere. Seen everyone," he rumbled.

"How did you get on with Mr. Hawkes?" she asked it suddenly.

"Oh, all right!" He rocked to and fro, rubbing his chin, slanting at her down his nose. Not his most convincing air.

"How all right?"

"I say, old dear, this isn't the time ——"

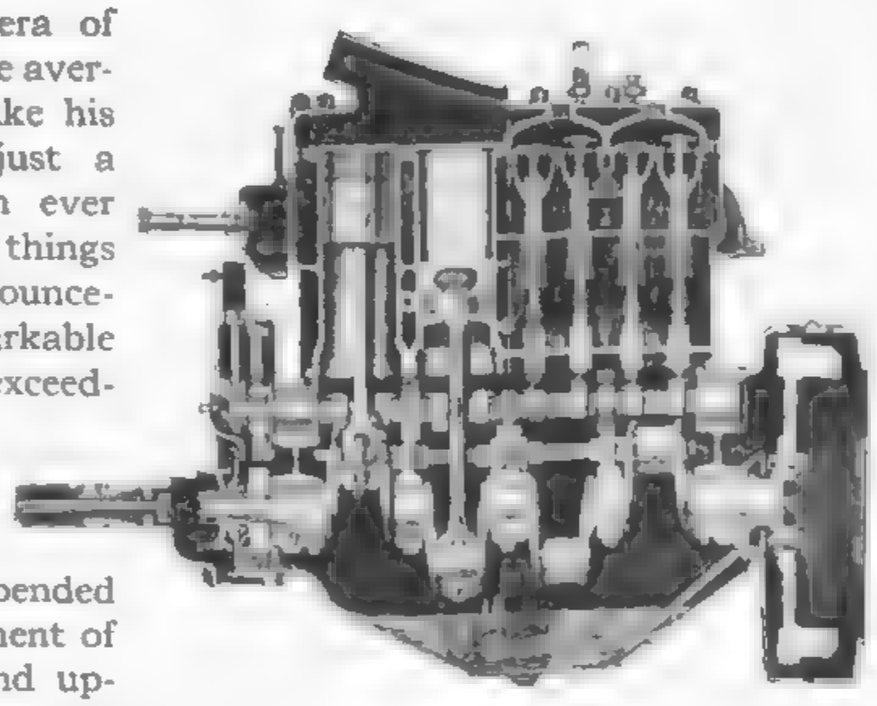
She knew that peevish note. Everything wasn't all right. "Hal, I wish you'd tell me."

"Well, I'm telling you," he mumbled. "Can't say I'm crazy about the fellow. He asks too many questions."

So he asked questions, did he? Other men were drifting into the room, a thirsty

(Continued on Page 50)

Nothing could be more timely in the present automobile situation than the announcement of these *Remarkable* NEW *Lycoming Motors*



THIS present era of thrift, when the average man must make his expenditures go just a little further than ever before, is one of the things that make the announcement of these remarkable new motors so exceedingly timely.

Feeling sure that the big future of the automobile depended upon the development of lower operating and upkeep costs, we have for ten years been perfecting four cylinder motors that would give transportation of higher quality, with lower cost, at the car prices the average man can afford to pay.

These new motors are the worthy successors to nearly 200,000 other LYCOMING MOTORS, now in various makes of cars and trucks. If you are driving a car or truck with a LYCOMING MOTOR and have grown to expect more from it than you thought was possible, you will know what it means when we say that your next LYCOMING will be a still greater revelation.

For instance, the new LYCOMING design includes a five bearing crank shaft. This rigid mounting results in vibrationless performance beyond the possibilities of the ordinary two and three bearing practice, and combines the economy of the four with the flexible operation heretofore associated with multi-cylinder motors.

If you are driving a car now that is not LYCOMING-POWERED, ride in one that is, at the first opportunity. It will give you a new standard of performance by which to judge the next time you buy.

That present owners especially may have an advance opportunity to examine the new LYCOMING MOTOR, we have prepared a book in which all its special features are described and illustrated in detail. The same book is available to any responsible person on request. Full name and address should be given.

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Years Ahead in Automobile Motor Efficiency

The New LYCOMING *Motors*

You give all outdoors when you give a

Flexible Flyer

You provide an opportunity for children to develop strong, vigorous, sturdy bodies by giving them a Flexible Flyer for Christmas.

Whizzing down snow-packed hills on a Flexible Flyer, "the sled that steers," puts a sparkle in their eyes and the bloom of health on their cheeks.

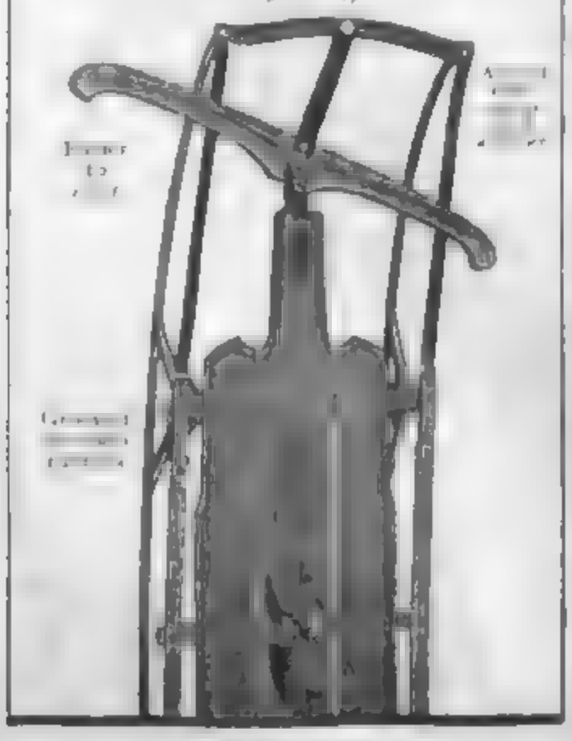
It's the sled every boy and girl wants and insists on having. It is the original steering sled—the speediest, strongest sled made. Built like an airplane, sturdy yet light in weight—with all-steel runners and a new steel front which takes up shock.

Thrill your boy or girl with a Flexible Flyer this Christmas.

S. L. Allen & Co., Inc.
Box 15 Philadelphia

Ask your dealer or department store for a free cardboard model showing how the Flexible Flyer steers—or write us for it.

Insist on seeing this trademark on the sled you buy.



(Continued from Page 48)

eye on the decanters. No place for her here. She turned away slowly.

Hal swaggered beside her to the door, chest thrust out, hands in his pockets. "I'll be along in a moment, old girl." He seemed relieved to get rid of her.

Everywhere a rattle of conversation. People sat, stood, drifted about as if the place belonged to them. Her little smile hung like a gay red rag that has been left to dry in the sun. But the warmth of the day had left her.

In the Blue Room of damask hangings and polished surfaces, the small gilt chairs were pushed aside. Among devastated refreshments and fish-eyed servants several old ladies of the scavenger type sat on, nibbling, gossiping. They peered at her inquisitively. A fat hairy little man crammed the last of a pink-sugared cake into his mouth and slid away as if he were afraid she might speak to him.

At small tables on the terrace, which opened out sharply green from the Blue Room, groups were still seated smoking, chatting. The men rose at her approach, the women handled their adjectives like lorgnettes. Parties were hateful, especially when as a hostess you seemed to be superfluous.

She wandered farther into the garden, where, fantastically clipped out of yew, Noah's-ark animals perched on the broad hedges. Symmetrical. Everything was symmetrical—the flowers so bright in the bright air, these people so well groomed. Brassington Hall heaved up with tower and huge chimneys, rich and red of surface where ivy and creepers held back. If her mother could see her now! In her next monthly letter she would propose a visit. Mrs. Moffett, of Stamford, at Brassington Hall. Why not?

She turned along a pebbled path leading to a smaller rose garden. Scent of roses, of honey, of lavender. Good to be alone. Forget all these people. Hal loved his roses. He ——

Eric running toward her. His slim body seemed oddly disjointed. He drew nearer and she saw his face. Something had happened.

He reached her, gripped her arm. "The governor and your husband are having the most beastly row. I daren't interfere. Can you ——"

A row. Hal and Lord Lansmere! Quick, oh, quick! She ran behind him. Her breath caught as on little hooks. A stitch in her side.

Splash of pink, of red, of white—the rose garden. Intolerable fragrance. A bird wheeled in the blue.

"I tell you, you're a scoundrel!" Old Lansmere's voice was borne harshly through an open window. "You'll get out or ——"

Eric held her back, screened by the bushes. "It's ghastly!" he whispered. "There's old Barclay and —— Don't let 'em see you."

"I'll be damned if I do!" Hal bellowing.

Must stop it—stop it! Those people—she could see them through the bushes, gaping up at the window.

"Eric, try to get them away. I'll go ——"

She went floundering, stumbling. Must be a door somewhere in this wing. She found it. A narrow hall, then the pantry. The servants were huddled there. She brushed by them—by their staring eyes, their wooden bodies. The noise of quarrel exploded in the hush.

Yes, this was the door. She pushed it open, colliding against Jerry Hawkes, who moved back stolidly.

In the small red room of dappled sunlight she saw only Hal, standing apoplectic, his eyes bloodshot, his fists clenched. Facing him, distorted with anger, Lord Lansmere, beak nosed, thin shouldered, leaned on his ivory-knobbed stick.

"What is it?" She crossed to close the window. "Everyone can hear you." Her voice sounded sharp as if she were scolding children. "Now what is it, Hal?" She went to him, laid a hand on his arm. He was trembling.

"Madam," Lord Lansmere glowered in her direction, "I think you had better leave us to settle this matter."

"I think not." She braved him, her green eyes bright with battle.

Hal's fury mounted again in swollen purple veins and throbbing pulses. "They want to drive me out, Nita." He was near to suffocation.

"Drive you out!" She turned slowly to Hawkes. He was the one. His doing.

"I've been forced," his voice, slim and cold, twanged through the tension, "to tell my friend, Lord Lansmere, why I will have nothing to do with the Brassington Golf Club while your husband holds office."

Hal wheeled about to glare at him. "You meddling ——"

"Major!" The man didn't move, but his eyes warned.

Lansmere tramped back and forth, muttering.

They were hurting him. Under her hand she felt his muscles twitch. "What does this mean, Hal?"

"Mr. Hawkes has discovered that I am myself." His voice was thick and bitter. "Myself apparently can't be trusted to hold a gentleman's position. So—Lord Lansmere has asked me to resign." His shoulders heaved as he labored for breath. "I'm to be driven out, Nita."

But they couldn't do this. They couldn't. Her clasp tightened on his arm. Steady now. Steady. Keep their heads clear.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh." Hawkes was looking at her.

Sorry! He had said that once before. And he had gone ahead.

"When Lord Lansmere spoke to me about the club," he said, "I was under the impression that Mr. Brassington had always lived here. I should have recognized at once the hyphenated name."

"We weren't hiding," she flung at him.

Lansmere tapped his stick on the floor. "You were hiding the notorious reputation of your husband, madam."

"Leave my wife out of it!" Hal thundered.

If only they would be quieter. Their voices jangled in her head.

Hawkes lifted his hand. "A moment, please. I put it up to your husband squarely. I asked him if he had ever known a friend of mine, a Mr. Crawford. He didn't deny it."

Crawford! She saw his round blue eye. Florence, and that business of the false antiques. And her mother's friends, who had begged Crawford to spare Hal. Well, he had spared him—and talked.

"My past life is no one's business." Hal struggled for control.

"I make it my business, sir!" the old gentleman snapped. "You knew that I should never have permitted my name to be associated with that of a man who deserves to be in prison."

Hal started. She held him back. "That isn't fair," she cried and turned on Hawkes. "We didn't invite you here. It's our house. Why did you ——"

"You can't do it," Hal burst out again. "You can't force me."

"And I tell you I can," Lansmere shouted, waving his stick.

She gave a hard little laugh. "Well, Mr. Hawkes, you've managed to stir up a good deal of mud. Not very sportsmanlike of you, is it?"

"If I thought ——" Hawkes looked closely at Hal, who was tugging at his mustache.

Lansmere stumped over to the door. "I'll have nothing more to do with you, sir. I'll make the county too hot for you. You'll be forced to leave."

With a movement that shook her hand from his arm Hal stubbornly squared his shoulders. "You'll have to use force then." He stood huge, braced against the wall. "I'm here, and I'll stay here in my own house, on my own land. You can't run your club without my consent, sir."

"We'll see about that." Lansmere flung open the door, slammed it.

Jerry Hawkes lingered behind. "I didn't think your husband would stand up to us," he said slowly. "The man I heard about is a bully, a liar, and a coward. You've got pluck, major."

Hal tried to speak, turned his back, walked to the window.

And now those gray eyes were upon her, gravely appraising. "I want to think this over. May I come around in the morning?" His voice was gentle.

Didn't need his pity. Never wanted to see him again.

She held her head high, gave him look for look. "You may not."

"I'll be here at nine," he said steadily.

Her fingers plucked at her white skirt, crumpling it. If he would only go now, leave them alone!

He went, softly closing the door.

The little room seemed full of faces, hating faces, mocking faces. Everyone against them. No sound from Hal. They must cling close together.

With a sob she flew to him. "My dear, my dear!"

How old he looked in the waning light! Mottled of cheek and gray about the mouth. He sank into a chair.

"Just my hellish luck!"

She touched his hair, his poor grizzled hair, his damp forehead. A passion of tenderness welled up within. He grasped her hand in his big moist one.

She tried to comfort. "Never mind, dear. We won't let them."

He sprang up with a sudden strong movement. "Come on, Nita!" He strode to the door.

Where was he going? What did he mean to do? Better stay here until they had all gone. She reached him swiftly. "Hal, what are you ——"

"I'm host in my own house," he said. "Coming, old girl?"

He meant to face those people! She couldn't go like this. Wait a moment, only a moment. Beat back the tears, smooth her hair, her skirt. A deep breath.

"Coming," she said.

Listening ears in the shadows of the hall. The murmur of voices beyond. And now enter host and hostess—a tall man who walked heavily, and a little greenish-gold woman in white.

The Blue Room was empty, but from the hall came a rustle of people. Funny to watch their sidelong embarrassed glances as they tried to slip out. But Hal blocked their way.

She stood there beside him in the big door, her lips lifted in the old trained smile. They had to pass him, had to stop when he spoke to them.

"Good-by. Good-by." . . . "So kind of you to have come." . . . "McDonald plays tomorrow." Hal's voice deep and throaty. Her own voice unfamiliar.

From the stairway high up in shadows the portrait of Sir Philip Brassington gently mocked. Life was a game indeed.

"Good-by. Good-by." Her lips ached as she held on to her little smile. Her neck seemed to stretch, to grow longer as she held up her head. Tall as Hal. Shoulder to shoulder.

■■■

SOMEONE had to see Jerry Hawkes. If Hal wouldn't —— He wouldn't. His fine defiance had not lasted through the interminable night. Poor old Hal, he had one of his mean headaches. He was like a sick creature seeking cover for a while, snarling and savage at those who had wounded him. Didn't want to see anyone, wanted to be left alone.

Better leave him alone until he took hold again. She, too, was sick—sick at heart; but the Hawkes man shouldn't know it. Oh, he would be sorry for what he had done before she finished with him!

She waited in the library. Among those high dark bookshelves, under the lowering gaze of Colonel Welsh, she felt keyed to a vivid performance.

The old Nita Brassington-Welsh, a little woman in black with scarlet lips trained to smile. Strange that one night could spin the familiar web about eyes and mouth. Powder helped a lot. But, oh, how old she had felt at dawn with Hal lying there beside her, unwieldy in sleep, uneasily breathing!

From her post at the window she stared out over the shining country which had the swept, dusted look of any well-ordered house early in the morning. Lansmere Abbey on its hill rose up, grim, austere. You couldn't destroy a symbol like that as you could a Nita or a Hal. The stuff of their life was shabby—darned, patched and stained. Just because they had stopped by the roadside to wash their threadbare garments; had turned them inside out, tricked them into shape with a pin, a stitch, they had thought themselves decently clothed for the end of the journey. But the stuff was the same, and not good enough, she supposed, to rub up against the Hawkeses and the Lansmeres.

Was there any use in trying? Mustn't give in now. She and Hal—they weren't beaten yet.

A knock on the door. Yes, he would be on time.

"Come in." She was ready with the hard clever little smile of a woman for whom life is a twisted comedy that she can play.

He stood in the doorway, a quiet gray figure, his hair palely gleaming.

Should she offer him her hand? His long arms swung loosely at his sides. Didn't

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want to shake hands with her. Oh, well! Her voice sounded hard and shiny:

"Now, Mr. Hawkes, I'm sure you realize that you can't ——"

He came forward, his hand out. Didn't say a word, only looked at her. Jerry Hawkes, of Illinois, looking straight at Nita Moffett, of Connecticut.

She took his hand. Then suddenly: "It's true, of course," she said. "Hal and I have had a rotten hard life." And she turned toward the light. Nothing like a black dress for showing up a face. Let him see her as she was little lines clutching at her eyes, powder too thick, the bold red line of her lips uncurled. She said after a pause, "That time in Florence was only one of many others. You know that." Her voice seemed to come from someone else.

"Yes, I know it." And it was as if he fingered shabby stuff without tearing it, knowing that the quality had once been good.

Well, it was a relief, after all. You couldn't hide anything from a man with eyes like that. Let him do what he wished. The game was up. Her gesture told him as much. She moved to the window, drooping there in the sunlight. The shapely world outside glittered with a green that hurt her eyes. A few players straggled into sight.

It wasn't fair. Bitterness mounted acrid on her tongue. What a fool she'd been to give herself away, to give Hal away! She whirled around with a passionate fling of her head.

"Can't a man ever get up when he's down? Even if he has done wrong in the past, is that a reason for hounding him when he's trying so hard?" Tears in her eyes, smarting.

He was coming toward her. Shame that he should see her weak and beaten. She grew bright and hot—a fire kindled to hold him off. But he drew close. Not the face of an enemy.

"I believe in fair play," he said.

Then there was a chance! If he believed in fair play—all she asked for. Of what use pride before those keen eyes, that steady mouth. Tell him, make him understand.

"You've always had a home. You've always been safe. We never have. This is the first time in years and years. And Hal cares. Don't you see how he cares? Look!" Her gesture swept outward over the land. "That's Hal. He planned it all. He put it over. Until you came"

"If you can convince me ——" he began.

"Convince you!" Her laugh broke short, bitter. "If you had any idea what our life has been all these years you wouldn't need any convincing. Never a place we could call our own, never a penny we could count on. Driven here, driven there. Up one day, down the next. Oh, it was all our fault if you will ——"

"Not yours!" he rapped out.

Trying to put it all on Hal, was he? There was your gallant man. But he hadn't thought of her yesterday.

"Our fault," she repeated. "You can't separate us. And understand this, please, Mr. Hawkes"—her nostrils widened, stiffened; under taut light brows her eyes narrowed—"Hal may have done lots of things he shouldn't. Got money out of people and lied and boasted. But he's never hurt anyone as you've hurt him. Knocking about takes the edge off a man. He's old, Hal is, and tired. He's had enough of it. That's why when you ——"

She had moved him. His expression lifted like a steel curtain for a softer play of feature. "What can I do?" he asked abruptly.

Her answer was ready: "You can make Lansmere hush up yesterday's scandal. You can promise him your backing with—things as they are. If you and he stand behind Hal ——"

"I'll be frank with you, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh."

She had heard men use that tone before—the crisp note that went with mahogany desks and secretaries. Follow his mood. No more emotion. She nodded, serious, businesslike.

"There's a hard practical streak in me." He turned to pace up and down as if he were dictating. "I've worked all my life until I was forty-eight. I'm forty-nine now"

"Hal's fifty-one," she softly interrupted.

"My father gave me a chance when I was a boy, and I took it." He clipped his words short. "It's very difficult for me to have any sympathy for men who have never done an honest stroke of work. Understand?"

Yes, she understood.

"Now"—he came to a standstill before her—"a man who has lived on his wits for so many years forms habits not easily broken. His moral muscles—know what I mean?—grow flabby. He may think he's strong enough and fit enough to exercise honesty, but is he?" He shot the question at her. "How long will it last?"

She met the probing gray eyes. "I had hoped, to the end of our lives." This was the final fight. If she could win! Mustn't waver a second. Her nerves tightened. She held her head high.

In silence they measured each other. "Your husband is treasurer," he said at last, and the wiry voice hummed again as with messages passing over her head. "The organization, its finances, depend on him. I've looked into what it costs to run a place like this. I know what your husband expects to get out of it. He may think it's enough to live on. I doubt that. What would he do if he discovered that he had underestimated his profits?"

"He would never ——" she cried hotly.

With a swift lift of his arm he pointed his long wiry forefinger at her. "You guarantee your husband?"

"I do!"

Out before she knew it, clear and ringing. But hidden deep within, something stirred uneasily. Could she? Oh, could she trust him? You never knew with Hal. You never ——

"Then I ——" He broke off to listen, and her heart, winging upwards, seemed to drop as before a hunter's gun.

A noise at the door had swung him around. Hal's bulk stood framed there a moment. Why did he have to come just now when she ——

Showing himself this way to Jerry Hawkes. He was haggard, unshaven, glassy of eye. Behind him in the dark gallery she saw dimly the forms of two men.

"Of all damned insolence!" He strode forward, ignoring the American, who sauntered to the window. "Every cringin' puppy we've been dealing with here has come down on us with bills!"

He would spoil it all—everything she had worked for. He was overwrought, ungovernable. And Jerry Hawkes—dared not look at him. The hot blood pounded in her head. Unpaid bills, unpaid bills. Did he have the money? Only last week they had run short.

"As if it weren't enough to have the butcher, the grocer, the servants—the old blinkin' lot of them plaguin' the life out of me," Hal was roaring, "Barry Gibbons here presents me with a bill for two hundred pounds' worth of work on the clubhouse. Wasn't to have been handed in for three months."

The man stood glumly in the doorway. "There've been talk around, and we want our money," he mumbled.

"You'll get your money!" Hal wheeled on him like a goaded bull. "But the next time we want any work done we'll go somewhere else."

"That's all right, sir."

The other man peered over Barry's shoulder. She knew them both to nod to. They had always been so courteous, so pleasant. But now ——

Her little smile riveted to her lips, she stepped forward. "Hal, dear, can't you settle later? Mr. Hawkes is ——"

For answer he turned heavily to the safe in the wainscoting behind the desk, knelt and fumbled with the combination.

Hawkes turned from the window. She felt his cool eyes upon her. Make another effort.

"Hal, I'm sure Mr. Gibbons will come back this afternoon. You'd better consult Lord Lansmere before ——"

"I'll consult no one." His shoulders were stubbornly set. Above his collar his neck flamed red and angry. "I'm going to pay those blasted fools out of that money Lansmere and I drew last week for emergencies—two hundred and fifty pounds."

The safe swung open. He jerked at a small drawer. She moved to look over his shoulder, and Hawkes strolled nearer.

Her heart stood still. The drawer was empty.

"Where the devil?" Hal began nervously throwing papers on the floor. His hands shook.

It was all right, of course. Nothing could have ——

He swayed forward, gaping at the safe, his face flabby and gray under mottled red patches. Everything was out, strewn on the floor. "I thought I had ——"

Why didn't he get up and say something to these people! Face them. Explain.

"Missing?" Hawkes stood steely beside her. The two men pressed nearer.

"I can't think ——" Hal muttered.

He scrambled to his feet, looking dazed. She wanted to go to him, but her feet were weighted as if with lead. A buzzing in her head.

"This is a serious matter." Jerry Hawkes cut through the silence. "You say you put club money in that safe, and now it's gone?"

She must do something—move, speak.

"Hal, surely it's there." She slipped to her knees, hunted among papers, hunted in the safe. Nothing. The men watched her, dark, lowering. Drag herself up. Dust on her skirt. Brush it off. "Hal, are you sure you put it ——"

"Hello, what's up?" Eric Grey lounged in. He stopped short, seemed to click together, his blue eyes staring at the open safe, the scattered papers. "I say ——"

Jerry Hawkes spoke sharply: "These men want to be paid for their work. There was two hundred and fifty pounds in that safe, and your treasurer can't explain where it is."

"Oh, but I say—I ——" The young man stepped backward as if someone had pushed him.

Was Eric going to believe what Hawkes was believing, what they all —— She couldn't stand it.

As through a mist she saw him turn on the men. Heard him—"Of all confounded nerve, your coming here and dunning us! You've known my father, Barry, for twenty years. You're sure of your money."

"But, Mr. Grey ——" Barry protested.

Splendid, the way the boy faced them. She would never forget it—never. You could tell how upset he was, but he didn't flinch.

His voice rose, strained, youthful. "Shame on you, Barry! And you, Harry Green! You'll get your money and you know it. Now, will you please go?"

Only a Lansmere could have done it. They hesitated, glanced at one another, at Eric. Then they shuffled out.

Why didn't Hal assert himself? A crippling fear held her motionless. He couldn't have —— But he was so happy-go-lucky. Suppose he had confused the accounts! How had he paid their bills these last months?

"Look here, major," Eric stepped suddenly up to him. "I came over to tell you how sorry I was that the governor made such a bally mess of things yesterday. Better he shouldn't know of this now. The rotten money'll turn up. I'll see Barry again myself."

Well, they had one friend. She could hardly bear to look at them together—the boy flushed, agitated, Hal dark and heavy with that dazed stare in his eyes.

But when Eric spoke to him he straightened his shoulders. The old Hal coming back.

"My boy ——" he said, and could get no farther.

"Lord Lansmere must know of this at once." It came straight and pitiless from Jerry Hawkes. "I presume you have nothing to conceal, major?"

"Of course not!" Hal whirled about, his thick eyebrows knotted in a scowl.

"But I say!" Eric protested. "You know the governor, Mr. Hawkes. He'll make no end of a row. Why not give the major a few days? I ——"

Hawkes didn't even answer. He moved to the door, his face set, cold. No hope from him.

After all that had passed between them, she would ask for no mercy.

Eric gripped Hal's hand. "I'll do all I can, major." And he dashed out of the room after Hawkes.

Hal sat heavily down on a chair by the desk.

And the fear darted back, stabbing. She hardly dared move or breathe, now that they were alone—alone with Colonel Welsh and Angela Brassington looking down; alone with the June light streaming in, falling on the scattered papers, the open safe, on Hal's thick grizzled hair.

Oh, no—oh, no! Not that!

Must know the truth. The truth. She went with slow leaden steps over to him. The touch of her hand on his shoulder, the feel of the tweeded stuff gave her strength.

"Hal, look at me."

(Continued on Page 54)

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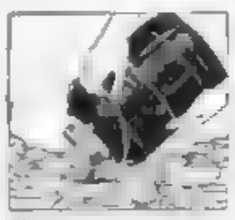

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He raised his head. And she saw his poor old face so deeply lined, his forlorn bloodshot eyes. Even if he had—even if he had ——

She whispered, "Hal, did you—not meaning to, of course—meaning to put it back? Hal, did you?"

"No, Nita." His voice sounded dreary. "But it's all the same. They won't believe me."

How could she ever have doubted! Standing over him, she drew his head close to her breast. His forehead was wet. She bent to kiss it.

Someone had taken the money. The servants? Impossible. Only Hal and Lansmere knew the combination of the safe.

It came in a flash.

"Hal, Lansmere took that money!"

"Nita!" Hal sprang to his feet. "You're crazy! Lansmere take his own money? Lansmere?"

"Listen, Hal. Yesterday when he went off he said he'd force you to leave, didn't he? He knew the combination of the safe, didn't he?" Her voice rose shrill with excitement.

"Yes, but—I won't believe it!" Hal sounded his old vigorous note. Defending the Lansmere name, the county, England.

"He did it!" she cried. "It's a plant! Don't forget he said you deserved to be in prison. Don't forget that he thinks he can't afford to lose Hawkes. And Hawkes wanted you out. Can't you understand?" She clutched his arm. "It was the one way to drive you out. Something definite. You could have held your ground otherwise."

Hal stood as if she had struck him. Then: "If it's so," he groaned, "we're done for."

She hadn't realized that. Lansmere meant them to escape, run away. Yes, he would want them out of the way. Disgrace! Ruin!

She followed Hal to the window. His arm went around her, crushed her close. Everyone against them, everyone. The land, the sky, nothing but a drop curtain to be whisked up.

The telephone. A sharp ring that shattered the silence. Hal didn't move. She would go.

Eric on the wire. His voice was almost unrecognizable. Poor boy, he had done all he could. He shouldn't take it so hard.

"The governor's coming over with Hawkes. Don't see him before I get there. I must see you first." Abruptly he rang off.

Could it be possible that he knew what his father had done? And was he perhaps coming over to stand by them? He would never dare. Too afraid of his father. Better not give Hal any hope.

"It was Eric. He's coming over."

Hal stood where she had left him. She sat down in the chair beside the desk to wait.

IV

HE MUST have run across the fields. His shirt was open at the throat, his hair damp. Standing on the threshold of the library he breathed a moment, short gasping breaths.

She rose with a little cry: "Mr. Grey!"

Hal turned slowly from the window, hastened forward. "My dear boy!"

"They'll be here any moment. They stopped to see Barry. I did my best."

"My dear boy!" Hal said again.

"I came to tell you"—he spoke jerkily, as if there were not much time—"it's my fault, major. You left the safe open day before yesterday. I—borrowed the money. I thought you wouldn't need it for several months. Barry's bill wasn't to be sent in ——"

Silence that rocked about her as if they were all huddled in a rudderless boat. Then the young voice going on and on. A debt of honor in London. Couldn't wait. No one would lend him a shilling. Some money coming to him next month from a small inheritance. Meant to pay back then.

She had lived through this before somewhere, somehow. She knew it as one remembers the turn of a road over which, ages ago, one has traveled. She watched the light strike across the room, picking out the gilt letters of books.

Hal made a choking sound in his throat. "I tried to borrow from Hawkes on our way home. I was desperate. No use though. If only I could have got the governor to hold off from you until I could ——"

Eric, their young friend, gay, debonair Eric, with his face twisted pitifully, telling them these things!

She moved close to Hal, linked her arm in his. Hold together—together!

And still the young voice went on: "I couldn't stand by and let you take the blame, major. Really too rotten. But isn't there anything we can do? Can't you think of anything? The governor will never forgive. He's that sort." His hand went to his eyes. "I'm done for!"

That was what Hal had said. Done for, done for! Eric didn't know what that meant.

"I say, Eric! I say!" Hal's voice, strange, throaty.

"Can't you think of anything? Major, I've been a fool. Thrown my life away for two hundred and fifty pounds."

"But surely he won't ——" she heard her own voice trying to console.

His laugh was worse than tears. "Won't he though? I got into a scrape last winter. He let me off, but he said then that it was the last time. Not a chance. Oh, well, I deserve it." He turned aside with an effort at control.

Silence again. She felt Hal cleaving to her as if she had passed into him and he into her. Years drifted by—years they had lived. Between them something stirred trying to get up, something that had lain in the dark for a long, long while and grown weak. It fluttered between them. She pressed his arm more tightly. Ah, but it hurt, this strange thing lifting its cramped wings. It had claws that dug deep into the heart as it poised for flight.

Hal stretched out his hand. She saw it—large, heavy—resting there on the boy's shoulder.

It was hard for Hal to talk. He sounded rusty, like very old machinery set in motion. "You've got the right stuff in you, Eric. Damn decent of you. Acted like a gentleman. Yes, sir—a Lansmere. Tradition, Eric. We slip up on it sometimes. But it counts, it counts." For a second he glanced at the portrait of his father.

Steady, Hal. The thing is too big. Be careful—careful!

"It's up to one of us." His voice was gruff.

Eric nodded.

"Well, I haven't much to say for myself." He seemed to lift each word with an enormous effort from a secret hiding place. She went with him down to that secret place and up again.

He said: "I'm a pretty tattered old flag, my boy. Been through a lot. I'm not proud of it. No, my life is nothing to be proud of. What there is left of it—well, there's Nita. It's for her to say."

His arm trembled under her touch. For her to say. Their whole life—what was left of it. Rotten mess. Rotten. Look at the boy. He hasn't understood. Hal was like that once. The pity of it. She glanced toward the window. Bright out there. Roses. Papers fluttered in a breeze. Rotten mess. She lifted her head to look at Hal. The frail thing that had risen between them peered startled from his eyes.

What if they fought on here with Lansmere broken, the boy thrown out? Never be the same again; never. Eric was weak and the world would take him and grind him to tatters. Enough débris in the world already.

The tap of a stick in the gallery; Lansmere's voice. Eric gave a little gasp.

Once long ago she had seen a picture of a boy, his back against a wall, facing a firing line. Eric looked like that. And he had been decent. He might have ——

"Well, old girl?" from Hal.

For her to decide. Quickly then. "Eric, you must leave this to us. For the sake of what Hal has suffered. Only remember ——"

"Nita!" All Hal could say. It was all there. Smile up at him—a twisted little smile.

The door opened.

Lansmere stamped in. Behind him came Jerry Hawkes.

Eric hadn't understood. He moved jerkily forward. She caught his arm. "Keep still!" And she looked up to meet the American's keen gray eyes.

"What's this I hear?" Lansmere spoke harshly. "Where's that money?" He advanced on Hal, fierce as a sharp-beaked bird about to strike.

Hal drew himself up. How tall he was! A man of military bearing, square of shoulder. "I don't know where the money is, Lord Lansmere."

"Come! Come, I can't believe it. Of course you know!" Lansmere fumed. "Who else knows if you don't?"

"I haven't the money." Hal faced him, firm, erect. "I understand how serious this is. You've won, Lord Lansmere. I resign. I—my wife and I will leave."

"No, you won't!" A gouty old man beside himself with rage. "I'll have you arrested, sir."

Young Grey stepped forward, deathly pale. She put out her hand again and drew him back. His father wasn't looking at him.

She whispered, "Eric, you must, for my sake!" There was that in her eyes and voice that held him quiet.

Hal at the desk was gathering up papers. "I'll hand over my reports ——"

"May I speak to you a moment?" Hawkes stood at her elbow.

She moved listlessly with him to the window. Eric sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands. Well, he had his chance. Wasn't sorry for him.

Hawkes bent nearer, sunlight on his hair. "I won't allow it. I won't have you sacrificed. Your husband didn't take that money."

So he knew! She was glad that he knew. She turned her head away.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean." His voice was urgent. "I'm not blind. And the young fool tried to borrow two hundred pounds from me. I suspected then, but I wasn't sure until I saw you three together."

Behind her Lansmere violently threatened. She heard the shuffling of papers.

"You mustn't interfere, Mr. Hawkes." She looked into the face of a friend, one whom she might have met long, long ago

"You're going to take the blame?"

A word, and in spite of Hal, of Eric, he would —— No, too late. Play fair, must play fair.

"Yes," she said simply. "We couldn't live on here anyway. Not now. And the boy is worth saving. If he'd been Hal—you understand?"

She heard Hal: "Here are the check books. Now you'd better ——"

Eric went softly out of the room.

It seemed as if many moments passed. Then Jerry said "God bless you!"

And it was as if someone very dear to her had taken her to the gates of a station and sped her on a long perilous journey with something to remember, something to cherish forever and ever.

No time for emotion. Hawkes was speaking again, crisply, rapidly: "I'll take on the house and give your husband a check, of course, for the remaining months he has paid on his lease. Is there anything else?"

"Hal will want to pay whatever bills he owes here—out of that check."

He knew what she meant. He would see that Hal did pay. But suppose Lansmere had them arrested! "You won't let Lord Lansmere ——"

"Count on me."

One other thing. She gazed out at the bright country for the last time. "If you could—lend Eric the money and leave him in this room alone—when we're gone. He'll pay you back next month."

"Count on me," he said again. His hand gripped hers. Then she turned away.

Lansmere bent muttering over the desk. Hal stood quietly by. Strange that he should be standing under his father's portrait.

She went out softly without a word to him. He was safe with Jerry Hawkes.

Eric waited for her in the dusk of the gallery. His young face pitifully appealed. "I despise myself!"

Hal young—Hal being saved. And she was doing this.

He took her hand, raised it reverently to his lips. "I shall never forget. My whole life."

"I know."

She started up the stairs, and looked back to smile down on him. He stood as a young traveler at the crossroads. She feared nothing for him. But she and Hal, at the crossroads—ah, that was another question.

From the shadowy landing Sir Philip gently mocked. There was a gallant sadness, a shared knowledge in his mocking. She felt all the Brassingtons ghostly behind him.. Hal's heritage that he was giving over. No, not giving over.

She could hear the voices of the men in the library. Hawkes was taking charge. Presently Hal would come to her, and then they would set forth together.

Where? No matter.

Very slowly she turned and went on up the stairs to pack.

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ROUGH-HEAVY STUFF

(Continued from Page 13)

His assistants urged him to leave it in. They contended it would go big in America.

"Don't I know? But this ain't slapstick, see? We got to make the king a hero, not a comedian. No-o, it'll have to be cut. Say, listen, buddy! You got to learn how to uppercut and jab, though. I want a nice clean knock-out in this scene—one that'll make 'em sit up and say, 'Holy mackerel, that king's sure got a wallop!' *Comprenez!*"

Out of breath, Fanfaron nodded. They tried the business again. The assistant designated to play the rôle of assassin and shoot a blank cartridge at Fanfaron was stationed opposite. The concierge, in a chair used to represent the carriage, waited expectantly. Suddenly the assassin leaped forward, crooked his finger twice and yelled "Bang! Bang!"

"Now jump up, you big lummox!" yelled Mactavish. "That's it—only faster! We can't use a derrick in this piece. Now go at him! Don't stand there and look silly! Make a pass at him! Holy mackerel, what do you know about that! Say, you ain't playing beans-porridge-hot!"

Again and again they showed him how. It was wearing work and Monsieur Fanfaron grew to hate the business, but he persisted doggedly. And at last he mastered a rather snappy short-arm punch to the point of the chin which the concierge was able to deliver with considerable force by getting in close. Mac professed himself satisfied; only the recipient criticized it.

"Boy!" he exclaimed. "He sure packs a kick in that right hand! Make him lay off that stuff, Mac."

"Uh-huh, I won't. If I do he'll pull the punch and crab the picture. You can take it for once, Sid. Now try that again. Same thing, Fanfaron—that grunt's good, even though it don't show in the fillum—and you, Sid, when he jumps at you, you sidestep, see, and then step in close for another shot, and that's when you put it over, Fanfaron. Get me? All right. Ready now! Action!"

"Bang! Bang!" yelled the assassin, pointing his finger. Monsieur Fanfaron sank back as though stricken, then bounded from the chair like a bull from a wallow. A rush, a shift and side-step, then in came the assassin again to finish the business. The concierge sent his right to the point of the chin and down went Sid with a bump that shook the chandelier.

"Great work!" exclaimed Mac.

"I begin to like it," admitted Fanfaron, glowing from the effort.

"Say, with a month's training you'd be the champion two-hundred-and-fifty-pound concierge of the world!"

"Shall we try it again? I think possibly I could hit harder next time."

"Not on me, you don't!" spoke up the assassin. "I'm offa rehearsals, Mac. This guy can practice on a dummy till the big scene."

After three days of work-outs, Monsieur Fanfaron began to feel the glow of physical well-being, the springy energy of the athlete. It even seemed to him that his waistline had grown smaller. Often he glanced at himself sideways in a mirror and bewildered his wife by trying bending exercises on rising from bed. But the effort to come within six inches of the floor with his fingers, without bending the knees, so cramped and stiffened the coccygeal muscles that Fanfaron could hardly move in the fight scene next day and every wrench cost him a groan.

However, this passed, and a few days later he felt fitter than ever in his life. The king delayed departure. While he abstained from announcing a date, he let them know that it might be another fortnight before everything was ready for the coup. The delay enabled Fanfaron to perfect the uppercut and work in a few fancy touches of his own, which he practiced on a dummy in the privacy of his home. Madame Fanfaron took alarm; she had often heard her mother say that men reached the foolish age between forty and fifty, and she was convinced that Marc-Aurèle had arrived.

"Don't try to lie to me—I know!" she said darkly, and quoted a saying of the countryfolk. "When a goat feels good he starts to paw."

Certainly he was growing frisky. Somehow the exercise made him looser in his clothes. He could now get up from lunch without that overpowering desire to sleep, and the trim youths he saw going to the tennis courts no longer impressed Fanfaron as mere babes, but only as slightly younger devotees of sport. After all, he was only forty-two!

He took to looking at the pretty girls, too, and every man he passed he eyed speculatively. Of what was he thinking? *Parbleu*, he was measuring the distance for a snappy right uppercut to the point of the chin—that's what he was thinking about! And now, meeting a handsome woman in the street, Monsieur Fanfaron would draw in his stomach and hold his breath. Some of them stared frankly at this red-necked man who appeared on the verge of bursting a blood vessel; but this interest he mistook for something more tender, and he twirled the waxed ends of what was left of his mustaches. Ah, you would do well to keep an eye peeled, Madame Fanfaron!

At the Club Helvetia he astounded them by proposing to put in a gymnasium and a punching bag. The other members gaped. What was the matter with Fanfaron? Why couldn't he sit quietly and play manilla as before, content with his bottle of wine? But, no; he must do exercises full length on the floor and raise chairs above his head with one hand, time after time, until his face turned purple.

He told them he was learning to box. Some of them being skeptical, he illustrated his right uppercut so deftly and with such suddenness that Stauffacher went down in a heap and the chaste atmosphere of the club was destroyed for a week.

They demanded to know what it all meant. What was this mystery? Why was he learning to make the box at his age? And whom did he propose to fight? His answer was to flex his biceps and ask them to feel the muscles of his legs. Never a word of explanation. The more they pressed him the more mysterious Monsieur Fanfaron became. Some held to the theory that he was in love and trying to impress the lady, but he didn't eat like a man in love. Others hit nearer the mark by guessing that his conduct had some connection with the cinema, for it was well known among the other concierges that the Imperial-Splendide was full of camera men. But what on earth would Marc-Aurèle find to do in a cinema production? Most assuredly not to make the box.

They were compelled to give up at last and await the outcome. Meanwhile he continued his acrobatic stunts, and they hated to see him come into the Club Helvetia, for it meant overturned chairs and similar exhibitions of strength.

What time Mactavish was not preoccupied with perfecting the details of the big scene, he spent with Mlle. Thérèse Chevrot, who was summering at the hotel with her aunt, the Baronne Gruyère. Mademoiselle Thérèse danced divinely; the Mactavish could shake a mean foot when the music was right; and every afternoon at the *thé dansant*, and at night after dinner the two were the center of all eyes. The slim, beautiful young men whom Mademoiselle Thérèse had previously favored were completely eclipsed, for Mac had a lot of new stuff, and he sure showed it to them, see? The variations on the tango which the two exhibited often resulted in the other couples abandoning the floor to watch, and all the stout and breathless married people who ordinarily played bridge after dinner drew up chairs close to the cleared space and exclaimed, "Ah-h-h! Bravo! It must be M'sieu Robert, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

She had a slim, round figure, very athletic, yet with an alluring softness. Her eyes were matchless, her lips very full and red. when she entered a room all the other women stopped talking to stare. What is more, they stared venomously, so I need hardly tell you that Mademoiselle Therese was always the latest bulletin from Paris.

Several times she tried to get Mac to play tennis, but he pleaded business, ashamed to confess that he knew nothing about the game. If it had been one old cat now! But an early career of hard struggle had not included the politer forms of sport, and tennis had always seemed to Mac a dude pastime.

For some reason Monsieur Fanfaron frowned on this friendship with Mademoiselle Chevrot. He never said anything outright, but to all the movie expert's questions about her he returned short replies, or grunted.

"Say, maybe we didn't make 'em pop their eyes tonight, hey, old kid?" cried Mactavish, stopping at his desk on his way to bed.

"She was asking about you today."

"She was? What did she say?"

"She wanted to know if you were a millionaire."

Mactavish blushed with pleasure. "She did! What did you tell her, buddy?"

"I said I did not know."

The movie man lighted a big cigar and puffed complacently. This was the life!

"Well, next time she asks you, don't be so shy," he said. "Good night."

He came downstairs early next morning, looking for the concierge. Unable to find him, he approached the clerk who made out the bills.

"Say, whose kid is that in the room next to mine?"

The clerk looked distressed. "Does he annoy you?"

"No. I like to hear the little rascal. He's a fine kid. But that nurse beats the stuffin' out of him all the time. Why, say, that kid can't even laugh without her giving him a wallop on the ear. She calls him a little devil. Straight—I heard her. She pinches him and whips him just out of meanness."

"It is very sad."

"Ain't he got a mother?"

The clerk shrugged. "Yes, but she does not concern herself. Once a day, perhaps, for ten minutes. It is, 'Well, Jacques, have you been a good boy today?' That is all. If you would like to change your room, m'sieu ——"

"No-o; the room's all right. But I'd like to drop that nurse in the lake. What chance has a poor kid like that got, anyhow?"

Snorting wrathfully he departed about his business, which included a swim and a luncheon engagement with two of his competitors, made to enable Mactavish to throw out false leads he hoped they would follow. It was close to the hour for the *thé dansant* when he returned to the hotel, and then he found the whole lower floor in a fever of excitement. Chasseurs and waiters were scurrying up and down corridors, whistling and calling; a *valet de chambre* and a *femme de chambre* stood in the lobby, vowing to high heaven they had not seen him all day and were not to blame; two baggage men and the hotel runner were scouring the gardens; the bookkeeper and the assistant manager watched the hunt with scared expressions and spoke together in hushed tones. And running here, there and everywhere, wailing "Precious! Here, Precious!" in accents that wrung the heart, was Mademoiselle Chevrot. Tears trickled down her cheeks; she clasped her hands; she was inconsolable. At her heels kept a bevy of frantic young men in spotless tennis flannels, who tried to comfort her, and assisted in the search with pathetic little cries. How they glared at Mactavish when he joined them!

Only a few of the older and cooler guests kept their heads in the midst of this turmoil. Indeed, they appeared rather annoyed by the fuss; but then it had disturbed their reading and writing and bridge games, and old age is impatient even of a world upheaval that upsets the daily routine.

Of all the searchers, Monsieur Fanfaron seemed the most wrought up. His face was pale; he ran through the gardens and into the street, down to the lake front and back again. He panted for breath; perspiration stood out on his forehead in beads. Jowls quivering with emotion, every so often he emitted a sound between a whimper and a groan.

Meeting a woman in nurse's costume who was peering under a bush in the garden and shrilling "Come out of there, now! No nonsense, mind!" he paused long enough to say in a fierce voice, "You must have been beating him again. Ah, I know you!"

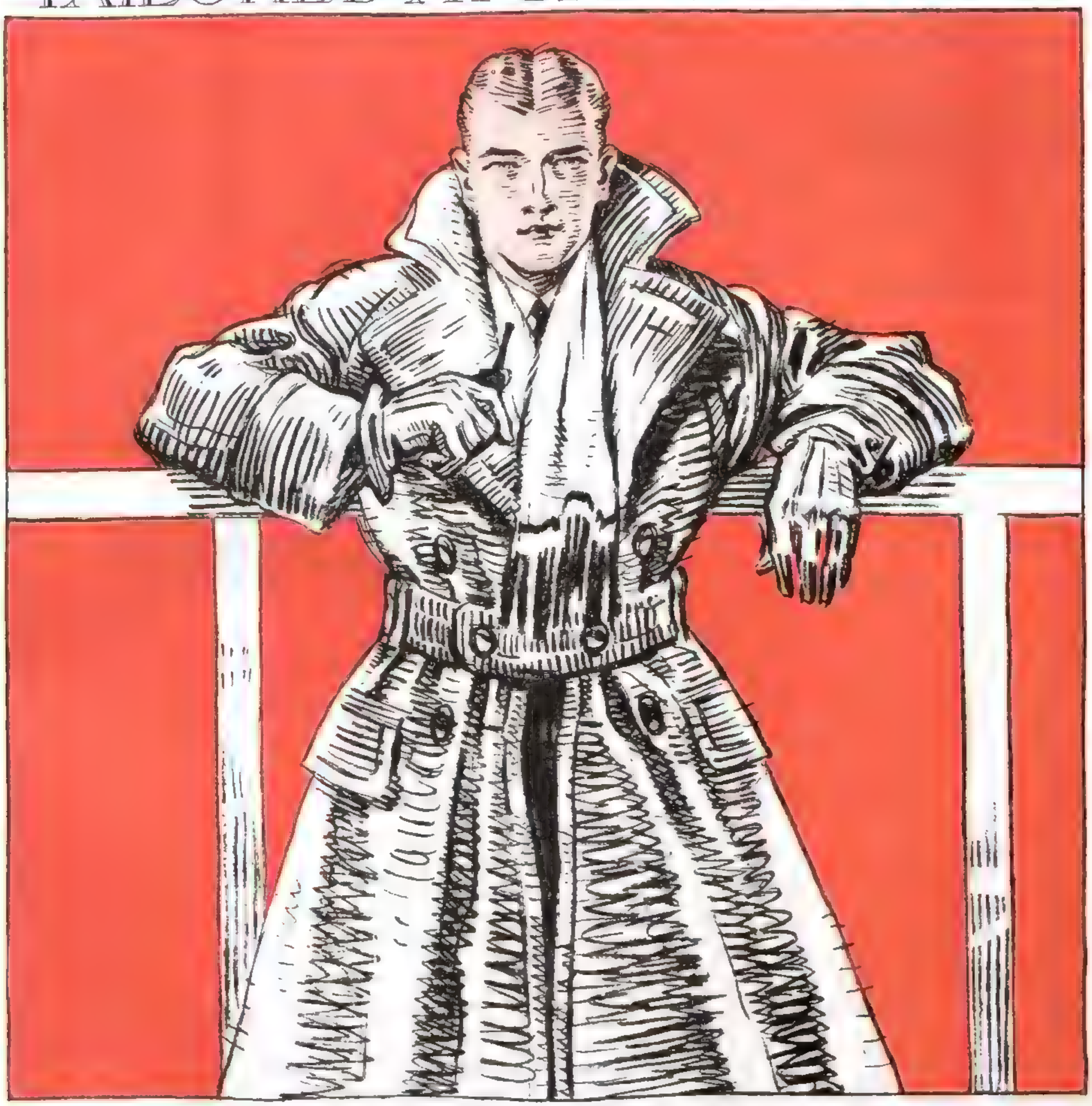
"I was not! And if I was, who 'as a better right, I'd like to know? Tell me that!"

"Bah!" shouted Fanfaron, resuming the hunt.

Suddenly his eye fell on an object far down the driveway, near the gate. It was Mademoiselle Chevrot's poodle, which had cornered a tiny kitten in the embrasure

(Continued on Page 58)

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



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(Continued from Page 56)

formed by the stone pillars of the entrance. The kitten being very young and weak, the poodle was emboldened to make lunges at it. He would never have tried such tactics with anything less helpless—a full-grown cat would have murdered him—and even as it was, he maintained a discreet distance, for every hair on the kitten's arched back stood on end and it spat wickedly as it struck out with its little paws.

"Ah-h-h, fat good-for-nothing!" hissed Monsieur Fanfaron, elevating the poodle toward its quarry with the toe of his boot. "Take that!"

A yelp, and Mademoiselle Thérèse's pet dashed off with a thin stream of blood running down its nose where the kitten had sunk a deft right as he fell against her. The kitten walked away in the opposite direction, but slowly and with a certain dignity, back still arched and its air seeming to say "Bring on your dogs!"

The concierge continued his circuit of the gardens. To the nurse, whom he encountered again at the steps, "Any sign of him yet?"

"No; I can't think where he's 'iding."

"Hiding? *Parbleu*, I trust that is it!"

Mademoiselle Chevrot met him just inside the open door. "Oh, m'sieu, have you seen him?"

"No, madame. But he will be found, never fear."

Ah, she was capable of affection, then! Fanfaron began to think better of her.

"I thought I heard him cry out a moment ago."

"No, madame. That was only Kiki, who was worrying a kitten down near the gate."

With that, he turned on his heel and left her, so he failed to hear Mademoiselle Thérèse's squeal of relief and delight. She raced into the gardens, followed by the captivated Mactavish. And presently they returned in triumph, Kiki nestling in her soft, round arms while Mademoiselle Chevrot showered endearments on his wounded nose. Everybody in the lounge muttered "Thank God," and relaxed. The orchestra struck up and dancing started. Only Monsieur Fanfaron and the nurse continued their questing.

"What will his mother say if we do not find him quickly?" he exclaimed. "Ah, poor lady!"

"S'y? W'y, I 'aven't told her! I 'aven't told nobody!"

The concierge stopped in his tracks. "Then what—why haven't you told her?"

"Because the lawst time she told me not to bother 'er again, for 'e always came back."

Monsieur Fanfaron remained motionless, staring at her stupidly, with his mouth open. Then he wheeled and stalked back to the hotel, his jaw set and grim. He had taken a great resolution.

As he passed a mirror in the lobby he caught a glimpse of his disordered appearance and decided to tidy up before confronting the mother. He strode into the dark cubby-hole back of the concierge's desk, where he kept his street coat and a brush and comb, and almost trod on a small figure in white, which roused and murmured sleepily, "Hello, Daddy Fanfaron. So you did find me!"

"Jacques!" he shouted, crushing the boy in his great arms.

"Oh, you hurt, Daddy Fanfaron!"

"And what are you doing here in my cellar, you little rascal, you?"

"I was hiding from Lala—she whipped me—and I fell asleep."

"Ah-h-h, *la sale maniaque!*" exclaimed Fanfaron, gritting his teeth.

He set the boy on his shoulder, and with Jacques grinning proudly from this eminence marched into the lounge and through it to the dancing room. Mademoiselle Chevrot occupied a chair on the edge of the cleared space, with Mactavish sitting close beside her. It was an interval between dances, and she was cuddling Kiki and talking baby talk into his ear, while Mac listened with a fatuous smile of intoxication. Monsieur Fanfaron walked straight up to her.

"Madame," he said, "here is your son."

That night —— "Why the Sam Hill didn't you tell me?" complained the movie expert. "How could I know she was divorced and had a kid? Everybody called her mademoiselle!"

"I am the concierge. That is not my business."

"But I don't see why she should be ashamed of it! I'd be proud of that boy—he's a dandy."

Fanfaron humped his shoulders. "She wants to get another husband and she thinks Jacques will be in the way," he said dryly.

"Well, there's one sure thing, kiddo—I'd like to have that kid, but the price is too high."

"Now you talk like a man of sense, Mac."

"So I'm going to make myself scarce round these parts till we leave, see? Say, listen! If she makes a crack about where I am, you just tell her I've beat it to consult an alienist, hey? That'll hold her."

"It's a good return," assented Fanfaron.

"You mean comeback."

"To be sure. Anyway, I will tell her, Mac."

King Alexis departed next afternoon. He left suddenly and with only two hours' warning, for much depended on the secrecy with which the coup was sprung. Monsieur Fanfaron and Mactavish and his assistants went with him. Aside from them, Alexis was accompanied only by his secretary and a military aide. A select few of his closest adherents were to meet the party at the frontier, where a special train would be held in readiness.

They traveled in a private car. It was a long, tedious journey, and both Fanfaron and the king had ample time to think over all the possibilities. Both grew very nervous.

"Tell me, Mac," said the concierge—"tell me, man to man, as a loyal friend, *hein?*—is there any risk in this business?"

"Shucks, no!"

"You would not expose your *camarade* to danger, would you, Mac?"

There was something so naïve and confiding about the query that Mactavish felt a sudden pang, but he instantly smothered the emotion. He was committed to this picture; it was too late to back out now, and besides ——

"There'll be troops guarding every foot of the station platform," he said. "Nobody'll be allowed inside the station except half a dozen of the old bird's friends who are in the know, see? And say, listen! The reception don't come off till we get to the city hall, and we'll never reach there. I shoot the picture at the first corner outside the station; get me? So cheer up!"

The arrangements worked with absolute precision. It took them thirty-six hours to reach the frontier, and there they transferred from their car to the special train. At a crossroad forty miles from the capital the train stopped, and King Alexis and his aide and secretary alighted and entered a motor car. All the camera men and other assistants got off here, too, and climbed into cars. They set off toward the city at full speed and the train pulled up to a siding where it waited an hour to enable them to reach their posts and prepare. This hour Mactavish utilized to dress Fanfaron for his rôle, to the intense admiration of the royalist adherents who remained to act as escort.

"Well, here we go!" he exclaimed as the whistle sounded for the start. "Now comes the big bump!"

"Bump?" repeated Monsieur Fanfaron paling.

"The big scene, buddy. Get me? Say, feel like a drink? You're as white as a sheet."

"Perhaps it would do me good," murmured the wretched concierge feebly and he took a long pull at a bottle of brandy.

The train drew slowly into the station on scheduled time, its bell awaking the echoes of the glassed roof. Flags fluttered from every beam, troops formed a solid wall the entire length of the platform, and as King Fanfaron appeared at the door of the last car, with his suite around him, the guard of honor presented arms and a band broke into the national anthem.

Half a dozen high officers and officials in the confidence of Alexis met the party at the car steps and welcomed His Majesty back to his capital. They carried it off admirably; every one of the scores of camera men who were turning the cranks from points of vantage on the platform pronounced it the best royal business they had ever filmed. Then Fanfaron strode toward the exit, his escort grouping dexterously around him. Arrived at the carriage waiting outside for him, he smartly returned the saber salute of the squadron of cavalry and entered. A sharp order from the officer in command, a blare of bugles and the cavalry moved off at a trot. In the midst of them came Fanfaron in the open carriage, leaning back with a lordly air, a general in full uniform beside him and two civilians of national prominence on the front seat. The postilions in their gorgeous royal liveries cracked their whips, the carriage rolled swiftly into the street, and from the hired *claqueurs* placed at intervals along the route burst rambling cheers:

"Huzza for Alexis!"

Monsieur Fanfaron gravely raised his hand to the salute.

"But how fat the king has grown!" exclaimed the crowds banked ten deep along the sidewalks. "So he has been wasting away for his country, hey? Whoof!"

The concierge experienced a thrill as his glance took in the packed street and the waves of the renewed huzzas of the *claqueurs* met him. Yet it did not prevent him peering anxiously toward the corner where the big scene was to come off. Ah, it was all right! There stood three cameras in the open space, and Mactavish ready to shoot the picture. Not one of his rivals was near the spot; those not assigned to the station were waiting at the city hall, where the formal reception was scheduled to take place and where King Alexis would receive the keys to his loyal capital.

The business moved like clockwork. As the party arrived at the corner and slowed for the turn a figure sprang from the crowd to the carriage step, and Bang! Bang! Monsieur Fanfaron's plumed helmet fell off and he sank back with a dramatic gesture. Then he lurched out of the seat, sprang into the street and rushed at his assailant, who was now trying to flee. The concierge overtook the assassin before he had forced his way ten feet through the press.

"Now, you rascal! Whoof!" he boomed, and the fellow turned.

A rapid shift and side-step, and the assassin darted in close once more, his weapon raised for the finishing stroke. Fanfaron crashed his right to the point of the chin with all his weight behind the blow, emitting the grunt which Mactavish had so regretted his inability to film, and his adversary instantly lost all interest in the subsequent proceedings. He dropped, a limp heap, to the sidewalk, where half a dozen gendarmes pounced upon him, but not quickly enough to save him from some hearty kicks from the mob.

"Death to the assassin! Huzza for King Alexis!" they roared until the air reeled from the clamor.

"Here! Here! Into the carriage!" bawled Mactavish in the concierge's ear, and strong hands dragged him back.

The postilions lashed the horses, the carriage gave a lurch, and with the squadron of cavalry at full gallop clearing the streets, the royal party headed for the palace.

Monsieur Fanfaron suddenly became conscious of a pain and a puffiness in his right eye. He raised his hand to feel it. *Diable*, the scoundrelly Sid had walloped him in the mêlée! Yes, he had a black eye as big as an apple, and now he remembered that the assassin had jabbed with his left elbow as he came in for the final shot. He would have it out with him for this! In a fine rage, Monsieur Fanfaron picked up his helmet, stuck it on his head, and when the carriage approached the palace gates he responded to the wild cheers that rose from the people gathered there with stiff military decorum.

It was only when he alighted that he permitted himself to indulge in a natural expression of his feelings. Then, frantic shouts of joy and admiration coming from all sides, Monsieur Fanfaron gave a wave of his hand as though to say, "Tut, it is nothing, my children!" drew up stiffly to attention at the top of the steps, saluted and vanished.

"Oh, boy!" gloated Mactavish, arriving out of breath half an hour later. "If this ain't the beat of the century, I'm cuckoo. Say, you're a wonder, old kid! Get me? There ain't a rough-heavy in the business that could of pulled it any better. Put her there! I'm your friend, see? And don't you forget it!"

"But my eye, Mac! Look! Why did that good-for-nothing wallop me, *hein?*"

Mac stared at the swollen and discolored optic, and then Sid spoke up:

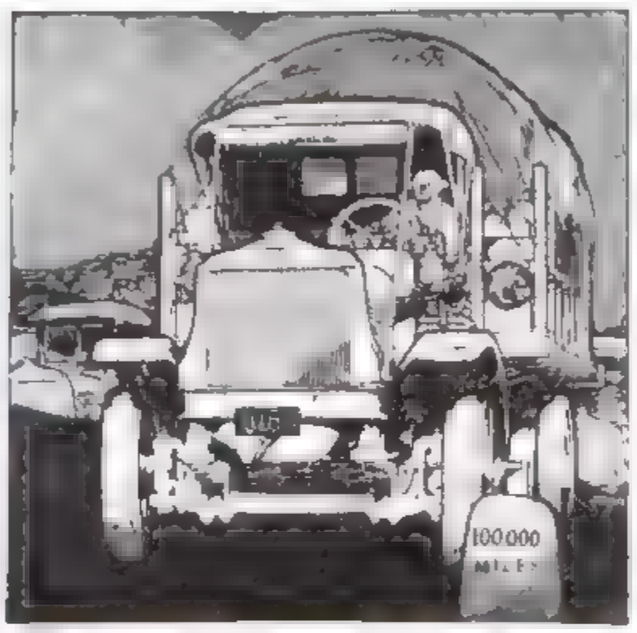
"I didn't do that, Mr. Fanfaron. Straight, I didn't. Some guy beat me to it. I thought it was a plant, maybe."

"You didn't do it? *Parbleu*, who did then?" Over Fanfaron's face came an expression of comic dismay.

(Continued on Page 61)

Why You Should Buy

WHITE TRUCKS



Reason No. 3

100,000-Mile Records

IT is quite easy for a truck maker to show instances of remarkable performance of his product; feats of endurance in isolated cases. There is nothing remarkable about that. What really matters in the record of the product is its "batting average"—how it performs over a long period of time.

Again, you can find instances of long mileage by a single truck here and there. That is to be expected. The thing that counts in mileage records is their *universality*.

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So many 100,000-mile records would not be possible if White Trucks were not unusually efficient. Owners would not continue to operate them. White Trucks keep going. This accounts for the volume of work done and is an important factor in the low cost of it.

9
Other Reasons:

* * *

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White Owner Service
A Permanent Maker
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Service Above Sales
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Largest Output in High Grade Field

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

An advertisement, like a stocking, is most interesting when it is attractively filled. The human-interest fact in this advertisement is that more people buy Phoenix hosiery than any other kind, making it the standard of the world, because of its long mileage endurance and rugged elegance. There is romance in the thought that real worth usually gets its deserved approval. From out of the great Phoenix factories, to men, women and children everywhere, now comes a giant share of the hosiery of the world.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 58)

"Say, what's this?" cried Mactavish. He had carelessly picked up the plumed helmet, and now he held it out toward them, his forefinger thrust through a bullet hole in the crown.

While they were all gaping at this fresh development the door burst open and one of the camera men rushed in.

"Holy mackerel, guess what!" he panted. "That guy's an anarchist! The police recognized him right away. Dimitri Chura, or something—I didn't get the name, but they say he's an old hand. Are you hurt, Mr. Fanfaron?"

Monsieur Fanfaron did not answer. He had fainted.

The crowds had by this time arrived in front of the palace, rushing pell-mell through a score of streets, cheering and bawling. Did you see how he had laid low the assassin? Yes, with one punch—not even so much as a knife! With his bare hands their king had overcome the murderer! Ah, there was a king for you! Huzza for Alexis!

Within less than two hours after the occurrence more than a hundred thousand citizens were massed in the great court of the palace and in the streets that led to it. They yelled and clamored to see his majesty. The fickle populace that had stood watching his progress from the station with tongues in their cheeks now clawed and fought to get nearer for a view of him.

At last Alexis stepped out onto a balcony overlooking the courtyard. He was alone. And at this sight such thunderous plaudits broke out afresh that many women fainted in the press and the sounds, carried far beyond the city limits, went tingling to the skies. He raised his hand for silence.

"Hear him! Quiet there! Shut up, can't you? The king wants to speak! Huzza for Alexis! Huzza! Huzza!"

It was a good five minutes before they could be brought to hush sufficiently for his voice to be heard. Then, in accents vibrant with emotion, he thanked them; told them briefly and in soldierly fashion how deeply this reception had touched his heart, how good it felt to be—home. Again the deafening roars! Huzza for Alexis! Huzza! Huzza! Thousands of them hung about the palace far into the night, watching the lights and cheering whenever they saw a figure move against a curtain.

After dinner the king sent for Fanfaron and the movie expert.

"*Monsieur le concierge,*" he said in the presence of his confidants, "you have laid me under lasting obligation."

"It is nothing, your majesty."

"You are a very brave man, sir."

Fanfaron humped his shoulders as though to say, "A trifle! A mere trifle!"

Alexis scrutinized him wonderingly. "Were you not frightened when you heard the bullets and realized the mistake?"

"*Parbleu,* it was not pleasant, your majesty. But I saw my duty."

The king turned to the old general at his elbow. "It is very strange," he remarked in a low voice; "but this excellent fellow has never hesitated at any sacrifice in my service."

The general scratched his chin dubiously, surveying Fanfaron with an intent gaze from under his shaggy brows.

"Hum!" he grumbled. "Nevertheless ——"

"Of course." Alexis turned once more toward the concierge. "I assume," he said, "that you now wish to go home, do you not?"

"That is my desire, your majesty."

"It would be better, yes—hey, general? Very good! We will do what we can to facilitate your departure. And now, *monsieur le concierge,* what can I do to prove my gratitude?" He began to fumble in a drawer as he spoke.

Diable, another decoration! It was on the tip of Fanfaron's tongue to remind him that an older score had not yet been settled, when the Mactavish cut in.

"Mr. Fanfaron thinks the job ought to be worth twenty thousand francs, your majesty."

The concierge nodded his head eagerly. "Swiss," he added.

A sour look crept into the royal countenance, and the general gave vent to a frank oath of disappointment. Then their eyes met, and in that lightning exchange each read the answer. Watching them, Mac could almost call the words: "What can we do? He has us! A word from him and we are ruined." He reproached himself bitterly for not having named twice the sum.

"You have well earned it, *monsieur le concierge.* That amount will be added to the twenty thousand already due you, and our treasurer will deliver the money before your departure. Can you be ready tomorrow?"

"Tonight, if necessary. Now at this very minute. I do not like a country, your majesty, where they shoot at you from street corners."

The king laughed. "The morning will do very nicely. You understand, I presume, the advisability of keeping a close tongue about this affair?" His tone had grown cold and harsh.

"My lips are sealed. Wild horses could not draw a word out of me."

"Good! Then adieu, *monsieur le concierge.* Everything will be attended to. Pleasant dreams! And—ah—the amount, I believe, is forty thousand francs, all told?"

"Yes, your majesty. Swiss."

What wild horses could not do, human nature achieved. Monsieur Fanfaron had not been home three days before he related the whole story at the Club Helvetia. Why not? The doings of the great were talked over there nightly by the assembled concierges, who knew more backstairs history than all the chancelleries of Europe. The whole story? Every bit! At least that is to say—well, you could hardly expect him to mention the big scene arranged by Mactavish. That would have been a breach of confidence, and so it naturally resulted that Fanfaron consented to impersonate the king simply to take the risk from Alexis' shoulders. And it as naturally followed that the attack was a complete surprise to him.

Of course, they did not believe a word of it. They listened with eager delight, nudging one another, and finally broke into loud jeers. Fanfaron was thunderstruck, hurt in his tenderest point. How, then, had he obtained this decoration? See, here in his lapel—here was the riband. They replied that he had probably bought it in a store, such baubles being obtainable for a few sous. And the black eye, *hein?* They grinned significantly. It was evident to him that they thought Madame Fanfaron had bestowed it and he had invented this weird story to cover his humiliation.

"Very well," sneered Fanfaron; "then how about ——" But he stopped there. He would not tell them about the forty thousand francs on deposit in the Crédit Suisse. He was too cagy for that.

In vain he persisted. The oftener he told the story the more openly derisive they became. The most realistic details were received with shouts of laughter.

"This Fanfaron, he is becoming insufferable!" complained Stauffacher of the Eden-Palace. "The airs he gives himself, and the whoppers he tells! Whoof!"

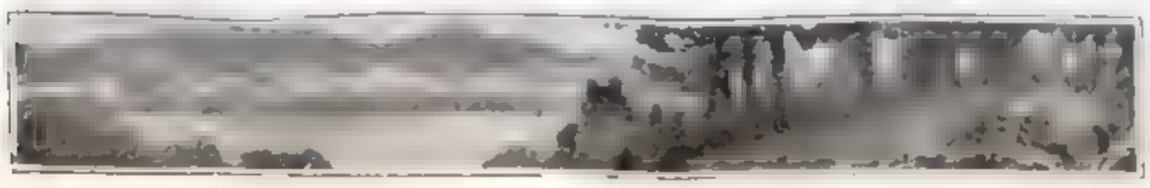
Isn't that always the way? The concierge thought of all the lies he had told at the club which they had swallowed without question, and now they refused to credit the plain, unvarnished truth! Bah!

Eh bien, if they wouldn't believe him, at least he had the satisfaction of knowing how well he had acquitted himself. Sometimes he could still feel the thrill of that blow. He would like to do it again; he could hit harder next time.

Many a time he paused at a bookseller's window on his way to and from work to stare at a photograph of Carpentier. Pouf! Who had ever heard of this man Carpentier vanquishing an anarchist armed with a revolver?

"And this Dempsey," he mused—"this Dempsey they talk so much about—I wonder!"

And the next man he passed in the street Monsieur Fanfaron measured with a professional eye the distance to the point of his chin.



How soon should a letter be answered?

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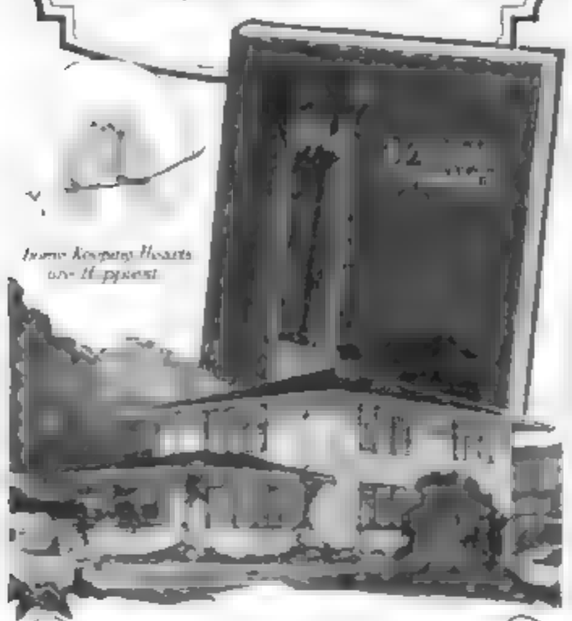

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 35)

subject. He got out one or two numbers. Then the war came along and the magazine died.

He went abroad for the Red Cross and organized prisoner-relief work for the Red Cross with headquarters in Switzerland. When he had got that working he went up to Copenhagen in 1918 and established another prisoner-relief base. He was the third American into Berlin after the Armistice, and his work there was the repatriation of American prisoners of war. He had practically all of them out by January 1, 1919; so the British, who rarely care to turn to Americans for assistance, asked him to figure out a method of getting the British prisoners out of Germany. He did this, and the British accepted the method and handed Husband the official thanks of His Majesty's government. Then he went back to Copenhagen to establish a base of supplies for the feeding of Russian prisoners in Germany, after which he slowly wandered home, where he was content to rest easy and do a little organization work for the Red Cross.

As soon as the Republican Administration began to function on March 4, 1921, it found the country at large writing letters to representatives, senators, cabinet ministers and what not, asking in no uncertain terms, "Well, what are you going to do about immigration?" The Administration's logical and businesslike move was to put the man who knew the most about immigration in the position where he could do the most good. It therefore made William Walter Husband Commissioner General of Immigration on March 15, 1921, which was snappy and commendable work.

Congressmen and a good many other people have been heard to say that the position of Commissioner General of Immigration is one of the most difficult jobs in the government service, and for this reason: There are some thirty things for which aliens may be refused admission to the United States. None the less, a great many aliens who have one or more of these things the matter with them are constantly attempting to get in, and somehow they are able to enlist many strong forces in their behalf. Usually, in such cases, the Commissioner General of Immigration is obliged to withstand the onslaught of these forces, which is difficult. And for another reason, the immigration service deals entirely with human beings, who have to be or ought to be treated as such. Sometimes, because of the huge and unthinking machine at Ellis Island, they aren't treated as such, and then hell is to pay. In such cases the immigration service is discredited, and the Commissioner General, who is not to blame, is the recipient of many brisk kicks.

Like every other unprejudiced and experienced immigration expert, Commissioner General Husband knows that the only good immigration law is the law that admits only the immigrants that a country needs. Back in 1910 he evolved the scheme of admitting immigrants on a percentage basis as a means of temporarily restricting immigration. Some of his ideas have become law, but not all of them. He periodically tells the Senate and the House that certain amendments are needed to make the law a little better, and periodically the Senate and the House accept a few of his suggestions and discard the rest. They work largely on theory and hearsay, while Husband works entirely on experience. Individually the members of the Senate and the House Immigration committees see the value of his recommendations, and agree with them. Collectively they do not see them and will not agree with them.

Fortunately, Commissioner General Husband was trained in Durkee's General Store in Sheldon, Vermont, where he had to sit up every night until the gabby bores went home, so that he could blow out the lights. He is a patient waiter—and needs to be.

THE BUSINESS OF SELLING DISCONTENT

(Continued from Page 25)

held together, advancing from autocracy to democracy. The first step in revolution is disrespect for law and order, and radicalism strikes high up by attacking Divine authority with its "materialistic concept of history." It is because a successful revolution against Divine authority overthrows all lesser authority that the Catholic Church has openly taken the field against radicalism, and a fine analysis of radicalism was made by Pope Benedict when he pointed out the five plagues now affecting humanity:

Challenge to authority;

Fomentation of hatred between man and man;

Abnormal aversion to work;

Excessive thirst for pleasure as the chief aim of life;

Materialism that denies the reality of the spiritual in human life.

Whatever the brand of radicalism, they are all in the bottle.

The consumer of poisonous bootleg whisky may hurt the country indirectly by breaking the law, but most of the damage is done directly to himself. So with the consumption of radical discontent—it isn't the country or the Constitution that needs protection, but the fellow who might get poisoned. People will have real troubles this winter, legitimate reasons for being discontented, and the professional venders of discontent will try to swing them to illegitimate brands.

Good Prospects for Agitators

You can face life with either Yes or No. Yes is positive, constructive. This is an imperfect world, with plenty of injustice, inequality and hard knocks, but the individual can tackle it on the Yes basis, and succeed in life, with a little luck, or at least help make it a better world for those who follow. No is negative, corrosive, destructive. It breaks down the individual spirit, self-reliance, industry. On the No basis one learns to attribute everything wrong with oneself to a mythical system.

The concocter of radical discontent puts up a strong brand of No. And customers are awaiting him in sections of the country, of society and industry that make definite sales territory. If Yes people knew more about who and where these customers are, and why they buy, many sales might be headed off.

For one thing, the vender of discontent does a big business after every unsuccessful strike. The legitimate discontent growing out of a lost strike makes so many customers for radicalism that from the first the radical is always found backing the strike that cannot be won. He has no use for the strike that promises to be successful through the reasonableness of the strikers' demands, the strength of their organization or favorable public opinion. But let a strike be unreasonable, contrary to public opinion, patently wrong because it begins with the breaking of contracts with employers, or is conducted with violence, and the radical is right on the job. The more trouble he can stir up in such a situation, the greater the aftermath of discontent, and the bigger his market.

Then, among working people, certain industries seem to develop more customers than others. Underpaid and unorganized workers are more likely to listen to the agitator than workers who, by dealing directly and intelligently with their real troubles, have secured better wages and working conditions.

Again, workers in sedentary occupations are much better customers for discontent than those in outdoor jobs, provided the latter afford fairly steady employment through the year. And unskilled workers are more hospitable toward radical propaganda than skilled workers.

"You will find a large proportion of radicals among garment workers, cigar makers and operatives in the textile mills," says a labor leader. "There seems to be something about the shut-in, unhealthy nature of such work that breeds discontent and sympathy with radicalism. But among outdoor workers, like men in the building trades and on the railroads, there is almost no radicalism at all. Plenty of discontent, yes, and strikes, too, but it is dissatisfaction with tangible troubles, and the strikes straighten many of them out and improve working conditions. The outdoor worker with fairly steady employment doesn't drown his troubles in radical beliefs. But the reds find plenty of dupes in outdoor occupations that are seasonal, like lumber and harvesting."

Foreigners are good customers for discontent, especially Russians, Letts, Germans, Swedes, and in Canada the Welsh; not simply because they are foreigners or come from countries where radicalism originated, but for other reasons. They make up a large proportion of our unskilled workers. They are often underpaid. People of their own races exploit them. If organized at all, they belong to newer radical unions, like the I. W. W.

The only strike in a big Eastern plant, some years ago, was brought about by radical agitators working among foreign-born employes on the unskilled jobs. That plant has more skilled mechanics than common laborers. The skilled workers belong to trade-unions that unskilled workers cannot join because they haven't learned a trade. Radical agitators got into the plant and began stirring up trouble, organizing the common laborers, not to bring their grievances before the management, but to start a local revolution.

One morning things broke with a snap when the superintendent of another factory came into the works. He was there on ordinary company business, but agitators spread a rumor that he had come to deal with the strike. The unskilled workers started for the gate. Skilled workers formed a line, hand in hand, across the gate to stop the exodus, but unsuccessfully, and for two or three days there was violence, men who stuck to their jobs being assaulted. Trouble was expected on the weekly pay day, radicals assuring their followers that the company would withhold wages due them or make it difficult to get their money. But men who had stayed at work were paid off quietly in the morning, given a half holiday, and the strikers allowed to come in and go to their regular working places, where they were paid promptly. That and the admission of unskilled workers to the regular unions broke the strike, and though this plant is located in a strongly radical city there has been no trouble since. Fair dealing with a class of employes who are almost invariably good customers for radical discontent, and providing a way to settle their real troubles, took their minds off imaginary ones.

These are the customers for undiluted red radicalism, sold openly. As in Russia from Nihilist days, they are persuaded that the system is defrauding them, that they must rise and throw off the shackles, and so on. In Russia, unexpectedly, when the workers rose and threw off their shackles, the first thing they did was to destroy the intellectuals who had urged them to rise.

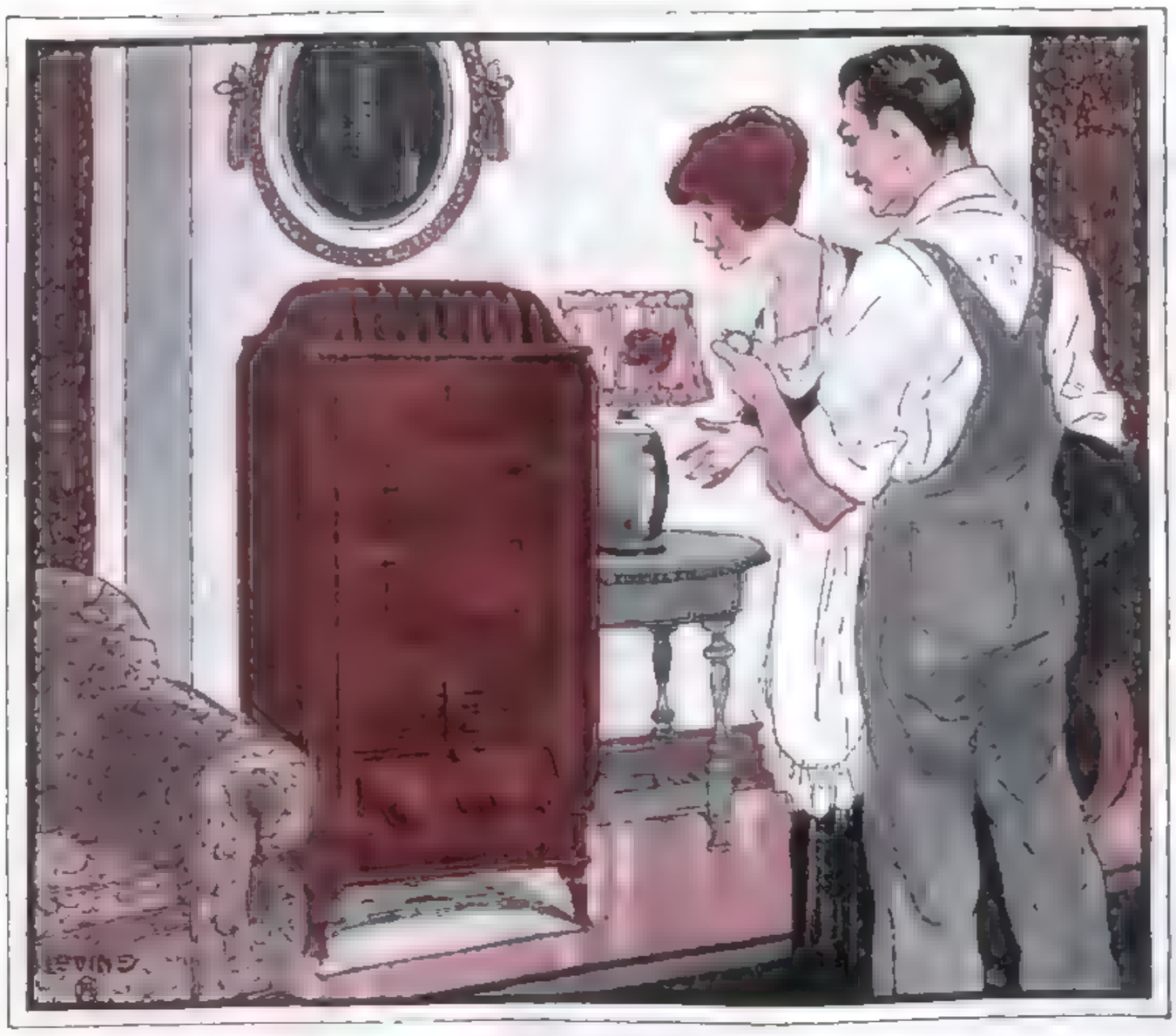
The farmer has been a good customer in some sections of the country where abuses in grading and marketing his products have made him discontented. Transportation tangles this winter will affect him, causing losses through delay in shipping and selling his stuff. But it is with the farmer that concocters of radical discontent begin to tone it down from revolutionary red to lighter shades.

Radicalism Like Mumps

Lighter and lighter shades are sold among teachers, preachers, students, artists, authors, professional people and better-off folks, with no troubles of their own, but with a theoretical interest in other people's troubles. They dabble in radicalism, and want to see it tried, as a matter of fair play, just as minds of a little more practical type take their theory in the form of free trade, single tax or other non-revolutionary liberalism. Radical theories, too, have a natural appeal to young people, who are apt to be much dissatisfied with life while they are trying to get a firm grip on it. A little radical philandering in youth may be beneficial, part of the mind's development, teaching how to distinguish between real difficulties and imaginary ones. But one should get over it, like mumps.

But at bottom, no matter what the pet variety of discontent, or how it may be

(Continued on Page 65)



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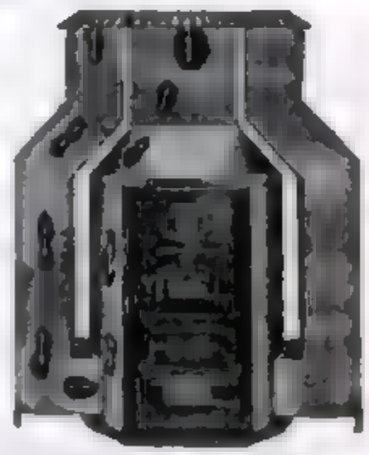

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MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATES. A STOVE, FURNACE AND RANGE FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT —FOR COOKING AND HEATING WITH COAL, WOOD, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

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Electrical appliances are just ideal for Christmas gifts. They are beautiful. They are useful. They last for years, and remembrance of the giver lives with them. And there are many instances where they have really helped to solve the problem that arises when one desires to make a gift to an entire family group; or when several individuals unite to send a gift to another.

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is making waffle more popular than ever. A gift indeed

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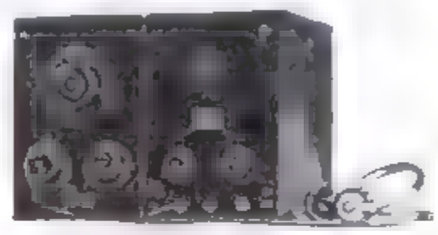

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The Table Stove
It is a remembrance that endures for years and years.

Turnover Toaster
This gift enables the recipient to make the best toast there is

The Cozy Glow
A gift of comfort to the young, the aged, and those in between

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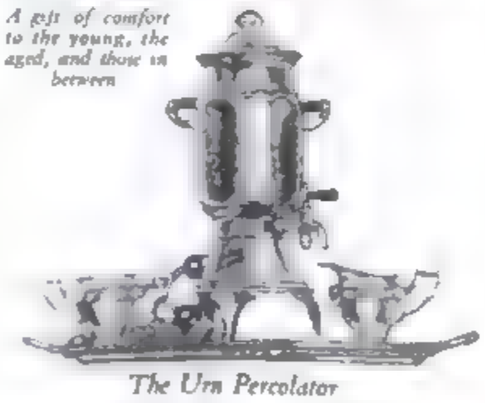

The Urn Percolator
Beauty, utility, and real ability combine in this lovely gift.

MORE CONVENIENCE OUTLETS
MAKE MORE CONVENIENT HOMES

Westinghouse

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(Continued from Page 62)

tinted or sweetened, it strikes at authority, contains Pope Benedict's five plagues, and is bad for the consumer.

"I've met hundreds of radical agitators, ranging all the way from the roughneck proletarian up to the parlor communist," says a labor leader. "But I never saw one that was all there. Some of them are sick men physically, no strength, no pep—whiners instead of fighters. Others are sick temperamentally. Unsuccessful in constructive work or thinking, failures and faultfinders, they discover that they have the ability to make other people discontented and pay for it. Then there are minds that gravitate toward every form of discontent, and are open to every half truth. It needn't be radicalism either. I once met a man who believed that the world was hollow, and that we all lived on the inside of it. He wrote a book to prove the thing to himself, and paid for printing a few hundred copies. Now there were not many of those books in existence. But several years later I met a man who insisted that the world was hollow and we lived on the inside of it. And what do you suppose? He had got hold of that other fellow's book, and it was exactly his kind of a nut delusion. There are minds like this among the people who sell discontent, and a good many more among those who buy it."

Utopian Elixirs

Besides seeking customers in certain industries and among certain classes of people, the vender of discontent finds certain centers where sales are big and easy. Detroit is said to lead all other cities, and is regarded as the center of Bolshevik propaganda in this country. Duluth, Minneapolis, Seattle, Milwaukee, Paterson, the East Side in New York, Schenectady, Lawrence, Vancouver, Toronto and Winnipeg are also excellent markets, chiefly because they are centers for industries and people with legitimate economic troubles. Utopian elixirs are as popular in such communities as patent medicine in a chills-and-fever neighborhood.

Radicalism is not the only brand of discontent, but it is most dangerous because most attractive and easiest to sell. A constructive brand of discontent like the single tax, which proposes far-reaching reforms by orderly methods, is hard to sell—it requires teaching ability in the salesman and intelligence in the customer. But radicalism is beautifully simple in its destructiveness. It proposes setting fire to the house and turning in an alarm to see what will happen.

Among the salesmen who sell discontent the public knows the soap-box orator best. He sells an undisguised brand, openly and honestly, passing the hat or taking his pay out of hats passed elsewhere. Paid radical agitators working in factories, shops, mills and camps as well as in trade-unions are also more or less open in their propaganda, distributing radical literature and starting radical arguments. Still another salesman who works openly and aboveboard is the radical labor leader who organizes unskilled workers not qualified to belong to the older trade-unions, or starts a rival radical union in some organized trade.

Probably three wage earners out of five are in some sort of trouble all the time. It may be idleness due to depression or seasonal work. They may be underpaid or exploited. Disagreeable or dangerous working conditions, overbearing bosses, sickness, debt, strife at home—there are a dozen things the worker may have on his mind. The soap-box orator, workshop agitator and Red labor leader capitalize these personal troubles, show men how badly off they are, and point out a system that can be blamed and used as an alibi for individual bad luck, incapability or failure.

Wherever two or three men get together they discuss wages, jobs, prices, rents. These salesmen mingle with them, take part in the discussions, magnify little discrepancies, stir up dissatisfaction and antagonism. Why isn't Bill as well paid as Dick? And how can Dick be satisfied with himself and his job when he isn't getting as much as Tom? If Bill, Dick and Tom are married their wives can be drawn into the argument and made discontented too. Setting people by the ears in every malicious way is the equivalent of getting the prospect's attention in this field of selling. After that, his personal and legitimate discontent is subtly blended with the illegitimate troubles that do not affect him at all, as he would see if he did a little straight thinking.

In one way and another, authority is blamed, and he is enlisted in the cause, working for *Der Tag* when authority is to be overthrown and an entirely new system established.

Other salesmen work less openly. Discontent is preached from pulpits, embodied in college lectures, delivered in popular courses, distributed in periodicals, pamphlets and books. It need not be political. An artistic or social grouch does just as well. The big sales idea is to start with any real grievance the customer has, magnify it, get him brooding about it and make him discontented with the world generally. If he hasn't a grievance, hand him one.

Most of the progress in this backward world has been achieved by teamwork—mutual understanding, good will, good fellowship. Lately there has been a tendency to improve the world by making people dissatisfied, poisoning good fellowship, destroying the capacity for teamwork, achieving some narrow end through selfishness and hatred. Say "Come on, fellows!" nowadays and propose tackling almost any constructive job, and there is certain to be at least one of the fellows who blocks the project with his suspicious opposition. The milk of human kindness has curdled.

In his studies of the crowd mind an Eastern psychologist went through hundreds of speeches and pamphlets published in Russia since the revolution. He found a striking difference between the utterances of working-class leaders who had come into power and those of the few intellectuals left. Whenever one of the intellectuals spoke there was some idealism, some regard for the rights of others, some idea of observing relations and obligations. With the working-class leaders everything was narrow, selfish, close-fisted. This working-class mind was the direct outcome of several generations of radical preaching by the intellectuals. To accomplish their ends, though often idealists themselves, they reduced propaganda to the narrowest terms, based their movement on discontent and selfish interest, and one of the first things their Frankenstein monster did, after they had created him, was to turn upon the intellectuals and destroy them.

In this country it all depends on just how sick the merchandisers of discontent can make the monster. Obviously, it is a good deal harder on it than it is on the country.

What to do about it?

"Fight fire with fire," say men who are meeting radicalism on its own ground. "Go to the agitator's customers and show them what radicalism really is—the fallacies it is based upon, and the sophistries with which they are led to accept it as a remedy for their real troubles. More workers ought to be on that job."

Doctors for Discontent

But others say, "Discontent and radicalism hurt the fellow who is infected by them more than they hurt the country. Cure the sick man. Help him abolish his real troubles, the causes for legitimate discontent, cultivate good will and good fellowship, and the illegitimate discontent and radicalism will disappear."

Over in England, where discontent has gone much farther than with us, threatening revolution, they are beginning to see that it is far more pathological than political, and propose that the doctor fight it in its aspect of Bolshevism. Recently a British national council of mental hygiene has been formed, to study the mind and body of the worker. Rather than as a political movement, Bolshevism is regarded as a mental and economic disease. It is based on ignorance. Agitators have warped legitimate discontent and suspicion to their own ends, while the constructive people of the community have been doing nothing. The cure of this malady will be begun by curing the causes of discontent. Men cannot be fit or contented if they are overworked, are worried, have too little recreation. They must be helped to think straight about their legitimate troubles, and helped to cure them.

A London chain of restaurants has been losing four hundred thousand dollars a year in broken crockery. Various schemes have been tried to cut down this loss. Employes have been required to deposit part of their wages with the company and pay for breakage in fines. Far from stopping breakage, this has simply made employes discontented. Finally the doctor was called in. Psychologists have studied the problem, and say that employes break crockery not through carelessness but because they are under nervous strains that can be eliminated by better working conditions.

Working on one's feet when the job could be done sitting, working in badly lighted, dirty or noisy places, coming and going in rush hours which might be avoided by "staggered" hours, trying to keep pace with machines that are badly adjusted to human capacity—these are only a few of the things that, the doctor finds, cause nervous strain, make people discontented and open the way for the agitator.

The waiter and dishwasher break the crockery, and the boss fires them. In unseen ways this metamorphoses the waiter and dishwasher, susceptible by trade to radicalism, and they turn Bolshevist and propose to smash society's crockery. But if the boss gets a prescription from the doctor, and eases the strain in working conditions, he can probably save more than enough crockery to pay the bill. For wherever working conditions create nervous strain, psychologists say, the boss is paying in breakage, spoilage, waste or loss of some sort.

Instead of fighting radicalism directly, men who know what's on the worker's mind, as employment and personnel experts, say it is better to help people think straight. The doctor prescribes better working conditions. The employment psychologist prescribes better information on economic subjects. Very often the boss undertakes to fight radical propaganda with counter propaganda, or there are agencies that will do it for him, distributing among his employes literature that whoops it up for the country, the Constitution and content as hard as the radical literature whoops it up for discontent and Utopia. That kind of content is hard to sell. Employes expect the boss is trying to put something over. So does the farmer when conservative agencies try to keep him out of radicalism in marketing.

Ineffective Antidotes

A recent study of counter propaganda shows that much of it is ineffective. The boss distributes it in underhand ways. Written in the toplofty style of the economist, average folks cannot get the story clearly. It is obviously self-interested and paternalistic in tone. Worst of all, it is too rosy in its optimism, assuring people that this is the land of opportunity where anybody can rise by his own efforts—look at Carnegie, Schwab, Ford, and so on. It doesn't sound true because it isn't true. This is a land of more opportunities than any other on earth, but a fellow must have a certain amount of luck. The counter propaganda would sound more convincing if it included some stories like that of Herbert Spencer's uncle.

Herbert Spencer's uncle had an unqualified belief in the sufficiency of self-help. If a man didn't succeed in life it was his own fault. This belief had been strengthened by a wide experience of paupers and pauperism. For years he had found misconduct and distress going together, and took them for cause and effect, making no allowance for bad health, accidents and calamity, which are often factors in the equation of success. That was a kind of misconduct that almost always led to failure. He had such a horror of speculation that he kept clear of all business dangers, didn't know where they lay, and in his old age lost all his money in a railroad enterprise, learning that the wicked do often thrive, and worthy people suffer from conditions that they cannot remedy.

Average folks know this. The merchandiser of discontent sells them his wares because the thing is actually happening to them. Optimistic counter propaganda does not convince them, and has the shortcoming of being negative where the rosy picture of the radical Utopia has the advantage of being definite, even if it isn't true.

There is plenty of real trouble in the world. A stand-up fight against one's own troubles and a healthy interest in other folks' difficulties, with teamwork, will often straighten things out. But worry about the counterfeit troubles that the discontent merchant sells is bad for the system. Straight thinking, to keep real troubles from getting tangled up with imaginary ones, seems to be what is needed, chiefly—straight thinking for the other fellow as well as for oneself, and quite a lot of it this coming winter.

Half a million men who like to get up on cold mornings

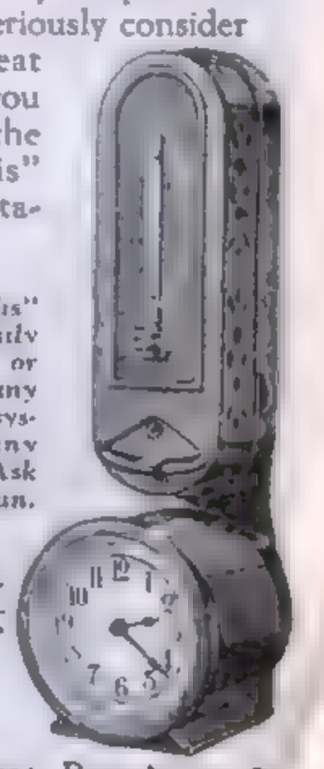
These men get up with a smile. They hum and whistle as they dress in a room which has been made comfortably warm by automatic heat control. They start the day right.

To experience this early morning comfort for a single winter is worth the price of a "Minneapolis" Heat Regulator. Yet its comfort really costs nothing, for the fuel it saves pays for it.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

maintains constant temperature, saves fuel, prevents physical discomfort and care and worry. Perfect control of temperature resolves itself into the simple act of setting the indicator for any temperature you want. Seriously consider automatic heat control and you will install the "Minneapolis" without hesitation.



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Only foresight can protect you. The man who *deals* in foresight is the reliable insurance agent or broker.

He will tell you your risks and protect you from them. He will assure you the *benefit* of foresight — preparedness. Consult him as the protector of your future.

From 1792 the Insurance Company of North America has protected the property, the profits and the progress of individuals and institutions with care, constancy and unalterable honesty.

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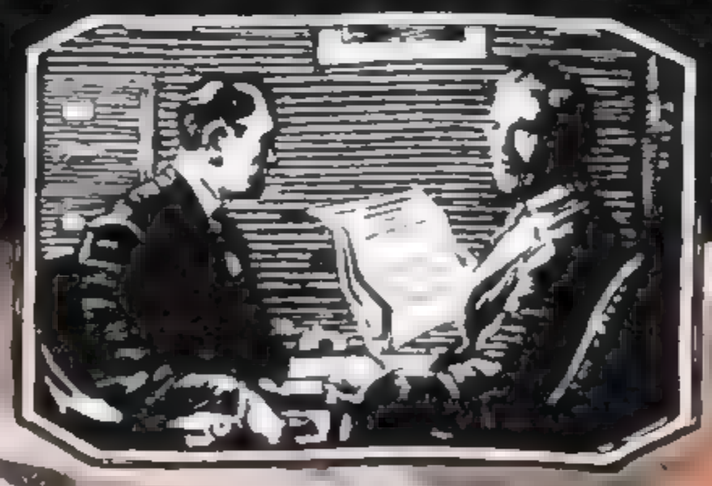

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

(Continued from Page 21)

memorized from a book—about the early Greek poets. Miss Yelverton listened gravely. Now and then she said 'Really?' or 'Not really?'

"I shivered inwardly, and plunged into an attack on romance. I sneered at sentiment. I jeered at love. I made nasty remarks about Romeo and Juliet. I implied that Dante and Beatrice were no better than they should have been, if as good. I deplored kissing. I pointed out of the window to where two young lovers were sitting on a bench on the boulevard, shamelessly holding hands, and suggested that I send for the police. Then, for the first time, I noted a glimmer of interest in the icy blue eye of Miss Yelverton.

"I called on her again. I brought her a book by a Bavarian scientist proving that love is a disease and urging that young lovers be given hatfuls of mustard as soon as the symptoms are detected. She said that she agreed with the theory, and we went for a walk in the Luxembourg Gardens to discuss the scientific aspects of horticulture. We were talking—that is to say, I was—about the proper spray for ladybugs, when a tall tanned young man, with a most mournful countenance, passed us. He was an American; I could tell it by his shoes. He looked at Miss Yelverton. I have never seen such a hopeful-hopeless look on a human face as I saw on the face of that young man. She nodded to him, one stiff cold little nod that would have given a polar bear pneumonia. He passed on, his rather handsome face full of woe. I looked a question at Miss Yelverton.

"'Oh, that's Billy Parker,' she said carelessly. 'He followed me to Paris. I've told him never to speak to me again. Billy's a nice boy, but he is so old-fashioned; he is sentimental, poor thing. He can't be with me five minutes without proposing to me. It's very tiresome. I've told him again and again that I hate the idea of marriage.'

"'You hate it?'

"'Yes; I'll never marry.'

"'Never?'

"'Never!'

"'You don't believe in romance, then?'

"'Romance is for fools,' said Miss Yelverton.

"'Ah, I agree with you with all my heart!' I tell this remarkable woman. 'Sentiment? Bah! Romance? Bah! Love? Bah! That's how I feel. To me, marriage should be simply an alliance of minds.'

"'Really?'

"'Yes,' I say, as we sit on a bench, 'minds like ours.'

"'Indeed?' says Miss Yelverton.

"This is the opening I have been angling for. I rushed on.

"'Yes,' I say, 'why not? You are an eyebrow. I am an eyebrow. Here we sit, talking dispassionately—no hand-holding, no carving initials on the trunks of trees, no sweet nothings about big strong manums and booful 'ittle womans, no romantic foolishness at all, just beautiful intellectual harmony ——'

"'Well?'

"'What I propose, Miss Yelverton, is a, so to speak, marriage.'

"She looks at me with those frosty blue eyes and I feel like a shrimp in a refrigerator. Then she speaks.

"'Not while I'm conscious,' she says.

"I was nonplused. I admit it, monsieur. I, Bombier, was nonplused.

"'But why?' I asked.

"'I shall never marry,' she said. 'Never. I have my career—my art.'

"I smiled; I had heard her sing: singing with her may have been a career, but it certainly was not an art.

"'But I do not ask you to give up your career,' I protested.

"'I want my freedom,' she said. 'Besides, there's something so sentimental about marriage. Love is always getting mixed up in it. I hate love. Love is for the weak. No, monsieur, I shall never marry.'

"What a woman! I saw she meant it. There was nothing coquettish about Miss Yelverton. My campaign had made no more impression on her than a gnat could make on the Arc de Triomphe. It gave me a blueness, monsieur. In my perplexity I went to see Dr. Max Spinet. I found him taking a cat apart to see what made it purr.

"'Ah,' he cried, 'and have you captured the golden icicle!'

"'Alas, no,' I said, making a long face. 'I am frost-bitten. She is a veritable Verdun. I could not take her. I was repulsed.'

"'Quite bowled over, eh?' said Max. 'Tell me about it.'

"I told him all; he listened, sucking on a cigarette, his Nile-green eyes a-glitter.

"'And so you see, Max,' I concluded, 'I might as well try to melt one of Greenland's icy mountains. She is too much the eyebrow ever to marry.'

"For some minutes his green eyes were fastened on the purple rug of his study. Then he puffed smoke through his thin nose and cried, 'Attend, Lucien! I have it. An idea!'

"'What now, Max?'

"'You must, you shall wed this adamantine Amazon! Your future demands it.'

"'But how?'

"'She declares, does she not, that she despises romances and hates love?'

"'She does, most emphatically.'

"'Then we will make her change her mind.'

"'Impossible'

"'Not at all. Human emotions can be controlled as easily as a chauffeur controls a taxi. I can make this American Minerva fall in love as easily as I can make a guinea pig twitch with electricity.'

"'Miss Yelverton is no guinea pig,' I stated.

"'But she is a woman,' said Max. 'And she is human. All human beings are at heart romantic.'

"'I'm not,' I interrupted hotly.

"Max shrugged.

"'No one asked you to be,' he said. 'But we must make Miss Yelverton as romantic as a boarding-school girl on a moonlight night.'

"'But how?'

"'By suggestion.'

"'Suggestion?'

"'Yes. Attend, Lucien. Love is, I have discovered, as contagious as the measles; more so, if the victim is exposed to it properly. You must expose Miss Yelverton to romance. You must make her see Cupids all day and dream of them at night.'

"But I know nothing of romance,' I protested. 'I shudder at its very name, you know.'

"'Go on shuddering,' said Max. 'But do it in private. But in her presence you must be the perfect picture of a young man in love. Do as I say, Lucien, and in six weeks I guarantee that you'll have this stern and ice-bound beauty calling you Lucy-oocy.'

"'But I don't want her to.'

"'Can you live without lobster?'

"I was forced to admit that I probably could not.

"'Very well, then,' said Max. 'For the sake of a life of unlimited lobster make her a convert to romance. Surround her with it. Suggest it every second. She'll thaw. I guarantee it.'"

Monsieur Bombier had finished the current lobster. He covertly pulled out a wallet, counted its contents, and ordered a third lobster thermidor.

Then he sighed and went on: "I followed the plan Max suggested. My first gun in the campaign of suggestion was to send Miss Yelverton a bunch of red roses—the flower of sentiment—and Swinburne's love poems. I followed this with one of Whitman's impassioned volumes. Then I sent a little poem of my own; it was very tender; Max wrote it for me. I called on her.

"Whenever she looked at me I sighed like a broken bellows. I even contrived to blush. I adopted all the moonstruck mannerisms of the romantic actors at the Odéon. I took Miss Yelverton for a moonlight walk in the Bois de Boulogne. This served two purposes. For one thing it enabled me to escape hearing Miss Pratt, that terrible person, sing. Had we stayed in the apartment she would have sung. You've no idea, monsieur, how badly she could sing. And her conversation was no improvement on her singing. My second reason for choosing the Bois was very crafty. On a spring night it is the most romantic spot in the world. On all the benches sit young lovers, whispering to each other. Or else one meets them, strolling arm in arm, talking softly and now and then pausing to kiss. The perfume of love fills the air. Some may like it, but I always found the place sickening. On that account I myself could not be dragged to the Bois de Boulogne on a spring, or any other night. I felt that the sights one sees there were deeply to be deplored.

"But I did not let Miss Yelverton know my true feeling. No, indeed. Instead, I murmured, 'Ah, the young lovers! How happy they are!'

"And Miss Yelverton, who had been very silent and observant, said, 'I wonder!'

"A week before she would have sniffed. I felt I was making progress. I was, indeed, playing the romantic rôle so well that I felt a faint glow of toleration for the young lovers myself.

"Ah, my friend, if there is one place in the world where it is easy to find an atmosphere of romance it is Paris in the springtime. I overlooked no opportunity, I can assure you. I sent Miss Yelverton sentimental novels, dozens of them, dripping with pure love—Paul and Virginia, that sort of thing. I read them myself, of course, to be sure that they had just the right romantic flavor. Subtle, that's what I was, and insinuating. We went together to the Louvre and I lingered before the more sentimental pictures. I came to know every dimple on every Cupid in that vast collection.

"One glorious day, scented with May flowers, I took Miss Yelverton to Versailles and we strolled to the rustic village where once a queen and her court played at being peasants and tasted the pleasures of rustic love.

"'Behold!' I exclaimed, pointing to the quaint thatched cottages, 'there may be something in this love business, after all. Even queens seem to enjoy it.'

"'I wonder!' said Miss Yelverton.

"We peered into the little old-fashioned mill—for the village was complete, as you know, even to a dairy—and there in the semidarkness on a bench was someone—two someones, in fact—a boy and a girl. She was a pretty little thing, in a cheap black dress and a perky little hat with violets on it, probably some work girl from a toy factory in the Marais, and he was, doubtless, some apprentice boy. They had stolen away to snatch a day of happiness in the country and they were gazing into each other's eyes as if they momentarily expected to be torn from each other. They were quite oblivious of our presence, for even as we stood in the doorway we heard him murmur 'My dear little one!' and we saw their lips meet.

"The place was flecked with shadows, the light was uncertain, but I could have sworn I saw Miss Yelverton's eyes grow two degrees brighter. We went out into the sunlight of that perfect spring day, and on the thatched roof of the mill we saw two pigeons talking to each other. I waved my hand toward them.

"'Even they,' I said, 'know love.'

"We passed the fountains where the royal goldfish were swimming about. Two beauties were browsing together on the bottom.

"'Husband and wife, perhaps,' I whispered. 'Or lovers.'

"Miss Yelverton smiled; yes, actually smiled.

"We rode home slowly in an ancient open barouche—a vehicle most romantic, monsieur—and I talked to her of the happiness of sitting by one's own fireside, surrounded by little prattlers. On the way back to Paris I had our driver take us down a rural lane to a tiny cottage where an old nurse of mine lived with her equally venerable husband. A pretty picture they made, that old couple, sitting together on a bench in the sunshine, a wistaria vine shading their white heads. A most affecting sight, monsieur, were those two old ones in the late autumn of life, and you may be sure that I made sure that this was not lost on Miss Yelverton.

"'Observe,' I said, as we drove away, 'what love means when one is old. And one is not forever young, Edith.'

"I dared the 'Edith'; she did not appear to resent it; my heart gave a hop, the happy hop of imminent success. This American Amazon was, as it were, within my grasp. On the way back to her apartment I talked eloquently of the thrill of eloping. I did not openly suggest, of course, that she and I elope. The time was not quite ripe for that yet. But, as you

(Continued on Page 69)

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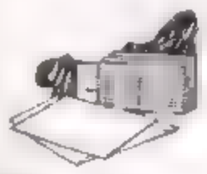

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(Continued from Page 67)

Americans say, I sold her the idea of eloping. I described historic elopements, notable flights to Gretna Green, the still night with the castle asleep, the daring lover clambering up the ivy vines to the balcony where his loved one awaited him, the swift reassuring kiss, the hastily scrawled note pinned on milady's pincushion, the descent down a rope ladder, the flight on the palfrey, the pursuit, the escape to a clergyman, and then, bliss eternal. Ah, monsieur, you should have heard me; I talked like one inspired. And, indeed, I was inspired by the vision of a life of lobster and luxury.

"We stopped in front of her apartment house on the Boulevard Raspail. A sound most harrowing was issuing from the window of her apartment; it was the terrible Miss Pratt singing. What a voice! I parted with Miss Yelverton at the door. I dared to press her hand; she let it linger in mine.

"'Tonight,' I said in a fervent husky whisper, 'I will come.' And then I added, 'For you.' Her eyes were shining.

"Monsieur, I returned to my own chambers to dress with care for the final attack. It was while tying my tie that I first noticed that something strange and alarming had happened to me. My hands were trembling. At first I thought I was ill But no, that could not be it. I felt elated and depressed, joyously mad and painfully happy. I felt odd sensations fluttering beneath my shirt bosom. I went to the window for a breath of fresh air. Ah, monsieur, beware the air of Paris in the spring. It is deadly. How long I stayed at the window, gazing into the twilight, I know not. I was called back to earth by a peculiar noise; it was a sigh, a genuine sigh. I, Bombier, had uttered it.

"A horrid suspicion thrust itself into my consciousness. Could it be possible? Yes, it not only could be but it was. I, Bombier, was in love! Yes, there could be no doubt of it. I was in love. I had done my work all too well. In infecting Edith with the disease of love I had caught it myself. I was caught in my own trap, hoist by my own petard. But what did I care? Edith was waiting for me, and she was as highly charged with the electricity of romance as I myself was. Her eyes had sparkled as I spoke of eloping. 'Tonight,' I said aloud, 'is the night.'

"As I could not conveniently get a palfrey to spirit her off on, I took a taxi instead. I sped to her apartment. How my heart was beating! Bip, bip, bip, bip, bip. I skipped up the stairs. Bip, bip, bip, bip, went my heart. I rang the bell. The terrible Miss Pratt opened the door. From her excited eyes I could tell that something had happened.

"'I've come to see Miss Yelverton,' I said, my voice very cracked and funny.

"'She's not here,' said Miss Pratt.

"'Where is she?' I demanded.

"'I don't know,' answered Miss Pratt. 'I left her in her room. She must have climbed down the fire escape. I found this on the floor.'

"She held in her hand a note. I seized it. It was in Miss Yelverton's precise handwriting and it read:

> How can my big strong Billy willy be so silly? Of course his Edie-weedie is not in love with that funny ickle frogums. She loves only her drate bid Melican Manums. If he will come for her at seven she will prove it by running away to Gretna Green with him.
>
> EDIE.

"'What does this mean?' I asked in a voice of thunder.

"'I guess,' said Miss Pratt, 'that it means Edith has run off with Billy Parker.'

"'I was afraid so,' I gulped, my senses reeling. 'But what does "funny ickle frogums" mean?'

"Miss Pratt became very red, and began to stammer. Then my dazed brain comprehended that 'funny ickle frogums' meant me.

"I collapsed into a chair. Miss Pratt brought me a glass of cognac. The room was lit only by candles and she was wearing a rather attractive gown of green. In the half light she was not unpleasing to the eye. Remember, monsieur, that I was as full of love that night as a hive is of bees. Love was buzzing round inside me; it was imperious. I had it in its most virulent form I said to her, 'Miss Pratt, have you ever fallen in love?'

"She laughed that laugh of hers.

"'Have I? Don't be foolish, old pin. It's one of the easiest things I do.'

"My romance was like compressed steam inside me; if I did not let it out I'd burst. I dropped to my knees—I, Bombier, the cynic.

"'It is you,' I cried, 'that I am mad about! You, you, you, my, my beautiful Mabel! I may be only a funny ickle frogums, but I adore you. Fly with me! Oh, fly with me!'

"Well, monsieur, she did fly with me. We flew. We eloped to Chantilly, Miss Pratt and I, that very night. The taxi bill was two hundred and ninety-four francs."

Monsieur gazed at the last vestige of lobster with sad eyes; the rueful expression came back to his eyebrows.

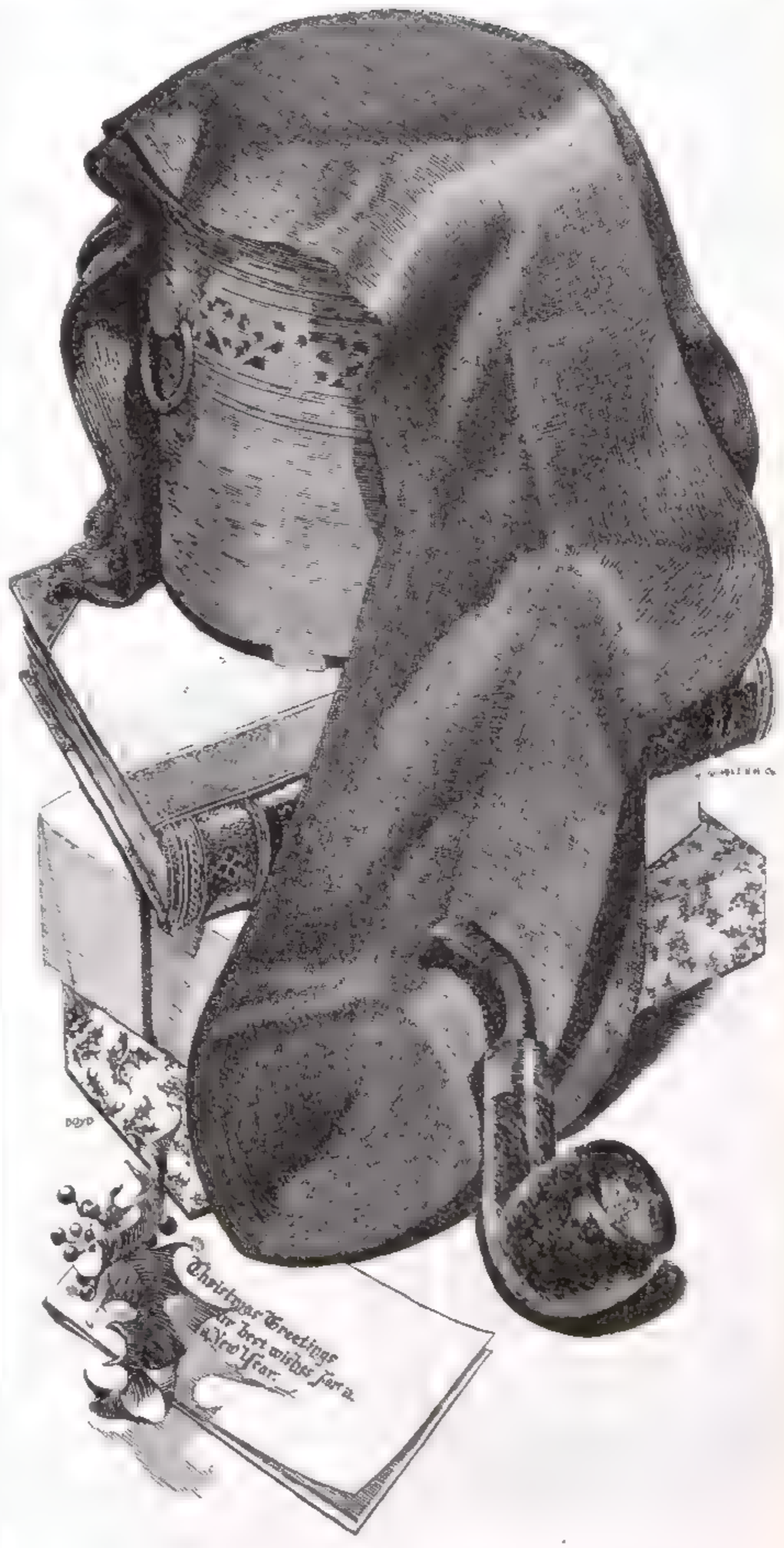
"We have a tiny flat in the Rue Jacob," he said. "Mabel practices the scales all day. Her voice does not improve. And I, Bombier, what do I do? I go to work. Each morning I go to the Bon Marché, the big department store, and stand behind a counter all day. Mabel makes me. I sell toys, monsieur—Eddie bears, wretched, silly little fuzzy Eddie bears, all day long. That is what a love of luxury and lobster led me to, monsieur—selling Eddie bears. My old life of ease is closed to me. There is but one way that I can recapture a glimpse of my old golden days. That is by coming here and having an orgy—a lobster orgy. For a time, a little brief time, I can forget those miserable Eddie bears. For a time I can play that I am the Bombier that might have been. Lobster thermidor represents to me the essence of all I have lost. That is why I said it is my life."

Bombier read a question in my glance.

"How do I get the money?" he said. "Ah, how I slave for it! You see, I get a commission on the Eddie bears I sell. When I feel the call of lobster I work furiously. I sell like one possessed by seven devils of salesmanship. I compel mammas to buy Eddie bears for their howling infants; I seduce old gentlemen into buying Eddie bears. I plead, I argue, I wheedle. Then, when I have earned enough extra to buy one, two, three lobsters, I come here and snatch a bit, a mere fragment, of my old life. Lobster is my only link with those happy days before I tried to mix science and love. Ah, lobster ——"

Bombier broke off, his voice husky, his eyes moist. He wiped his eyes with his napkin and leaned toward me eagerly.

"If monsieur ever is in need of some very nice Eddie bears ——" he began.



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SHOCK

(Continued from Page 11)

The marvel nodded. He fired a fresh cigarette and blew smoke in a series of lopsided rings against the wind coming freshly through falling rain. Then he began to pound his flat stomach carelessly with both dark fists while he gazed at the sky.

He observed, "Be a lot of talk, mamma."

"Your sisters'll naturally have several things to say, Dammy, about us takin' Babe in. As for his leavin' Lucille, there'll be a big argument. You were abs'lutely right when you said that Lucille looks like a Jap'nese dancin' girl, and I notice that men never seemed to admire her so much; but there's always one woman in this county that the other women make a fuss over for reasons hidden"—Mrs. Egg panted—"from me. To be skinny like a rolled-up umbrella and paint your face white as a new sheet is somehow very fashionable. I hear that two milliners and a he dressmaker came down from Cleveland so that Lucille could be in the right kind of mournin' for her adopted father-in-law. As for her always havin' green cakes at tea parties, it's my belief that pistachio is the lowest kind of flavorin' known to mankind. My gee! The things that people get admired for. . . . But Babe looks pretty washed out, Dammy. I guess he might have been sort of fond of old Coventry."

Adam shook his head and Mrs. Egg accepted judgment promptly.

"I don't see why he should have been either. Still, to have even a adopted father get shot would be a kind of shock to most folks. People ain't gen'rally so steady as you, Dammy. To be six foot four and a half and have been champion wrestler of the United States Navy and have been all the way to Japan is an advantage," she pondered, "which most ain't had. Well, I'll run into the hospital and see Benj'mina a minute, and you might get one of the men to wipe the kitchen floor some. That woman simply wasn't san'tary. You'll have to put up with my cookin' a while now, Dammy."

Her child's eyelashes flickered. He blew smoke from his left nostril and stated, "Mamma, I'd rather eat your cookin' than all of Paris. Don't talk so damn foolish!"

"Mercy, Dammy!" Mrs. Egg blushed with the burning force of the compliment and nibbled the last chocolate. "Well, you go listen to Babe's troubles and I'll see what could be done about lunch."

Adam lifted his feet and the machine rolled superbly down the mud, its engine crackling. Mrs. Egg drove absently from the clay to the brick pavement of Ilium's central avenue and shouted amiably to friends on the wet sidewalks. Her mind now wallowed in projects of food for Adam and she barely glanced at the cocoa-colored high bulk of the Coventry house in its yard filled with clipped and distorted bushes. She paused at the candy shop for a drink of boiling chocolate which a clerk brought down to the curb, and studied out a device of seven dishes while she fished for the last floating lump of whipped cream. But dessert?

She puzzled, driving on, and looked with interest at some hothouse melons, pallid in straw, at her favorite grocer's door. The grocer waved new vegetables for her choice, and Mrs. Egg dimly saw her three daughters advancing under correct umbrellas in a mixed fringe of their offspring.

"Well, girls," she said rather vaguely, "I just fired the cook. What's your news?"

"We're going up to see how Lucille Coventry feels, mamma," the oldest young matron said with grave consequence. "She very nearly fainted after the funeral yesterday."

Mrs. Egg fingered an alligator pear dubiously. She beamed at the tall, pretty women and drawled, "You'll likely find Lucille up and active this morning. Sue, what'll all the babies do while you're holdin' Lucille's lily-white hands and lookin' her new clothes over?"

The mixture of grandchildren mentioned a cat in tones of united passion, and the second daughter said, "They can play with Omar, mamma."

"Oh, that's the cat Babe's always settin' on Lucille's steps with? To have a good cat for society while married," she mused, "would be somethin'. A cat has some virtues. For instance, if can't give tea parties and make its husband pass pistachio cakes to thirty-five women. And it don't giggle like a "

"Mamma!" the youngest daughter hissed.

Mrs. Egg selected three alligator pears from the grocer's armful and increased her vocal range, observing, "Fern, that laugh of Lucille's has grown on her until Dammy was sayin' it reminds him of a hyena he heard in a zoo at somewheres in It'ly when his last ship was there. But I don't doubt she's mournin' Babe's adoptive dad elegantly and you can get points for if any of your husbands get taken from you."

The oldest and youngest daughters sighed an objection. The second daughter said cordially, "Well, mamma, about all there is to Lucille is her clothes."

"Birdie," Mrs. Egg declared, "that's perfectly true and I'm glad you're game to say so. It's often occurred to me that if Lucille's grandpoppa hadn't made money tradin' hosses in the Civil War, and she had to wear plain things, that her tea parties would be pretty small. As for her tellin' me that it was kind of common to let Dammy enlist for an ordinary sailor back in 1917, why, golden Jerusalem! It struck me as a perfectly senseless remark, because they simply don't appoint seventeen-year-old boys admirals no matter how tall and intell'gent. As to her hangin' herself over with black crêpe at God knows what a yard, it strikes me as kind of hypocritical, seein' that she snubbed old Coventry every time she saw him in public. Not that he was anything to make a tumult about ——"

"Mamma!"

"Fern," Mrs. Egg yawned, "I'm sorry to be offensive to you. Coventry's been murdered, of course, and he was a pretty fair vet'rinary; and I never make jokes about hoss doctors, because a good vet is a blessin' when you keep over a hundred cows like we do. But I thought he was a crawly kind of man, and even if he was licensed to practice on human beings, I notice none went to him except colored persons and servant girls and such. Nor was he ever awful kind to Babe. I'm sorry he got murdered, because a person's entitled not to be; and I must say that the police don't seem to be coverin' themselves with glory. Dead more'n a week and they ain't even arrested a knife grinder or a crazy hired man, which all police us'lly manage to do in these cases pretty quickly. Murders never shock me unless I'm interested in the person made a corpse of. Now if anybody went and killed Babe Coventry I'd be real concerned. Particularly," she said, starting her engine, "as anybody wantin' to would have to come out to our house to do it. So long, girls."

Chuckles shook her chins as she drove down the street. An iridescent view of Lucille Coventry abandoned among her colored pillows in the vast stone house danced before Mrs. Egg's mental eyes. But she glanced at the slain veterinary's tiny house in the region about the railroad. A neglected streamer of black muslin dangled limp from his doorbell, and some children were plainly playing murder on the concrete step, and a hitched dun mule gazed thoughtfully at their game, its flanks quivering slowly to impacts of rain. Mrs. Egg grimaced and sent her car across the tracks quickly. She passed through the frowzy stretch of cottages beyond and turned up the oak-shaded drive of the Egg Memorial County Hospital. The building's warm red brick pleased her always, and she pointed a gay yell at open windows of the second floor. The charming arched nose and fiery hair of Mrs. Adam Egg appeared. Adam's mother settled comfortably on her cushions and called, "Well, Benj'mina, I fired the cook!"

"And now you'll simply revel in cooking things for Dammy, won't you, mother?"

"I will when I've got the kitchen san'tary after her, honey. The end came when she tried to make griddlecakes without greasin' the griddle this A.M. Dammy's nose got white on the nostrils like it does when he's horribly annoyed with a thing and I fired her. Which reminds me that Babe Coventry has fired himself from his wife's society and is now one of our hired men. The shock to your sisters-in-law will be pretty awful, Benj'mina," Mrs. Egg laughed, "but they will enjoy tellin' you the details after lunch, no doubt. You're from Cleveland and used to seein' more extraordinary persons than Lucille, so you can't comprehend how kind of sacred Lucille Webster Coventry is around here."

Benjamina linked her slim hands on the window sill and reflected, sneezing: "Dammy doesn't think much of her. She is extraordinary-looking, mother. She's really been very polite to me, though. But her house looks like a furniture store. She ——"

Benjamina sneezed again.

"Get back inside and don't catch cold, honey. Oh, try and think of a dessert for lunch, lamb."

"Cream-cheese sandwiches with blobs of currant jelly on them," Adam's wife decided.

"My gee! You are inventive, Benj'mina. Yes, Dammy ate some ten of those Christmas supper when I thought he was completely filled—so far as poss'ble—and easy made too. Good-by, honey. Dammy misses your apple puddin' awful."

Mrs. Egg sped through Ilium and paused to buy six cream cheeses only. Her car slid along the lane to the barnyards while she wondered whether Adam would eat more than a dozen, and she had to jam a brake viciously near the garage as a monstrous cat leaped back from her wheels. It looked with dignity and reproach at Mrs. Egg as she dismounted, flirting its black tail.

"Came with Babe Coventry," a farm hand told her, collecting her parcels. "Had it in a basket."

Mrs. Egg said, "Mercy! Its name is Omar. I wonder if it's a Persian cat. Omar is a Persian person that wrote songs that were sung at parties a good deal when Dammy was a baby."

"He's named Omar Bundy, Mis' Egg," said the farm hand; "for the gen'ral, I guess. . . . Babe says the cow'll get along. He gave her some sulphur."

Omar walked delicately among the puddles of the path to his new home. Mrs. Egg admired the tawny mottlings of his dark fur and he superintended her ascent of the kitchen steps, his green eyes placid and his fluffy tail draped gracefully from the top step. He escorted the edge of her skirt to the door and mewed once as Mrs. Egg opened it. Water laden with bubbles of soap swept across the sill and Adam looked up from a scrubbing brush to say "'Lo, mamma," abstractedly, his cigarette caught in an end of his wide, dull-red mouth.

"My gee, Dammy! You've certainly done a day's work already!" Mrs. Egg sat down on a high chair and gazed at Adam's acts. The brass of the sink had been polished and the oilcloth shone through the mask of suds. A table was piled with bright dishes. The giant's brush smote grease from the plane of zinc under the stove. His mother sighed, "You're a comfort, Dammy. . . . Where's Babe?"

Adam said "Bed," and knelt, balancing the brush on the hairless depth of a brown forearm's muscles. He had changed from his scarlet jersey and trim corduroy breeches to a simpler costume; retired and faded overalls worn last during apple harvest covered him sufficiently, and Omar jumped from the cool rim of the stove to stand purring on the slope of a yellow shoulder.

"That cat's grandmamma must have been a lion, Dammy. . . . So Babe's feelin' badly?"

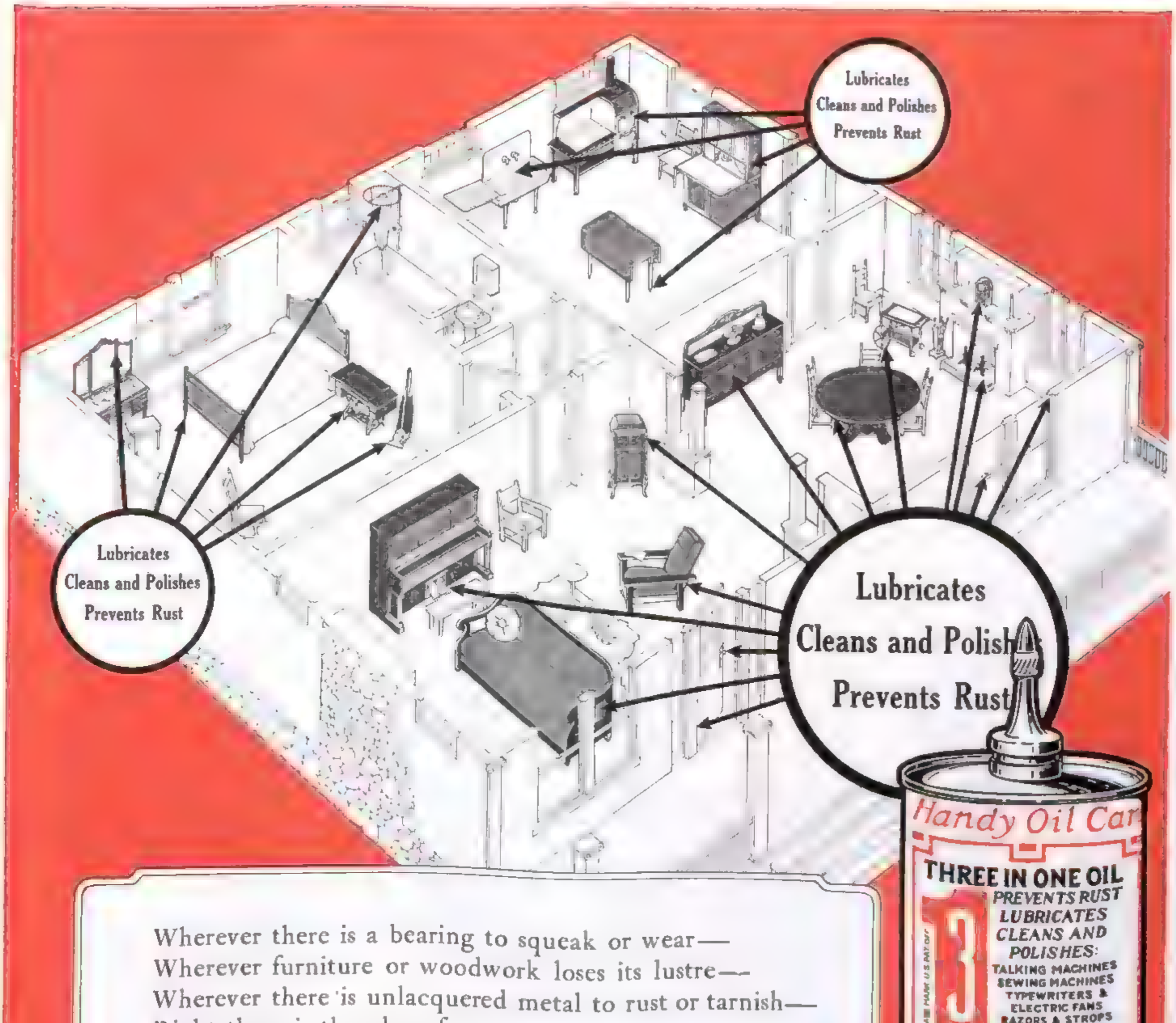
"Took cold walkin' around town all night makin' his mind up, mamma. Gave him those pajamas Fern made me Christmas." Adam took a gold case from the breast of his garment, let Omar sniff a cigarette and went on, "The Babe's pretty bad off, mamma. Bruises all over his back."

"Dammy Egg!" his mother squealed. "You don't mean Lucille's been throwin' things at him?"

"He didn't say," said Adam, and bent to work again.

Omar strolled from the stooping shoulder and sat stately on his host's back, where the straps of the overalls crossed above an ornate oblong of surface. This strip of bright tattooing touched Mrs. Egg profoundly. The mixed flags and flowers effaced a patriotic but dismoded sentence in pink—Damn Kaiser Bill. Benjamina had been permitted to select the new designs inscribed during the honeymoon at Atlantic City, and the tribute to his wife's taste must have hurt horribly. Fine foliations and intricacies of red and blue danced on the agitation of working strength. Mrs. Egg watched the cat balance and absently admired its poise.

(Continued on Page 72



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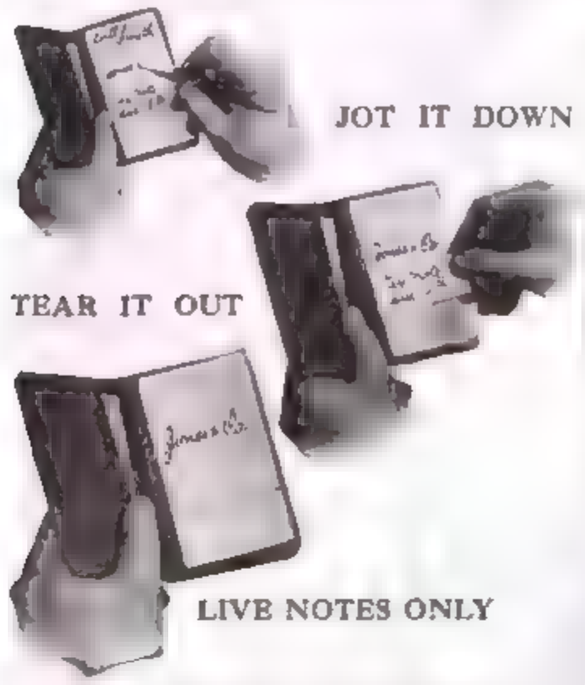

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ORIGINAL COUPON REMINDER

(Continued from Page 70)

"To hear that Lucille's been rough with Babe doesn't surprise me. I always suspect persons that laugh all the time of bein' nasty inside. But that a girl who's so genteel she wouldn't let her husband work at nothin'! My gee! Throwin' things!"

Adam nodded and looked over a shoulder at the cat, which considered him respectfully and licked a paw. The giant said, "G'on off, Omar," gently, and Omar jumped to the open door of the stairs that mounted through shadow upward to the hall above. His paws pattered on the carpet of the treads. He stopped to inspect a pile of soap and vanished.

"I suspected that Lucille married him kind of for a decoration, like she'd buy a new statue or some more sofa pillows," Mrs. Egg brooded, rising. "And I must say his legs looked real handsome when he came home from France in those mil'tary pants, though not half so nice as yours in your sailor things, Dammy. But you can't treat a man like a sofa pillow. Throwin' things! No, that kind of shocks me, I will say! Babe's softhearted too. . . . Throwin' things! Dammy, I think that's perfectly vulgar!"

Adam dragged his shattered slippers, knitted by a sister, to the spice cupboard by the sink and found three long bars of candied ginger. He ate one, and his mind withdrew from the world, she saw, by the sudden blankness of the inky eyes. He doubled an arm and made the bulb of a biceps flicker as though some round fruit was hidden under the silky bronze skin.

He said, "Lucille ain't painted, mamma," musingly.

"You're possibly right, Dammy; but that awful white skin if not made up is certainly kind of sickly lookin'. She had some color as a girl. . . . Did you give Babe any camphor?"

He nodded, swallowing more ginger, and then seized a mop. The soapy water flooded toward the door and Mrs. Egg climbed her back stairs hastily. Omar came to escort her along the hall and invited her to halt at the room opposite Adam's quarters. Mrs. Egg strode into the small chamber and, beamed at Babe, who raised his tumbled hair from a pillow and wearily grinned.

"Feel awful mean, Babe, or just mod'rate?"

He answered, "My cold ain't so bad, Mis' Egg, but I'm awful tired out."

"Fun'rals," Mrs. Egg tactfully panted, "are exhaustin', even if of halfway rel'tives. Do you feed Omar meat or is he on a milk diet?"

Babe sat up and his pink chest gleamed through the jacket of Adam's rejected sleeping suit. He said with enthusiasm, "Oh, Omar B.'ll eat anything you got, Mis' Egg! He's a good cat. I put his basket behind the stove. He don't yowl exceptin' somebody teases him, and gets along fine with dogs. They're some scared of him, mostly. If you don't like cats I could make him stay at the barnyard. But ——"

"I admire cats a lot," Mrs. Egg broke in. "To begin with, they get rid of mice and they're good-lookin' things. Our cat died off last month by gettin' interested in the bull's tail and battin' it with one foot. The bull walked on her somethin' fierce. No, if Omar'll work for his keep, he's as welcome as you are—which is perfectly. . . . You've got a real beautiful complexion, Babe. Pink persons tend to freckle mostly. My daughters prob'ly keep the drug store in ready cash all summer buyin' rose water an' glycerin, which is supposed to keep freckles controlled. They say eatin' drugs keeps your skin pale; but it seems a reckless kind of method, and vanity boxes are safer, really. . . . What in particular do you think you'd like for lunch, Babe?"

The humble creature sniffed some camphor from a flask on the quilt and manufactured a compliment. He said clumsily, "Anything you was cookin' for Dammy will be better than anything anybody else could work up, Mis' Egg."

"It won't be, because there isn't much time before lunch, son. However, you won't get starved. . . . There's a car comin' in. This is the noisier side of the house, but sunnier. . . . Well, come downstairs, Omar, and we'll give you some milk while I'm cookin'."

Omar pranced down the hall and jumped on a window sill at the head of the back stairs to view the world. He peered through the glass intently and lashed his admirable tail. Then he went careering down the steps ahead of Mrs. Egg, and his purr filled the dark stairwell, scented with soap.

"My gee!" Mrs. Egg assured him. "I'd hate to be a smallish dog and get entangled with you, Omar. Open this door, Dammy! Do fix the knob inside here when you can't find an odd job some day, sweetheart. It just don't work." Adam let her into the kitchen's clean brilliance, and Mrs. Egg puffed, "There's a car come into the barnyard, I heard. Prob'ly we'll now get the latest news of Lucille's troubles from one of your sisters."

Adam grinned and blew smoke at Omar, who was climbing his right leg. The big cat clung for a second to the blue cloth over Adam's lean hip and then dropped to the floor noiselessly.

"Mercy, Dammy, he's as light on his feet as you, dear! Get that jug of milk in the pantry and give him a meal. Babe says he'll eat anything. And —— Dammy, Lucille's walkin' up from the barnyard!"

She was walking in a sway of black veils and sweeping furs without sheen, dragged together by a hand on her breast. The white face shimmered like a moving flower in the sable rim of crêpe. Ruddy boards of the barns made a strange background to the figure's easy passage up the path, and a youngster in azure-flannel underclothes leaned from a window of the hired-men's house to watch.

Adam spat his cigarette into the stove, and said "Huh!"

"I'm real glad Benj'mina ain't here, Dammy, because she hates rumpuses. . . . I've got to say that Lucille walks beautiful! Her ankles," Mrs. Egg admitted, "have an elegant shape. But she's much too thin."

A hand knocked emphatically outside, and Mrs. Egg bawled "Come in!" with a little thrill.

Babe's wife might make a scene, and Adam's bare shoulders presented a terrible target for any missile. His mother shifted a flatiron quickly from the stove's edge and let it fall into the wood box. It battered a heavy log of oak as Lucille shut the door.

"I suppose that Henry's here?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Egg, drawling. "Babe's name is Henry, ain't it?"

The frail woman leaned on the door and looked at the cat crouched near Adam's feet. Her nervous, dry laugh exploded and buzzed in the warm room for a dreary space. Then she said, "He's here, of course. Oh, of course!" and laughed once more. A black band under her pointed chin seemed to keep the dark lips close together, and her throat did not swell with any breath. She laughed as if a machine giggled inside the furs and the veils that whispered with the jerks of her small head.

"Of course Babe's here, Lucille," Mrs. Egg snorted against the intolerable laughter. "He's in bed with a cold."

Adam clicked a match afire on a thumb nail and lighted his cigarette. He lounged on the sink, his brown ankles crossed, and stared at Lucille. The slipper on one foot stirred a trifle.

"Of course! In bed, upstairs."

The voice had hardly ceased its monotonous outpour of swift syllables when Adam said, "Better run home, Lucille."

"But I wanted to talk to Henry, Adam, of course."

"Babe's sick. Can't see him," Adam drawled. His nostrils hardened visibly. Smoke floated from his lips. He said, "Go home, Lucille."

Her hand worked, hidden under the black furs, and Lucille gazed at the giant with colorless eyes. Shadow cloaked this corner by the gray door; and the laugh, exploding freshly, hammered nerves in Mrs. Egg's hands so that they twitched on her hips. The laughter would make her scream soon.

She coughed, "My gee! You really better go home, Lucille. If you want to patch this up with Babe you could write him."

"See him!" the voice rippled. "Of course, I'd much rather see him. Sorry to be a nuisance, Adam. Those stairs go up to the bedrooms, don't they? Of course!"

Her heels rattled on the floor and the veils swung out their crinkled length. She tripped toward the stairs and the cat jumped from her path, silent. Then Adam took two steps and a brown arm shot about the black figure. He said, husky with rage, "Clear out! Get! You let the Babe be! Hear me?"

"Of course," she laughed. "Henry was in a bad temper this morning and ——"

Adam lifted her. His mother blinked. The door slammed. He picked up his cigarette and tossed it into the stove. His face went blank and he yawned.

"Mercy, Dammy!"

"Mamma, I'm sorry to get you mixed up in this hooey," Adam said. He seemed to collect words, slapping his hip lazily, and went on, "This is all spilled. He's quit. Babe's easy flattered. He fell for her when he came home, bein' nineteen. Ain't used to women fussin' over him. It's all cleaned an' she better keep off him. He's through."

"It was as silly a marriage as could be possibly thought up," Mrs. Egg faltered, dazed by an event; "her older'n him and Babe really used to nothin' but plain people and soakin' biscuits in his coffee when you had him to meals. Dammy, she looked like she'd kill you!"

The giant yawned. Then he frowned through a window in the direction of the henhouse as a motor pulsed in the barnyard. His lashes flickered and his nostrils stiffening announced a displeasure. Adam shoved up the sash and his slippers made a squashing sound on the grass below the window. He trotted through the gate of the hens' yard and began to chase a chick, a yellow spot on the mud, escaped from its warm lodging. Mrs. Egg watched him dizzily in a tumble of changing moods and stroked Omar, on the window sill. The chick flapped its silly wings on Adam's palm. He doubled to shove it under the door of the henhouse and came loping back.

"When's lunch, mamma?"

"As soon as I can get it, Dammy."

She turned to the stove. Adam's hand arrived on her wrist and the woman swung about. He was staring queerly at her; his eyes seemed to lift away the cover of her mind. He said, "Mad, mamma?"

"Oh, no, Dammy—no! But I guess I'm kind of—of shocked."

"Why?"

"I—dunno."

Words had abandoned her. She turned to the stove again and heard his feet go up the stairs slowly, softly. The big cat running after him made more noise. She shook with woe. Adam had thrown a woman out of her house! He had thrown Lucille Coventry out of her kitchen as if she were a drunken farm hand!

She cooked, expert and familiar, marching in the kitchen, evolving foods and arguments. The shock waned. After all, Lucille was merely a person. She made admissions. The thin girl had always been, somehow, the herald and type of a mysterious thing called society—a dance of odd, adorned shapes on the lid of a music box, the grandchild of a governor, mistress of a house that awed simpler women; a point of arrogant glitter in the dull town.

"She's a noosance," Mrs. Egg said fiercely. "He was ——"

No, he was wrong. She wiped her eyes and sighed. If her daughters rated him she would have no real defense. She brooded all through lunch and ate little. Adam lounged and devoured slabs of Canadian mutton on beds of curried rice, grinned over an experimental dish of corn stewed with tomatoes and drawled "All right too," reaching for the buttermilk.

"Thank you, Dammy."

Not even if Lucille had thrown things at her husband should he have used her so. She watched the first cigarette send its gray waves from the wide mouth. Suppose, sometime, that he quarreled with his fragile, tall wife. The threat of his strength made his mother quiver. She turned her eyes from the scarlet jersey.

"Lucille won't talk, mamma."

"I—I'm scared she will, Dammy."

The black head shook. Adam got up to prowl the living room, spotted with his pictures—views of Adam eating things barefoot on the porch, his glories as best heavyweight wrestler of the Navy, himself patronizing Nagasaki, crosslegged on the mats of a tea house, his wedding day. The idol paused before this image and gazed at its massed group of guests.

He said, "There's Coventry right beside Lucille."

"My gee!" Mrs. Egg sighed. "That was one of the few times I ever saw 'em together. She almost spoke polite to him that day. Oh, Dammy, why did you do that to her?"

Adam plucked a sputtering twig from the fire below the mantel and lit his cigarette. Something tumultuous passed in the puff of smoke from his nostrils. He gathered words again and said, "Mamma, if I told you it'd scare you thin. Leave it to

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me, can't you?" and the husky voice was hurt, childish.

"Oh, Dammy! You're so awful strong, lamb! To have it said around town you picked that skinny little thing up an'—you got to be careful, dear! You don't know how strong you are! When you can pick up a big bag of rocks like me and carry me upstairs when I sprained my leg and ——"

He said, almost swiftly, "It does a guy a pile of good to be husky! Was a bos'n off a French ship when we were at Toulon bigger'n me. Chest on him like a freight car. Got in a fuss with a girl in an eatin' place. Opium eater, she was. Slung a knife clean across the room. Went into that vein—here in his neck. Dead in two minutes. Husky! Mamma, I'd give a leg to be smart like you or Benj'mina. All I can do is to haul things."

"Adam John Egg," his mother commanded, "don't you dare to say another word! You go straight off to the hospital and don't come back until dinner!"

"Don't want to leave you here with Babe sick in ——"

"It's to be hoped that after I've nursed your papa through pneumonia twice I can look after a boy with a cold in his head, Dammy!"

He prowled again and twice ran his hands over the thick smoothness of his cropped hair. His mind withdrew behind the blank eyes. Then the scarlet shoulders lifted in a shrug.

He said, "All right, mamma," and walked down the path to the barns, whirling his white skullcap on a thumb.

Babe was asleep with a pink arm sprawled among the dishes of his luncheon and the cat had demolished its remains. She smiled. After all, Babe had carried Adam on his back home when they were twelve and Adam broke a leg skating, and Adam hated this woman who had made a fool of his friend. She admitted the force of sentiment and lifted the tray.

Babe woke to smile and say, "Colds always make me sleepy, Mis' Egg."

"Which is the best thing for you, Babe. I'd better tell you that Lucille was here, if Dammy didn't say so. He—sent her away."

The big man sat up. His eyes were frightened openly, and he gulped, "Was here? Wanted to see me?"

"Golden Jerusalem, Babe! You didn't think so proud a woman as Lucille would take a slap in the face like this and not try to patch it up? You really ain't smart!"

His fists undoubled slowly. Babe said, "I hadn't ought to've got you folks mixed up in this. I better go off to Chicago or ——"

"You lie still in bed and hold your mouth shut!"

"But, Mis' Egg, I ——"

"Babe Coventry, you ain't intell'gent! If you leave this town, don't you perfectly know that every woman in it will say you're livin' in sin at Chicago and they saw you with her wearin' diamonds on Michigan Boul'vard? And on top of that a lot of 'em would say it was prob'ly you killed Doctor Coventry in some way or other. It's known he left three or four thousand, which Fern's husband says you'll get, there bein' no other heir, and that's all some people would need to put this on you, if ——"

He rolled in bed and planted his face on locked arms. His voice came, tearless but dreary, after a breath. He said, "All right, Mis' Egg. But it was some tramp or somethin' killed him."

"Sure! It was rainy that night and somebody could have walked into his office without anyone in that part of town takin' notice. You go to sleep."

He seemed to sleep. Mrs. Egg looked in four times on her lumbering marches about the quiet house as she cleaned away traces of the discharged hired girl. Her sadness slacked with the growing dusk on the sullen plain. She planned dinner and executed it so that the hired men's cook, coming in to borrow black pepper, marveled, lifting lids from things.

"On the whole, though," Mrs. Egg said, having accepted compliments, "Dammy's wife is more inventive than me. It would never have come in my head to use almond in the dough for apple puddin', and it's surprisin' how much excitement there is in it. Benj'mina's more modern than I am. Her cakes for teas and such are much better, really, than anything that Swiss girl of Lucille Coventry's ever made. Take some of that yellow sauce down to the boys, Aloysius. I learned it off a Canadian girl I had once who went insane from drinkin' perfumery, and was squint-eyed. To drink perfumery is outside nature."

"It couldn't be so much worse than that gin old Coventry made for a dollar a pint, Mis' Egg," the cook said, filling a bowl.

"To hear that he made bad liquor don't surprise me, and it was prob'ly a person whose digestion was spoiled on 'em that shot his lungs out."

The man dallied with the bowl of steaming sauce and looked across it respectfully curious.

He asked, "Say, Mis' Egg, has Babe quit his wife?"

"I see no sense to deny it, Aloysius. He has."

"She certainly looked knocked to pieces when she was gettin' in her car this noon. One of the boys was sayin' it ain't lawful for Dammy to leave us word she ain't to be allowed on the place if she comes back."

Mrs. Egg touched the baked breast of an apple and flicked a spar of cinnamon with her fork. Adam was thorough in his hate.

She said, "We've got a right to say who we'll have on this property and who not, Aloysius. To have Babe pestered when he's sick in bed is plain foolish. If Lucille should come you might say to her that I'd, of course, be glad to see her. . . . Better take that sauce down while it's hot."

She left the kitchen and, panting, found the number of the hospital in the telephone book. It took some moments to bring Adam's "'Lo, mamma!" and exasperation shook his mother's chins.

"Adam, I know you mean awful well by Babe, but to have Lucille kept clear off of the place is simply courtin' trouble, and — and we'll never hear the last of it! People get all sent'mental when a marriage busts up, Dammy; especially as Lucille's sickly lookin' and ——"

"Mamma," Adam said terribly, "will you please let me alone with this?"

She quivered. His eyes must be afire in the hospital's office.

Mrs. Egg wailed "Oh, Dammy —— Well, dinner's ready any time you ——"

"Not comin' home, mamma. S'long."

The click of his withdrawal was the slam of a gate in her ear. Mrs. Egg's tears dripped and her hands pressed on the wall in an oscillation of all senses. She wavered back into the kitchen and stood dumbly gazing at the lid of a pan that bobbed above the red stove in a mist from stewing celery. She had quarreled with him!

At ten o'clock Mrs. Egg pulled her tired immensity from a chair of the living room and began to make sandwiches. He would come home hungry, of course, and food would soothe him. She lumbered about the pantry, gathering preserves and condiments from its shelves. The cat stalked after her and purred in a conciliatory way. Babe was asleep and dully snoring above.

At eleven Babe had stopped snoring, and the cat had left her too. Mrs. Egg draped a dampened napkin over a mound of sandwiches on the dining-room table. A feeling of decease made her turn from the white cloth. She put three bottles of pear cider in the pantry's ice chest and turned out all the gas jets.

A cake of soap twisted her ankle as she climbed the back stairs. She whimpered in the darkness and stumbled to her room. The frail stuff of a nightdress was cold. She lay sniffling and took the patent cylinder of a flashlight to caress. She was alone, deserted, guilty of treason. The god had leaped away into rainy clouds. She would never sleep again.

She sat up and turned the glow of the flashlight on her slippers beside the bed. She had slept, and Adam was in the house. The big cat switched its tail as she pulled on a gown above the night robe.

Mrs. Egg paused to shut her window, and said, "Come on, Omar. He'll be awful hungry," as she made for her door.

The bruised ankle hurt as she hurried down the front stairs and puffed along the hall to the living room. Adam was tinkling things in the kitchen, not knowing of the food spread for him in the black dining room. The cat ran ahead of her to the door of the kitchen and its tail arched in the glory made by her flashlight on the white panels.

She cried, "Sandwiches in the din——"

He shouted. A sharp, appalling noise cut the husky call. Another shot changed the great woman to cold matter and something left a feather of clipped wood on a panel of the white door. A bullet had

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And women who have seen these things have joined with him in this verdict.

Here are the simple facts—

For many decades the family washing has been recognized as the most burdensome of household tasks—certainly the most wearisome and wearing in its effects upon women.

To develop a series of services that would relieve women of this work has long been the endeavor of the laundry industry, and now these efforts have come to perfection, not in a single service, but in six such services.

The names of these services are Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrif-T-Service, and Wet Wash. Some of them you know, because they have been long in development—others represent more recent accomplishments by the laundry industry.

Prim-Prest is finest. Next comes Ho-mestic, which is a medium-priced all-ironed family service; then comes Rough Dry, and so on down to Wet Wash. Each offers something different from the one preceding, giving women opportunity to select the help that will most ideally meet their needs.

Yet the charge for these services is most moderate—actually less than the cost of equivalent work done at home.

At the bottom of this page these services are described in detail. Choose one which seems best to meet your personal preferences. Then have one of the modern laundries in your city call for your next washing. It will afford happy relief from future washday worries.

Each of these services is pictured in a special portfolio which is carried by the representative of your local laundry

Prim-Prest

1 A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail

Ho-mestic

2 A most acceptable medium-priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

Rough Dry

3 Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

4 A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

Thrif-T-Service

5 Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching

Wet Wash

6 Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

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come through. Behind the door something toppled and tinware crashed, rolling on the floor.

"Dammy!"

The light fell and went out. She said, in the dead house, "Dammy!" and threw her frozen body at the door. Her hands gripped uselessly the knob of porcelain and it turned slowly. Even the kitchen was cold black silence, and her foot met a prone bulk. Her hand dropped on the hard flesh of his naked breast. Chilling. The smooth skin seemed to chill under her fingers and something wet, hot, crept against her palm.

"Adam," she said. "Oh, baby!"

The cat was walking near her and that light trotting sound held her still. A motor pulsed somewhere. Get up and scream for help! Do something! The silken flesh grew colder.

"Adam!"

A voice said, "Mis' Egg! Still! Keep still!" in a dim whisper.

She rocked on her knees. Blood rushed freshly in her veins, and she passed a hand along Babe's chest. The hot trickle came from a streak of torn skin where muscle trembled against the collar bone. She pressed the linen of his jacket on the wound and bit her lips. Danger stood above them in the dark, and the cat's feet danced up. It stared with lighted eyes and fled again. Someone! The wounded boy lay wooden, breathing in a desperate restraint. Someone was close! A wind slapped the shutters of the evil room.

"Babe!"

"Keep still!"

Feet struck the porch outside lightly and Adam called, "Hey, mamma!" The door from the porch would let him in from the safe wind and rain. The door creaked, opening.

"Dammy! Dammy, you keep out of here! There's ——"

"Ho!"

A match showed the red chest of his jersey and his mother screamed. The gas flared up and Adam stared down with his brown hands shut at the spilled tins, at Babe slung among them with blood glittering on his rosy chest and the ripped jacket. Blood dripped from a bare foot, and the cat hissed, its fur rising.

"Dammy! They're still here!"

Adam dashed off his cap and dropped on one knee, tearing the linen from the wound.

He said, "Just skinned, Babe? Where'd she go to?" and rose, glaring about. He yelled, "Come out of there, you damn dope! Gimme that gun!" and his eyes went mad. He scowled at the door of the black pantry.

"Dammy," said Babe, "you let her go!"

He lurched up, the jacket ripping from his shoulder as she tried to hold him down.

Adam said: "Let her go to hell! She did it! She killed him an' now she's tried on you! Let her go to hell! Come out of there! Think I don't know you take morphine or somethin', you damn fool!" He stepped toward the pantry. His mother shrieked as the red back went into the blackness and Babe cried out horribly, his hands on his eyes.

"Not there," Adam said, prowling out.

Babe lowered his hands and begged, stumbling to the giant: "Let her go, Adam! I come down 'cause I was hungry an' run into her. She ain't bad, Dammy. It's the dope ——"

"Sure! You'd have saved trouble if you told me straight out! Killed him 'cause he was blackmail ——"

"No! It's my fault, Dammy! I made him stop sellin' her the stuff and she owned up she shot him las' night, and I hadn't ought to've lef' her; but she tried to—to ——"

Adam swept a hand through the air and snarled: "Yes, she tried to kill you this mornin' before you'd quit her! Think I didn't know she was a dope? Had a gun on her when she was here this mornin'! Felt it under her fur! You go get in bed, Babe! She ain't got far! Hi!"

He flung up an arm. Between his ankles the big cat glared at the shut door of the stairs, its tail a froth of angry fur.

"Adam," said his mother, "don't you touch that door! I tell you not to!"

He took a log from the box beside the stove and said, his nostrils white, against the silence, "Come out of there or I'll hurt you! Come out!" Muscles whirled in the red shoulder. He raised the log.

The shot rang like beaten metal in the narrow stairs. Slowly swinging, the door opened and the cat jumped back as black veils floated and the body fell somehow gently to lie still. A veil settled on the white face and hid its lips.

Adam put the log aside and said, "Look after Babe, mother."

Men with rolling eyes filled the door of the wet porch, and the bull began to roar far off as if a drum growled, hidden in the dark. Noises of shuffling feet and wheels preceded dawn, and the boy slept with his scented bandages fresh from a doctor's hands. The cat purred beside him and closed its watchful eyes as Mrs. Egg turned out the gas. Adam was talking softly with the thrilled farm hands when she limped into the kitchen, and he said, across a cup of milk, "Better go to bed, mamma."

"I couldn't! It's daylight. Babe's gone asleep. Ain't you hungry?"

He grinned. "Got to get back to the hospital, mamma. Benj'mina says we'll name her Myrtle for you, mamma."

"Adam! It's a girl?"

"Well," he said, "she is, but he's a boy. . . . I am pretty damn hungry."

Dawn grew upon her, busy at the stove, and the cat came pattering to watch her smile, thinking of Adam's son. Rain fell still upon the plain's indifference and no brightness showed. Yet she could not think of death.

"Breakfast pretty soon, Dammy."

Cows were noisy in the barns and the warm smell of new milk blew to her. She ached, after fright and trouble, but the house was still and she heard the world wake to its business. She smiled as if the cries of hungry children came to her through the rain.

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THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART

(Continued from Page 32)

it and began to believe that this trick was the big impassive man's single exponent of nervousness. There is almost always something.

"You are the matter," Shane answered sternly. "I come here to your house crushed with horror and self-reproach at what's happened your daughter when in my care, and asking only to give my whole thought and effort to her rescue. I tell you the story as clearly as I can, then repeat it to this silly ass. And all you do is to sit and goggle at your cigar jar like a blooming idol, while he lounges in the chair and manicures himself. You haven't shown the slightest symptom of parental anxiety or grief or dread. You make some vague allusion to a blackmail of yourself as a motive for the act, and he chips in with a rotten insinuation against a man who, whatever his past, is now honest. You listen to it, then go into a trance. Why don't you do something? Why don't you telephone the police headquarters, send out a general alarm? If you don't I will myself. You make me sick!"

Olivant, startled out of his calm, cast at Shane an outraged look, as if to say "Sacrilege! A god has been smitten here." But Jedburgh sat under this invective unmoved, so far as Shane could see. It was as if Shane's mounting wave of exasperation had broken and swelled over a bowlder covered with kelp, that its subsiding left in precisely the same position.

"Well, go on and start things, then," he said.

Shane reached for the telephone on the corner of the table desk. But Jedburgh, with a heavy movement that nevertheless was quick, drew the instrument away.

"Wait! That's not going to get you anywhere. Who do you want to call?"

"Police headquarters," Shane said.

Jedburgh glanced across at Olivant, a look charged with purpose that his secretary was quick to read. He said indolently to Shane, "Why not Clamart?"

"Why Clamart?" Shane demanded.

"He's more apt to know about it, isn't he?"

Shane swung on him savagely. "Look here, Olivant, are you trying to say something or merely to get fresh?"

"I don't mind saying it, old top. Fact is, I've got reason to think that good old Frank the Clam is running this show, ably advised by Léontine, and unconsciously assisted by yourself. You observe I have the courtesy to say 'unconsciously.'"

Shane's lids narrowed. "What are your grounds?"

"Well, for one thing, I've been trying to digest the coincidence of your taking Miss Jedburgh to that place. The Princess Karescu wouldn't have asked her unless you'd suggested it. I happen to know the princess. She's not the sort to want a pretty girl butting in on any game of hers with a man as attractive as yourself. You asked her to invite Miss Jedburgh, didn't you?"

"Yes," Shane admitted.

He felt things slipping a little. He found himself again under the strain of that most difficult of undertakings, which is to tell a straight story while yet holding back its vital salients. Many an astute witness has gone down to confusion under a cross-examination where he has determined to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth.

"Why did you ask the princess to ask Miss Jedburgh?" Olivant persisted mildly.

"Because the princess had snubbed Miss Jedburgh earlier in the evening. Miss Jedburgh was my dinner partner and I wouldn't stand for it."

"That ain't what you told me," Jedburgh muttered.

"When I asked that question you said maybe the princess had taken a fancy to her, or wanted a third."

Shane felt the coils tightening. "Yes," he admitted. "I ought to have let you have it straight. But what's that got to do with Clamart?"

"Quite a lot, my dear fellow," Olivant drawled. "Had you seen Clamart or communicated with him in any way between the time you met Miss Jedburgh at the Duanes' and when the princess, at your suggestion, asked her to go with you to the cabaret?"

So here was Shane caught up and in the toils of this silken secretary. Shane saw, of course, what Olivant was driving at—that Clamart had known of Sharon's going to the Duanes', where he knew Shane also to be dining, and that it was Clamart's suggestion that he bring the girl to the Melting Pot. In asking his question Olivant was shooting in the dark, but he had hit the mark. Shane had to take his immediate course between lying or telling the truth. A third and dangerous course was evasion. Nevertheless he decided to attempt it.

"Look here, Olivant; if you are trying to intimate that Clamart proposed my taking Miss Jedburgh to that place you're all wrong. He did not know anything about it."

"Answer my question, please," said Olivant, looking at his nails.

Evasion was useless. No time for reflection. Lying futile. This cursed fop, silly or astute, had only to pick up the telephone and call Duane to discover that he, Shane, had been called to the telephone.

"I spoke to Clamart on the phone," said Shane, "but not a word was said between us about my taking either of these ladies to the cabaret, either then or before."

"Thanks for the candor." Olivant's pleasantly modulated voice was faintly ironical. "Did you tell him you'd meet him there yourself?"

"Yes," Shane answered, writhing inwardly with anger and humiliation at the turn taken in his inquisition, and coming hot upon his invective of Jedburgh.

This person now seemed to have lost interest in the whole affair. He leaned back, clasped his thick hands behind his shock head and looked up at the ceiling.

Olivant asked no more questions, but said pleasantly, "I think you've been had, old chap. Small blame when you're messed up with a man like Clamart. Neither Mr. Jedburgh nor I believe for a second that you are in any way to blame for what's happened. Call it misadventure. The picture as you draw it is clear enough for any fool to recognize, even a silly ass like me. Gift you have, like your ripping cartoons. But if you don't mind my saying so you've given us another picture that's not quite so clear: Clamart sitting quietly while all this fuss was going on—rumpus at the next table but one, the furniture capsized and dishes smashing."

"Well, what's yours?" Shane asked, badly shaken.

Olivant smiled. "What if I take a leaf from your sketchbook"—his drawling voice hesitated; Shane shuddered inwardly; the uncanny insight of what he had thought to be a sycophantic dude was getting on his nerves—"and reconstruct according to my asinine idea? Great stuff, that stunt. Gives one a line on the elapsed time of an action. Chances are that any person in that place would be willing to swear that the room was plunged in Stygian darkness for at least four minutes, whereas it was actually, as you have demonstrated, about fifteen seconds, or call it even thirty. You can do a lot in fifteen seconds if you don't dally ——"

"Oh, get about it, then," Shane interrupted.

"R ghto."

Olivant rose, moved a smoking table, drew up some chairs around it, placed a hassock, and beyond it a card table, then glanced at the door. Shane watched him, fascinated. Was the fellow going to reconstruct what actually had happened, demonstrate Clamart's swift ferocious spring, mortal lunge and return to his seat?

"Let's ask Mr. Jedburgh to hold the watch," Olivant said, "and you look on. Mr. Jedburgh doesn't need to look. We've both got the same idea, I think." And then, as the impassive Jedburgh continued to roll huge billows of smoke at the ceiling, he added respectfully, "Will you kindly hold the watch, Mr. Jedburgh?"

The massive head came slowly down. Jedburgh took out his watch.

"One minute, please, before the action starts," said Olivant. "This taboret represents the table where you were all sitting. I don't know just how you were placed, but it really doesn't matter. Suppose you to have been here." He tapped a chair "Clamart facing you, where I shall sit directly, that card table where the bearded gentry sat. And let us place Sharon here." He picked up a cushion and laid it on a chair that corresponded actually to Sharon's place. "The cushion is Sharon. Over there, the door—the way out. Now, for the sake of realism, this scene is going to be staged in the dark."

He stepped to the wall beside the door to extinguish all the lights but the reading lamp on Jedburgh's desk, then seated himself in the chair supposedly occupied by Clamart.

"Please take the time, Mr. Jedburgh, and switch off your light when you say go. Your watch has a luminous dial, I believe. At the end of fifteen seconds switch on the light again. Action!"

Jedburgh, his hand on the button, looked at his watch. Suddenly the room was plunged in absolute darkness. Shane, sitting tense, heard a rustle, scarcely more than that. It seemed to pervade the room, to come from all parts of it. There was no distinct noise, merely that alithering and rustling and curious impression of a number of people moving about. It seemed to his strained faculties that at least a minute had elapsed before the light flashed on again, to disclose Olivant sitting negligently as he had been when Jedburgh darkened the room.

There was a moment of silence.

"Well," demanded Shane harshly, "what about it?"

"Good," said Olivant in a gratified tone. "You're acting your part, old chap, *acteur malgré lui*. You may not think you're acting, but you are, you know."

"What do you mean?" Shane demanded angrily.

"You haven't yet discovered that Sharon is missing. Remember, I said the cushion was Sharon. Cushion, cushion, who's got the cushion?"

Shane looked at the empty chair; the blood welled into his face.

"Now you get it, don't you?" There was a tinge of mockery in Olivant's voice, and this augmented as he added, "If there were nothing else to convince Mr. Jedburgh and me of your absolute innocence of any complicity your expression of surprise would be enough. But we never did doubt you in that respect, my dear chap."

The cup of Shane's humiliation was brimming over. He had looked for something so totally different as to miss entirely the secretary's clever demonstration of how Clamart might have slipped around the table, seized Sharon, perhaps with a whispered word of caution, whisked her off into the arms of an accomplice, and returned to his seat within a space of fifteen seconds. And even then the light had not been, as now, a pervading one, but the merest flicker here and there of matches and torches.

But the worst was yet to come for Shane. Olivant got up, went to the door, opened it noiselessly, picked up the cushion, and displayed it to the others with the silken cord of his dressing gown whipped twice round it and secured.

"A gag," he said, "or other form of restraint."

Shane slumped back into his chair. It was his turn to stare at the humidor. From the great Jedburgh strange unusual sounds were coming. Olivant glanced at him, startled.

Jedburgh was chuckling.

x

SHANE left the house badly shaken. His parting with Jedburgh and Olivant had not been unpleasant. They had been polite, had shown not in words but in manner that they felt sorry for him as the innocent dupe of a sinister and crafty intelligence.

But Jedburgh had declined all proffers of assistance. "Guess I can handle it," was all that he would say, and Shane had not persisted. He had laid aside his personal animosity, accepted the whisky-and-soda brought by Olivant, of which he badly felt the need.

Walking blindly down the Avenue he presently hailed a passing nighthawk and was driven to his apartment on Forty-fourth Street. His brain was in such a turmoil that he decided to sleep if possible before taxing it further.

Clamart would have to protect Léontine and Cynthia for the next few hours, if indeed such protection were necessary. So spent was Shane that he was unable to decide whether or not Clamart had told him the truth in saying that it was he who had killed one of the bearded men. Olivant's demonstration had been irresistibly convincing. And it was evident enough to Shane that Olivant and Jedburgh were absolutely convinced that it was Clamart who had managed the abduction of Sharon. Well, what if he had? He naturally would not admit it to Shane.

There was only one point on which Shane remained unshaken. This was that whatever devious paths Clamart might follow to attain his end that end was good. Shane might not always believe the ex-thief, but he believed in him. The chances are that he would have believed in him even when Clamart had been a thief, just as the man's half-brother and his wife had felt enough faith in him to go his bond and make themselves his sponsors. Shane knew the factors that had molded Clamart to a life of crime from childhood, from the day that he had made his escape from the foundling asylum. It had been about twenty-eight years before Clamart's chance of redemption had come, and then he had grasped and held to it.

To his considerable surprise Shane on getting to bed fell immediately into a heavy but restful sleep, from which he was awakened at about half past eight by the ringing of his telephone, and recognized immediately Clamart's voice.

"Where are you?" Shane asked.

"At my house. Any news?"

"None," Shane answered. "Have you?"

"Only a mental clew, the result of deduction."

"Are L. and C. all right?" Shane asked.

"Yes; I just called up. Some confusion in the enemy ranks, I imagine."

"Some of that thing in ours," Shane answered. "J. believes you did it."

"I thought he would. He wants to see me. He's sent for me."

"Threats?"

"No, scarcely that. I'll see him but I want to see you first."

"Come up here," said Shane; "the sooner the better."

"In fifteen minutes, then."

Punctual to the moment, Clamart arrived with the air of fresh springiness that is the privilege almost under any stress of the man who is both mental and physical athlete in training. Both of the pair were that and, what is more important, had in their pasts been that. Their vital plasma was of the sort to give them a tremendous advantage over folk in whom it ebbed and flowed at intervals, because one never can tell just when the moment of duress may come.

"Breakfast?" Shane asked.

"Had it. Let's have your news."

Shane described in detail his interview with Jedburgh, where he did not spare himself or fail to give Olivant due credit.

"That man Olivant is not the fool he chooses to make people think," Clamart said. "This gives me a different slant on what he told me about Jedburgh. It was the truth, and he wanted me to know it. He thought I was lying, already in with Don Quinto, and giving him some hot-air uplift stuff, hoping he'd tell Jedburgh I was a reformed character and would have nothing to do with such a job."

Shane nodded. "It's not hard to guess Jedburgh's position. He's turned Don Quinto's scheme down because he thinks you're a silent partner in it and he doesn't trust you. Thinks you might let them down. Not through the authorities but merely plunder them. Steal a cargo or two of opium, ship and all. And now he believes that you have managed to kidnap Sharon to force him into the deal, make him finance this end of it."

"Well, I shan't undeceive him right away," Clamart said. "If a powerful man like that wants to believe you've got a hold on him, then let him go on believing it. You can't tell when it might come in handy."

Shane, drinking coffee, turned on him impatiently. "The only thing of the least importance to me until Sharon is restored," he said, "is, who spirited her off and where is she?"

"My dear fellow, you can put your mind at rest on one thing: whoever did is going to take the best of care of her. Nobody would waste the daughter of a Jedburgh. What I said last night, that she might have

(Continued on Page 82)

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She reached the height of her fame and beauty when some women imagine they must fade and grow old, keeping her youthful charms and freshness by the same simple means which we recommend today.

Cosmetic cleanliness was a daily rite, and the cleansers employed were palm and olive oils. This kept her complexion fresh and smooth, stimulated to healthful functioning.

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Such cleansing is most beneficial and prepares the skin for cold cream if you need it and the touch of rouge and powder most women use.

Neck, arms and shoulders should receive the same beautifying treatment, for they are as conspicuous as the face for complexion beauty or the lack of it. Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face. The price allows it.

Yours for 10 cents

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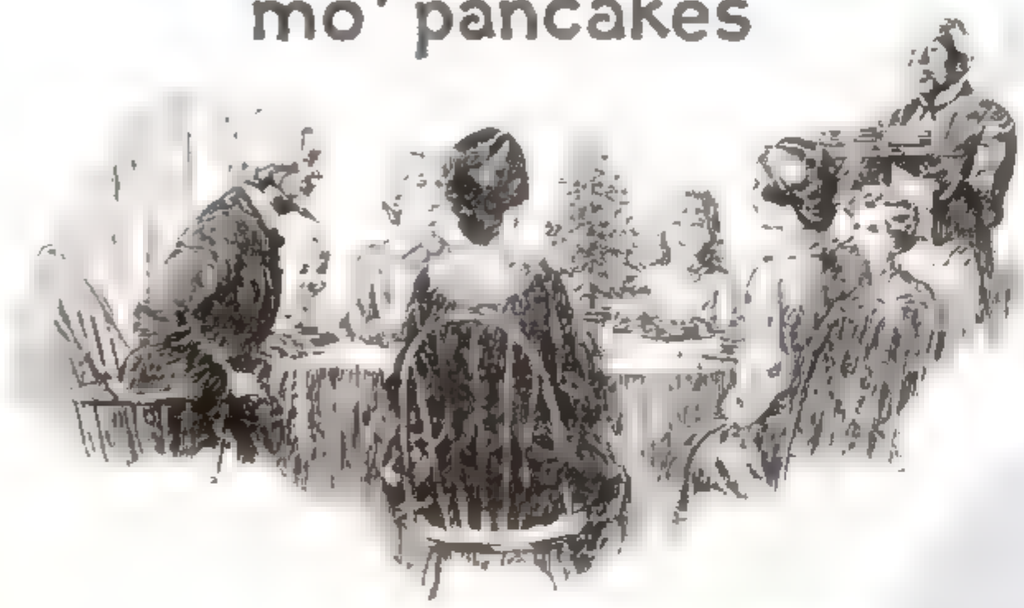
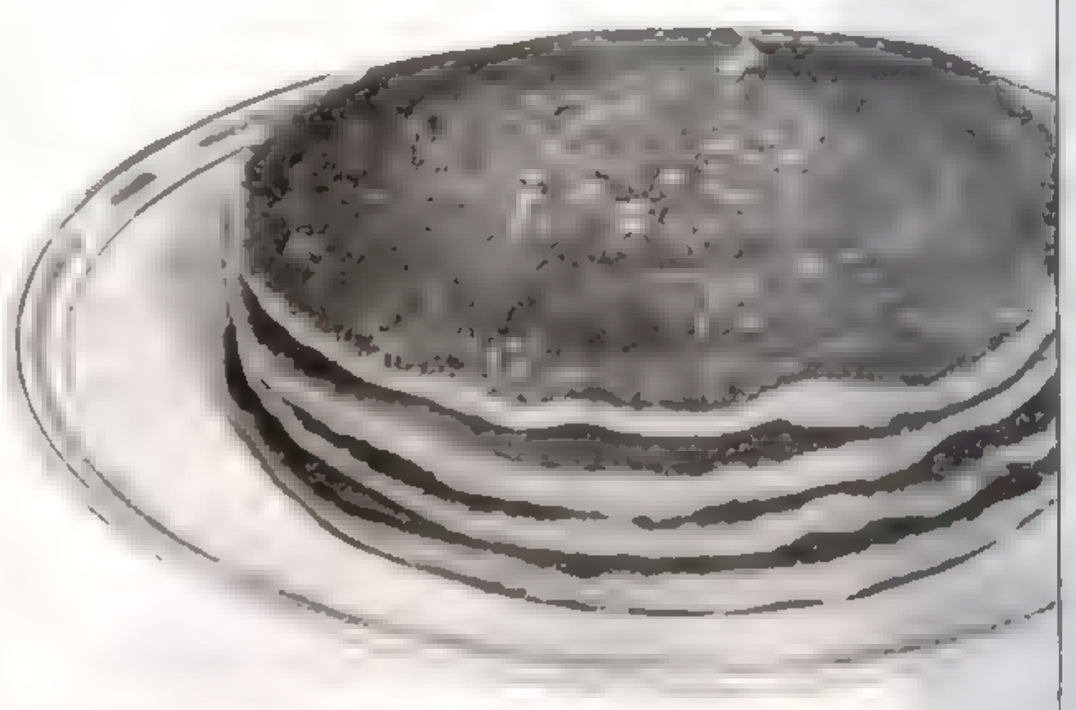
Chris'mas mawnin' was jes like any othah mawnin' down at de Cunnel's — cepn he had mo' guests an' I made mo' pancakes





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(Continued from Page 78)

been knifed by mistake for Cynthia, had no sense in it. I was sore with you because your man got away. It would have been a splendid start if there had been two of their bravos under the table dead when the lights went on. Thugs like that don't shiver at thought of the police like your amateur offender, but it scares them perfectly stiff when some mysterious Nemesis gets stalking in their midst, doing to themselves what they're out to do to others. It gets them rattled and panicky. Such people really haven't any nerve, only jangled nerves. I know. I had every slinking Apache in Paris shaking in his boots when it was known that I'd killed Chu-Chu and circulated that I intended to clean up all members of that mob. This one man killed is worth something, but to have got the two would have been worth a lot. They'd have had a hard job to have got anybody else to carry on against us."

"Too bad you can't scare them into bringing her back," Shane said bitterly.

"Perhaps I can if Jedburgh lets me alone. I shall tell him so, and also that the price of my effort is that he help me to stamp out first this murder ring, then the Don Quinto sort of thing."

"Why not tell him everything?" Shane asked.

Clamart shook his head. "He's not big enough a man for that. As I size him up he's not a bad man, nor yet a good one. That's one of the many differences between Jedburgh and old Baron Isadore de Rosenthal. The baron's got a heart in proportion to his bulk. Jedburgh is a cold blooded swine. A pure precipitate of gain. Rosenthal is keen but impulsive, Jedburgh cold and calculating." He glanced at his watch. "Well, I'll be getting up there. Where can I get in touch with you?"

"I'm going down to Cynthia's apartment. I'll be here at twelve and four. But wait a minute! I managed to get those fellows' mugs last night."

"I saw that you did, but that won't help us much. The man will be smooth-shaven by now."

"I got him smooth-shaven. Focused on the upper part of his face, and undressed the lower."

He stepped to the clothes closet, took the menu card from the pocket of his dress coat and handed it to Clamart, who examined closely the sketch.

"That's interesting. He's a stranger to me, but Ling Foo might recognize him. Let's have it."

He took the sketch and went out. Shane finished his coffee and eggs, dressed, and went down to see how Cynthia fared. It was about ten o'clock when he rang her bell, giving the button a touch peculiar to him. Cynthia herself let him in. Shane was surprised to find her so composed and apparently none the worse nervously for the experience of the night. She was alone, Mrs. Kennedy, her companion, being out.

After exchanging a few words Shane asked, "Did you notice Sharon's moving when the lights went out?"

"Since I've thought it over," Cynthia said, "it seems to me that she did move away."

"Well, that's tremendously significant," Shane said, "because the natural instinct of a girl startled and frightened would be to draw close. Why should she have wanted to stray off in the dark?"

"I can't imagine, but when that crash came and the sounds of a scuffle I threw out my arm toward her and she wasn't there. I didn't think about it until a good deal later."

"If she'd wanted protection," Shane said, "you'd have expected her to turn to me or even to cling to you since you were next to her. Yet everything seems to show that she strayed off into the dark. Such an act is unnatural. And when a person does the opposite to what one would be expected to it's most always for some reason."

"Couldn't she have just rushed for the door? It was directly across the room from her, and open, and there must have been some glimmer of light in the vestibule shining through from the street."

"Perhaps," Shane admitted. "Now look here, Cynthia. I want you to pack up and go home. This thing is too thick."

To his surprise she answered spiritedly, "I'll do nothing of the sort. I'm not going to be run out."

"Now don't look at it that way. Your further presence can only complicate things. Clamart and Léontine and I have got to give all our time and thought to this business. It's going to make it just that much more complicated if we've got you also to guard."

This was unfortunately put. Cynthia gave him a look that was cold and obstinate.

"You needn't. I'm not afraid. I don't think that I shall be molested. I don't believe that anybody has any murderous designs on me."

They argued it back and forth, on Shane's part vainly. Cynthia was obdurate. She was doing a portrait of Léontine, her most promising effort, and for the Spring Academy. She refused flatly to discontinue it.

Shane felt vaguely that something had come between them. He could not imagine what this might be, and wondered if Cynthia suspected him of a sudden interest in Sharon.

"I'll write your father," he threatened ill-advisedly.

Cynthia's eyes flashed. "If you do that I'll never speak to you again!"

"Why are you so cross with me?"

"I'm not. But I'm beginning to know you a little better, and find that we haven't really much in common. You are a man about town with quantities of interests that I don't think would appeal to me. You are a dweller in two camps—established conventional society like mine and the Duanes', and another one of—well, irregulars; curious and mysterious people, social and legal outlaws."

"You wanted Bohemia yourself," Shane protested.

"Not that sort. You entertain all kinds of people, give parties to celebrities ——"

"Are you meaning the princess?" Shane asked, beginning to see light. He had overheard the princess say at table that he had promised her something of the sort.

"She's one of many. I don't think she's very nice, for all her position."

"Lots of 'em don't claim as much as that," said Shane, "but I see what you mean." He felt that they were dangerously near a quarrel, and rose. "It's hardly worth while to say that it falls within my line of work, I suppose?"

"That's an old and much-abused reason for a promiscuous way of living. It's one thing to go to all sorts of people, and another to have them come to you."

"How about Léontine?"

Cynthia flushed angrily. She knew only of Léontine as an exiled Russian noblewoman who had rendered splendid war service.

"Why do you speak of her so familiarly? I think it cheapens her. The Countess Petrovsky is a good sweet woman. Nobody could help but feel the fineness of her. I am proud to call her my friend. But I'm not at all so sure about your friend Mr. Clamart. There's something rather terrible about him."

"He's had a stormy past," Shane admitted, "but he's a good man."

"He's hard—like you. Hard and inscrutable."

"You'll be downing me next."

"I don't doubt your good intention, but there's a sort of barrier between us. Last night when you found that Miss Jedburgh was missing there was a look on your face that made me cold. Oh, Shane! What can have happened her?"

Shane told her what Jedburgh had said about his conviction that Sharon had been followed from the Duanes' and kidnaped.

"He would not tell me why; merely that there was an effort being made to coerce him to the backing of some great commercial enterprise that he disapproved."

Poor Shane began to wonder if the time would ever come when he could talk openly to all people without the guarding of a separate set of reservations for each. His throwing in with Clamart was by no means purely altruistic or patriotic. It was understood that when the time came Shane was to have the exclusive handling of the whole press revelation of the business. This would mean a scoop the magnitude of which fairly staggered him. Not only the exposure but his part in the accomplishment of this would place him at the very pinnacle of journalistic fame and pave the way to almost anything that he might desire.

None of this had any interest at all for Clamart. He was a man used to working in the dark, and when the work was done remaining still invisible. There are folk like this, but they are few whose enjoyment of power lies purely in the knowledge of it.

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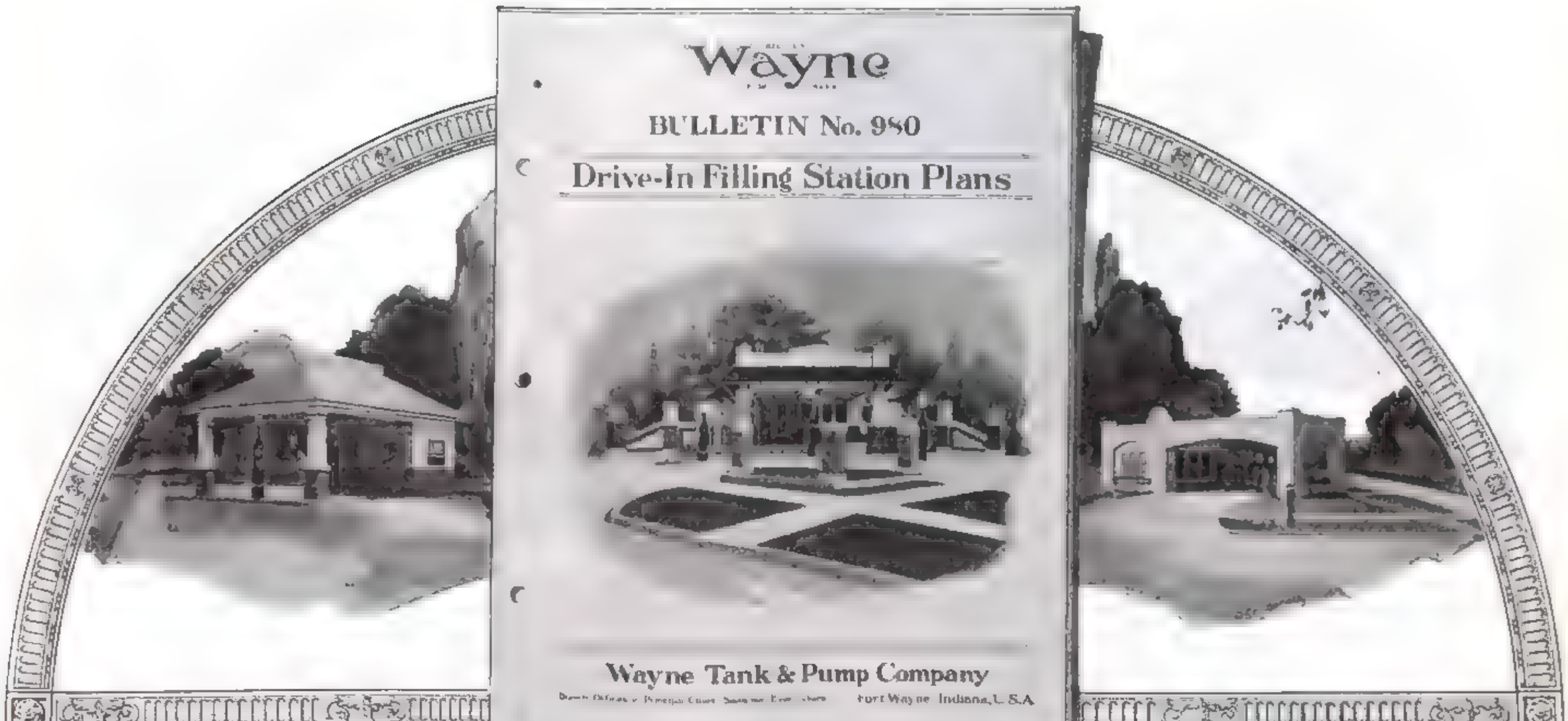

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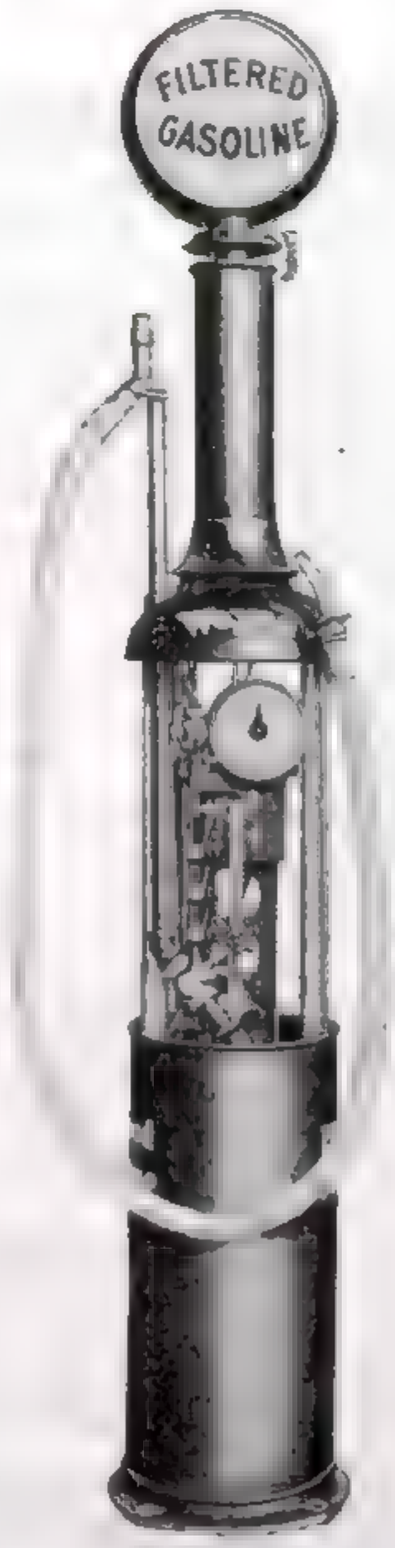

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Happiness

By EDGAR A. GUEST

The lights are lit, the night has come,
The burdens of the day laid down;
The children's voices gayly hum,
Above the noises of the town;
And this is what my home is for,
A home I pray, that God will bless,
To shelter until life is o'er,
Our hours of peace and happiness.

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Lucas

Paints and Varnishes

(Continued from Page 82)

Popular acclaim said nothing to Clamart. He avoided it and would always avoid it because of his past, and he was working to pay a debt to society.

"Well, Cynthia," said Shane presently, "I'm glad at least we've had this showdown. I understand better your reasons for telling me repeatedly that you would never marry me. They are quite sufficient. I am indiscriminate in my worldly relations, and I am hard. Both charges admitted. But I don't despair. I love you, and that may win out in the end."

"I'm afraid not, Shane. I can't deny being tremendously attracted to you, especially at certain times, in your softer, boyish moods. Then something happens to drive me back into my shell again, for I suppose that I might as well admit that I've got a shell. I'm in this sort of world just now, but never possibly could be of it. But it seems indispensable to my painting. That was weak tea until I came here."

"It might get even stronger if you married me."

"No. Something tells me that you'd absorb me. I suppose that one of two married people must absorb the other—unless they fight—and there's no good in that."

"I'm not so sure," said Shane. "I hate compromises as much as you must, but I don't think that individualities are bound to merge for the sake of perfect understanding. There are plenty of married friends."

"That doesn't sound very satisfactory. It implies a reservation. I shouldn't want to reserve anything from my husband. Let's talk about something else. What steps are you and the mysterious Clamart going to take about the rescue of Sharon?"

"It's up to her father first," Shane said. "He sent for Clamart, who has gone to see him. I've an idea that Jedburgh considers it merely a matter of price, and that he'll pay it and count on getting even afterwards. He was decent enough to exonerate me from any blame. Seemed to think it was his fault for not having taken better care of her, put her on her guard."

They talked for nearly an hour, though with a certain constraint. Shane quite understood it. He knew that all Cynthia's ideas, traditions, well-molded point of view, were opposed to the idea of lover or husband like himself, a man of the town, all of it, rubbing shoulders intimately with people whom she could no more think of knowing than she could of keeping a jaguar or boa constrictor as a household pet. She felt, and truly, that Shane would never be willing to abandon his wide and nondescript world. She knew that he loved it as an explorer loves the jungle, the frozen forests and the sea. It represented life to him, and without it, limited to her peaceful pastures, he would probably contract and warp.

Nevertheless there was a dimness in her eyes and a tremor in her voice when he said good-by to her. She loved all that part of him that they had in common, and that was really a good deal. More than that, she loved him for his virile masculinity, which was of a sort her nature really craved. She loved his sort of strength even while telling herself that without tenderness, self-sacrifice, and the regardless discarding of all about it that she did not like, it was not for her.

Shane, considerably sobered, decided to walk around to the Melting Pot and look over the ground again. He found a policeman at the door, but the man recognized him and made no objection to his entering. The affair had been reported in the morning papers, though briefly, owing to the fact that they were just going to press. Shane reserved his own account until hearing the result of Clamart's interview with Jedburgh.

Then, just as he was going in, whom should he meet but Olivant coming out. This elegant and, as Shane was now forced to admit, useful parasite of wealth greeted him with the cheerful friendliness that should obtain between clubmates of the same exclusive circle and Manhattanites of the old socially prominent set. The two, though never intimate, had known each other from boyhood and had known all about each other. Shane was five years the senior and had always thought of Olivant as something of a sissy. Olivant had regarded Shane as one of those clever chaps, and a mixer of rather dubious choosing in his associates. It would have pained Olivant to have been seen in many of the places Shane frequented and with many of his acquaintances, this less from snobbery than because of his limited means. Had he been rich, or even comfortably incomed, he would not have cared.

"Hello, Emmet," he drawled. "In about five minutes you would have been the man I was looking for."

"You turned down my services last night."

"Mr. Jedburgh did. I mentally accepted your offer. Quite a habit of mine, or habitat, perhaps—that same wide mental reservation. Spend most of my time there."

"It's a pleasant country," Shane said; "and besides, one's king there. How did Clamart make out with that totem who is your boss?"

"Well—call it a draw. Nobody but himself can tell what Jedburgh really thinks, but he's going to lay off Clamart with the police. Your friend put up a facer to him. He said: 'I don't know where your daughter is nor who kidnaped her, though I can guess why. If you will give me free rein I'll do my best to get her back, but for a price.'"

Olivant paused and looked curiously at Shane, who said: "I can guess that. He wants Jedburgh's word of honor not to give any backing to the Don Quinto or similar scheme."

"Why, yes," said Olivant naïvely, "but why? That's what gets past me."

"Because you've overlooked a bet," Shane said. "Clamart is actually an honest man. You ought to realize that when such a high-tension crook as he was experiences a renaissance he's apt to swing clear back to the other end of the arc and turn saint or devotee or tireless welfare worker. They don't just resign."

They were standing in the vestibule of the cabaret. It appeared to be awaiting an order from headquarters to open its doors for business, though everything was still as it had been the night before.

"Well, I don't know much about Clamart," said Olivant, "if you'll permit me to say so. And since you know Clamart so well, I'll take your word for him—on that same jolly old reservation."

"Thanks for nothing," said Shane. "I'll admit the honors were with you early this morning."

"They still are," murmured Olivant. "Come in here and I'll show you something."

He led the way to the table where the party had been sitting, then pointed to the polished floor under the rim of the table where Sharon's feet had rested.

"See those marks?"

Shane looked down and saw a number of scratches and pitted impressions on the parquet.

"Yes, but they must have been made earlier in the day. Miss Jedburgh would hardly go out for dinner with nails sticking out of the heel of her slipper."

"She did, though. When she came down dressed for the party she looked into the library, where I was sitting with Jedburgh, to show us her gown. It was then the dinner hour and she was in a hurry. I went out to put her in the car. There's one of those metal grating mats in the outer vestibule. The heel of her slipper caught on something and ripped off the narrow leather rim—this thing."

He reached in his pocket and showed to Shane the thin strip of leather that goes last on the heel of a slipper.

"She noticed it going down the steps," said Olivant. "I advised her to slip on a different pair, saying that Mrs. Duane wouldn't thank her for leaving hieroglyphics on her parquet. But she was already late and fussing about it, and said that those slippers were made to go with that gown and that she'd be careful to keep her heel clear of the floor. After you left this morning I thought of that, and went out and found this piece wedged in the mat."

"Good detecting," Shane said, and looked again at the floor. "Hello! What's this?"

For on looking more closely he discovered the scratches to lead at regular intervals not to the front door of the cabaret but to the rear one.

They passed around a screen behind which was a swinging door with an oval opening cut in it, to avoid collision, hooked back during rush hours. In front of this door the scratches were more pronounced—long fine grooves, in fact.

(Continued on Page 86)

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(Continued from Page 84)

"Here's where she discovered her mistake and started to reverse," Olivant said. "She appears to have been dragged along." He passed through the door. "From this point the linoleum doesn't show much. I'd say she was rushed down these stairs and out the delivery alley that gives on the street. But by that time somebody out here must have struck a light, and besides, there's a gas jet always burning at the foot of the stairs. I've learned that there was a sort of scullion down there to dump the scrapings into a swill pail in the court as fast as these were sent down to him. He must have seen her. I've found out where he lives. What if we pay him a call?"

Shane's opinion of this young man's acumen was augmented. "By all means," he said.

Olivant led the way down the few steps, out through the untidy rear to the alley, and by this to the street. They turned westward, walking rapidly.

"Thanks for your confidence, Olivant," Shane said.

"Not a bit, old chap. I know how you feel about this. Besides, a stalwart backer might not come amiss."

The quarter was an Italian one. Olivant glancing at the numbers as they hurried on said presently, "You noticed, of course, that she seems to have walked unresistingly as far as the waiters' entrance, then suddenly discovered that something was wrong. That would seem to show that in the dark she must have thought it was you leading her to safety or escape. But once at the stairs, whoever had her whisked her out. It must have been the man you fended off. He grabbed her before you got busy with the chair."

"Looks that way," Shane admitted.

A little farther on they came to the tenement Olivant was seeking. "Third story rear," he said, and led the way in and up the grimy stairs, then down the dim-lit corridor, redolent with the heavy odor of garlic, stale cabbage and steaming suds. Fetching up in front of a door Olivant rapped sharply with his stick. There was a moment's silence, then a muffled voice answered something that Olivant chose to interpret as permission to enter. The door was locked. He rapped again and there came the sound of scuffling feet, a sliding bolt, and the door was opened six inches to reveal a swarthy face and a shock of black tousled hair.

"Are you Tony, who works at the Melting Pot?" Olivant asked.

The man nodded.

"We want to talk to you," said Olivant, and pushed in past him, followed by Shane.

The room was about such as might have been expected from its tenant. Olivant turned to the man, who looked sullen and a little scared.

"Shut the door," he said. "Now, Tony, we want to know all about the young lady that was rushed out of the back door just after the lights went out."

"I dunno nothin' ——"

"Yes, you do. Think again." Olivant drew out his pocketbook and took from the sheaf of crisp bills inside a hundred-dollar note. "Do you see this, Tony? It's a hundred, and it's yours if what you tell us leads us to the young lady. Here are four more just like it. Five hundred dollars, Tony; and easy money. You could start a shop of your own with that."

Tony looked from one to the other of the two men. His face was not a stupid one. No doubt he was quick to see that these two were not police or private detectives, but of the city's cream. His decision was quickly taken.

"I tells you what I know, sir. When the lights go out a man and a young lady come down past me. She seem strugglin'. He slip me ten and say shut up. They go out in the court and she holla. I think she scared the place pinched. We get raided twice already. I look out and see another man come up and twist a black scarf round her face. I don't like it and say, 'What a you doin'?' Then somebody call me and I go back inside."

Olivant handed him the bill. Tony took it, looking dazed.

"Did you ever see either of these men before, Tony?"

"No, sir."

"Would you know them if you saw them again?"

Tony looked uncertain. "Mebbe. The first man gotta beard. I tink de other fella gotta black overcoat and black soft hat. I see his face just a minute."

"How could you see it in the dark?" Olivant asked.

"It ain't so dark. Some light comin' from back windows in the house behind."

"Let me see the ten-dollar bill he gave you," Olivant said.

Tony took it from his pocket. Olivant glanced at it, then gave Tony a bill of similar denomination in exchange.

"All right, my lad," he said. "You've earned your hundred. If this leads us to the girl you win five hundred. Keep your mouth shut."

"You bet," Tony answered.

Olivant looked at Shane. "Anything you want to ask him?"

"How about that alley? Is it the only way out?"

"No," said Olivant. "You could go through the basement of the house in the rear and get to the other street. I investigated that. The rear basement door was not locked. There's an Italian clothing shop in the front, but that's on the street floor. The basement steps lead up under it. I don't think it matters much, though, how they got her out."

It did to Shane, but he said nothing. He reflected that if Sharon had been rushed out through the alley beside the entrance to the cabaret her abductors must have been seen by the Jedburghs' chauffeur, and he was fairly sure that the second man was Leffy. But then, he had thought it probable from the first that Leffy had played an active part in the abduction.

He seated himself at the table, drew out his sketchbook, and from memory drew a portrait of Leffy, Olivant watching curiously. Shane showed the sketch to Tony.

"Have you ever seen a man that looked like that?" he asked, and caught Tony's quick unmistakable glance of recognition.

"That's him!" he said eagerly. "The guy that came around the corner and helped hold the lady."

Olivant looked astonished. Shane, glancing at his face, saw that astonishment was not the only emotion it betrayed.

"That fellow was lounging by the entrance when we went in," Shane explained. "I caught a glimpse of him and thought it possible he might be a tipper-off for the joint."

"By Jove," said Olivant easily, "what a thundering visual memory you've got."

"It's no secret," Shane said. "The means by which I earn my daily bread."

"That's so. Some gift! Well, it ought to help a lot. Let's go. Mum's the word, Tony. No talking about this visit."

The dazed garbage wrangler nodded.

They went out, and in the street Olivant said, "Well, that's that. Why don't you draw another sketch of the bearded man?"

"I shall. But that's going to be harder. But this seems to smash your demonstration at Jedburgh's, Olivant."

"Not entirely. That was merely to show that Clamart might have drawn her away and passed her on to somebody else. She would have needed a reassuring word in a voice she knew to have started her on her way. But I've got an opposite slant on it now. I believe that Clamart is just as blameless about Sharon's kidnaping as you are yourself. More so, in fact, because I'm sure that if he'd had the slightest inkling that you were going to take her and the princess there he'd have told you not to do so under any circumstances."

"Now you're coming out of your fog," Shane said. "Even supposing that Clamart was fanatical enough about his dope-smashing crusade to kidnap Jedburgh's daughter for the sake of keeping Jedburgh out of Don Quinto's crowd, how could he possibly have managed it? One of those men was sitting there when we went in, and the other must have come in just behind us."

Olivant raised his eyebrows. "You make it rather difficult for me, Emmet, by holding back so much, because you are, you know. I have to tackle it by algebra, so to speak, instead of by arithmetic. It's a terrible strain on a feeble mentality like mine."

"You should worry about that feeble mentality," Shane said dryly.

"Well," said Olivant, "to unburden it a little, here's what I think: That first bearded man had tracked Léontine there because he knew that she was helping Clamart and thought, perhaps, that she was his *belle amie* or something, and figured that if he could grab and get away with her it would put an awful crimp in Frank the Clam. The second Johnny that followed you in had been, as Mr. Jedburgh opines, on Sharon's track. They were working up their separate ends for the same beautiful cause. Then when their respective sleuthings holed in at the same joint they may have had an argument about it and decided that Sharon was the more valuable game and decided to concentrate on getting her."

"At last," said Shane, "our minds are beginning to go along together."

"It would help an awful lot in their traveling side by side on that same path and getting to its ultimate objective if you'd stop holding out on me. It's not quite fair, old chap. You've got a lot more than I have. I believe you to be terribly distressed and asking nothing more than to get at the truth of the business. But I still think you're holding out on me."

"In what respect?"

"Well, that sketch you just made. It's pretty hard for me to believe that even as keen an observer and as good a portraitist as yourself could have lamped this Apache as you went into the cabaret, then made a sketch of him that even this Italian swill shifter would immediately recognize. And he did recognize him. I was watching his face. Would you be willing to give me your word that you'd never to your knowledge laid eyes on him before?"

"No," said Shane. "I think he's a dope peddler that hangs out around Mott Street."

"Quite so. And you and Clamart, I understand, are interested in cleaning up dope peddlers."

Shane felt a squirm of exasperation. Here was Olivant proving himself every moment more and more astute, frankly believing in Shane himself, but still distrustful of Clamart. And here was Shane who had been working with Clamart, now benefiting by Olivant's assistance, working with him, yet obliged to hold back most important features of the case because of Olivant's association with Jedburgh. It seemed an almost hopeless tangle if they were going to get anywhere, and the worst feature of it was that Olivant really trusted Shane, while Shane could not return the compliment.

The same idea appeared to strike the younger man. "Seems a pity we two can't put our cards on the table, Emmet," he said.

"I'd do so gladly, Olivant, if I believed in Jedburgh and knew that you and he believed in Clamart."

"What have you got against Jedburgh?"

"His relations with Don Quinto. What I believe is that this Mexican has thrown in with a filthy bunch that has kidnaped Sharon to force Jedburgh's support."

"Why Don Quinto?"

"Oh, come! You know as well as I do that he's hatching a big scheme to flood this country with drugs."

"Well," said Olivant, "I wasn't sure that you knew it till this minute."

"I'll tell you more," said Shane. "Don Quinto knows that Clamart and I are out to block his game. So do others associated with him. Those two men were not there to kidnap anybody. They were there to get Clamart and me. They've tried twice already."

Olivant smote his hands softly together. "Now at last we're getting somewhere! That puts a different face on it. Why didn't you tell Jedburgh and me about that last night?"

"Didn't think it worth while. Didn't think he'd believe me."

"He does, though," said Olivant quickly. "You say they've tried to get you already?"

"If you'll come to my apartment with me," Shane said, "I'll show you a sketch-book like this that stopped a soft-nosed bullet not very long ago."

"Really? I'll take your word for that. But the question now is, What are we to do next? I'm not worrying such an awful lot about Sharon, but I'll tell you frankly I'm terribly afraid of what Jedburgh may do. They won't give her up without some sort of compromising pledge from him, and I really don't know what he may decide to do about it. I'll tell you frankly he was tempted, but my opposition turned the scale. This might turn it back again. I'm bound to Jedburgh not only by self-interest but gratitude. He got me out of a dirty mess."

"I know about that," said Shane.

"Well, you can understand, then, how I feel. But I've never really been able to sound Jedburgh very deeply. I know he's rapacious as a crocodile and just about as cold-blooded. I don't honestly believe him to be capable of much affection, even for that lovely daughter of his. But he prizes her highly as a possession. He's proud of her. She represents his one hold on some sort of social recognition, and he wants that, too, if only for its business value. Yes, I'm very much afraid that unless we turn up something quick Jedburgh is very apt to come across. I wonder if we could get anything out of Don Quinto?"

"I don't believe so," Shane answered. "He'd never dare admit any knowledge of this."

"Well, is there anything else you can suggest?"

"Not at this moment. Perhaps a little later."

They paused at the corner of the street. Olivant appeared to have something of which he wished to rid his mind.

"See here, Emmet," he said; "if I give you a large chunk of information will you promise not to use it except for Sharon's immediate release?"

"Yes," Shane answered unhesitatingly. "That's the only important objective I've got just now. All this other stuff—opium and thugs and things—can go to blazes, once I find Miss Jedburgh."

"Well, then, Don Quinto has got at this moment about a million dollars' worth of opium safely hid away and awaiting distribution."

"How do you know?" Shane asked.

"He told me so. Offered to show it to me as soon as I could get Mr. Jedburgh in."

"Then why don't you play that knowledge against Sharon's release?"

"Well, for one thing, it wouldn't be enough. Don Quinto seems to consider it no more than a drop in the bucket. And besides, I don't know where the darned stuff is."

"Can't you find out?"

"Too late now. They've started our coercion. Don Quinto offered me fifty thousand if I could persuade Mr. Jedburgh to back his play."

"I heard that—when I was sketching him," Shane said. "By gorry, Olivant, I take back anything uncomplimentary I ever thought about you!"

"Thanks old man. Same here."

"You haven't any idea where it is?"

"Not the slightest. But if you talk to Don Quinto you might bluff him into thinking that you do. Better than I could, because you've got some other stuff. Now I must beat it and get back to headquarters." He signaled a taxi opposite. "Funny about my pantomime. It was pretty nearly right, except in the matter of doors, and the minor detail that I was acting the rôle of the wrong man."

"What about Clamart's real action?" Shane asked.

The taxi had drawn up at the curb. Olivant paused with his hand on the latch of the door.

"Well, if you had done what Clamart did it would have saved us all this trouble. Sort of a tiger man, Clamart." He stepped into the cab. "So long."

And this pleasant-spoken young man who had always, until that day, been Shane's general idea of nothing, whirled away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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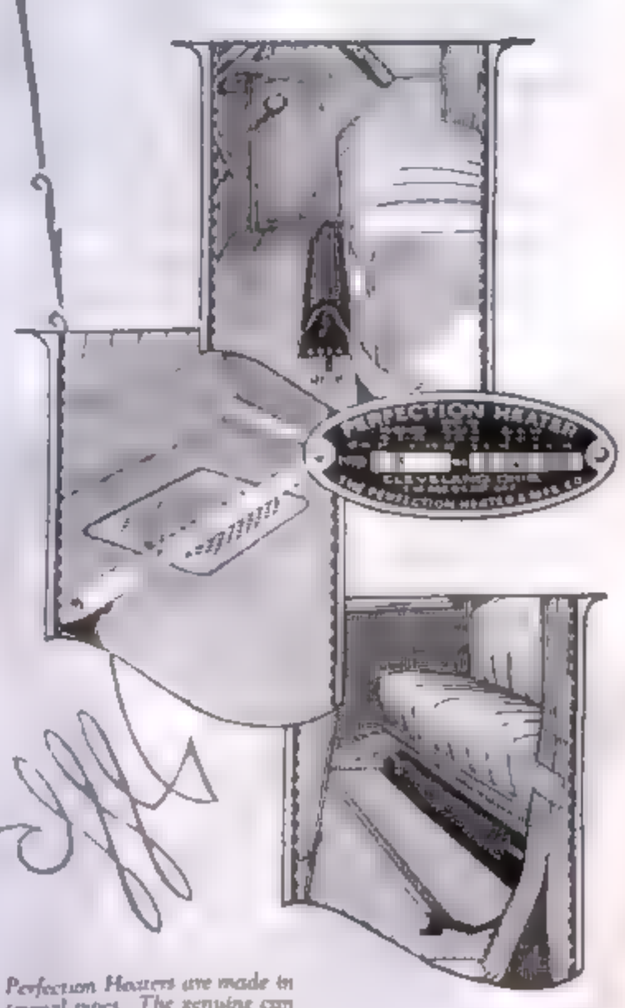

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 23)

raised a storm of jealousy. Eliza Snow wrote poetry; Zina Huntington was useful as governess for the sixty-four children. She had come to Salt Lake City with her husband, Doctor Jacobs; but he went to England as a missionary, and, on his return, continued west to California. Mrs. Augusta Cobb came from Boston and a Mrs. Smith wanted to be sealed to him for eternity; but he concluded that her demand was excessive and, sealing her to Joseph Smith for space, he married her for time only. Clara Chase went mad; and Amelia Folsom, forty-four years younger than her husband, had a private box at the Mormon theater, a carriage, silks, a piano and an elegant parlor.

The Church, a sensible and vigorous supporter of dancing, was also a patron of the stage; and ballets and plays, with celebrated stars imported from Europe and the United States, were given by its members. Brigham Young's walled square contained the tithing house, the offices and storehouses of the Church, two substantial buildings that held his offices and wives, a school for his children, barns, shed, flour mill, gardens and fragrant orchard. When he traveled—through the sombre loneliness of the Great Basin—it was in an appropriate state, with a train of carriages and horse, his barber, and one carefully dressed wife. There was nothing, except obligations self-imposed or those of his God, to which he bowed, none commanded him nor might demand any justification of his course. His reign, his authority, was absolute: when it suited his need he cut men—men and women—off from the earth, singly or in company; the right of property he knew as utterly as had Louis XIV; Peter the Czar was less actually the head of his people. Brigham Young, in his land of Deseret, was, as a detail, more powerful than the United States: he defied the Government, met it with soldiers, dominated the action of its courts and appointed representatives.

The Great Migration

It was inevitable that an enormous amount of scandal, of lies, should accumulate about him: he was, in the main, opposed to the movement, the monotonous changes, of time; and time, after his death, conquered and expunged his acts. The Edmunds Law, of 1882, reaffirming the antipolygamy Morrill Bill of 1862, brought about the end of plural weddings; and in 1890 President Woodruff, but not as a revelation, advised the saints to refrain from contracting any illegal marriages. But it was Brigham Young the man, and not rituals and customs, that interested me. He joined the Mormon Church in 1832, became an elder, and at once, it was recorded of him, spoke in pure Adamic. On the death of the Smiths, Joseph and Hyrum, as the heads of the governing twelve, he was elected to supreme power. His qualities were curiously uneven, but they were all vivid, passionate with life; and his native shrewdness often had a measure of genius: in the madness of the California gold rush he rigidly stamped out any movement to emigrate among his followers. Instead, they transported and fed and fitted out the floods of prospectors, laying the foundation of a later prosperity. However, it was as the head, the indomitable support, of the Mormon western emigration, and the builder of Salt Lake City, that Brigham Young became a part of the heroic annals of the United States. He was, in a century hardly gone, the image and breath of a patriarch of the Old Testament, he was Mosaic; and it was his peculiar misfortune—or was it a magnificent chance?—to be a Moses when the laws and privileges of that prophet were but states of old report.

The Mormon migration had not been from choice, they had not voluntarily left an ungodly world for the pure but sterile desert. No, the truth was that, until they settled beside the Great Salt Lake, they had been driven from place to place, from state to state. This, they proclaimed, was the result of religious persecution; and the murder, at Carthage, of the Smiths, gave them that claim to martyrdom inseparable from beginning religions. The Latter-Day Saints laid their unpopularity to persecution; but the various regions, the people, that knew them for various but short periods, denying this, asserted that there were civic and political and social reasons for the forced removals. The Republicans, it seemed, would welcome the Church cordially, and vote it against the Democrats; and, in turn, the Democrats, generally speaking, would greet it as a barrier opposed to inordinate Republican ambitions, but at the end both national parties invariably united against the saints.

They were established first, successfully, in Ohio, at Kirtland, where converts multiplied rapidly. It was there that the gift of tongues was bestowed, and a temple raised that cost forty thousand dollars. A half, almost, of this sum remained in debt, and the consequent financial difficulty unquestionably helped in moving the Church into Missouri. They settled in that promised land at Independence, then a village of log houses, and began the foundation of the true city of Zion. The Mormons arrived there in such numbers, their predictions about an empire of Zion, dispossessing the wicked, reaching to the Pacific Ocean, were so confident, that the non-Mormons became uneasy and persuaded the Latter-Day Saints to cross the Missouri River into Clay County. From there they were assisted on to Caldwell, a newly formed county, where they hopefully established the city of Far West, and a supplementary revelation commanded the founding of a town, called Adam-ondi-Ahman, on the Grand River. From those counties, induced by state soldiery, they found themselves in Illinois, where, buying the town site of Commerce, they built Nauvoo, with the announcement that the name was Hebrew and meant a beautiful place. At Nauvoo polygamy was instituted, Joseph Smith proposed as President of the United States and soon after killed, and Brigham Young elevated to the First Presidency of the Mormon Church.

They left Nauvoo under more resounding circumstances and changes than ever before, and what began as a battle for all their privileges speedily ended in a rout, a tragic flight into a land of unknown deserts. The Mississippi was crossed in flat boats and, in the snow, over ice, they moved to successive Camps of Israel on a way to Council Bluffs on the Missouri; and their camp there, near where Omaha followed, was called Winter Quarters. During that exodus they took on the hardiness of pioneers: cloth was made from the wool sheared, dyed, spun and woven through the march; milk was churned in jolting wagons; and, in the face of hardship, of weariness and ague and bitter want, in the clear evenings of the halts, dances, Copenhagen jigs and reels were held. They had no money, practically—the column worked its way across the land rail-splitting, digging cellars, threshing, plowing and clearing fields. They made boats and bridges for the passage of April freshets, dragged their wagons by hand through deep mud flats, and established a permanent station at Garden Grove.

The Conquest of the Desert

On the Missouri a malignant malaria, the breath of the black bottom land of the river, killed over six hundred Mormons; and again they took up their journey toward the ultimate Stakes of Zion. Now they were addressed to the actual wilderness, and the Pioneer Band, a hundred and forty-three men with three women and seventy-three wagons, proceeded in military formation. At Grand Island they saw buffalo; in May Indians set fire to the prairie, but a fortunate shift of wind saved them; in June they reached Fort Laramie, five hundred and twenty-two miles from Winter Quarters and five hundred and nine from the Great Salt Lake. Brigham Young crossed the swollen Platte River in a leather skiff—the Old Mormon Road, different from the Oregon Trail, lay on the north bank—the rest followed after ferrying over a profitable train of emigrants; and beyond the Sweetwater they camped near Devil's Gate. After this, facing the South Pass, weak from mountain fever and without bread, the company was so delayed that a detachment was sent on with wagons into Salt Lake Valley.

They descended between the sandstone walls of Red Fork and discovered a mountain trail so rough that it had to be digged clear; they fought a way through the willow tangles of a creek bed; and Orson Pratt, leaving his horse for a spur of rock, saw before him a great level prairie, the valley and the water of Salt Lake glittering in the sunlight. The following afternoon they were all established along City Creek, and the day after, with prayer, in a soil that broke the plows before it was watered, a crop was planted.

That, and not the legends of their bouquets of fresh or wilted wives, of their murderous revenges, was the significance, the importance, of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. They irrigated the desert and brought up their mint and tulips, the hawthorn trees and grains; but, more than that, the desert, the mountains, brought a new life and grim vigor into them. It was, for me, then anyhow, fine in accomplishment and spirit, totally different from the group gathered about the crystal gazing and predictions of Joseph Smith at Palmyra. With four hundred and sixty-nine sovereigns brought in tithings from England the first great Mormon emigration to Utah was launched; there were over fifteen hundred people, with Brigham Young's brother at their head; and leaving Missouri early in July they arrived, without serious trouble, in the valley at the end of September. There, however, no ease waited for them. There was little wood and no roads, none was experienced in the making of adobe brick, and the frost and rains dissolved their houses, the crop was a failure and there was no winter pasturage for the few cows that had survived the migration; by spring a scant parched grain had been substituted for coffee, a variety of molasses—but not yet sugar—was wrung from beets, and there was only a trace of unbolted flour.

Early Missions

In 1855 the crops were again insufficient and the emigrants to the city of Zion, in five companies, were forced to cross the country frugally with handcarts. They were starved, fell from sheer weariness, they were buried with their carts in drifts of snow, and in the mornings the bodies of the frozen dead were taken from the camp. A small number left at Devil's Gate ate the pieces of hide wrapped about the cart wheels and a buffalo skin that had been used as a mat. This was, without question, the fault of a stubborn bigotry in the Mormon leaders; but those who survived, maimed and crippled in flesh, were tempered to a hard determination of spirit.

Before the Mormons had marched westward a very different religious development, a Methodist mission, had gone out into the Oregon country. But Jason Lee's undertaking—attaching himself, a nephew and a lay teacher to a party conducted from St. Louis by Nathaniel Wythe—without resemblance to the columns of Latter-Day Saints, accomplished the same end: it contributed to the addition of new territory to the United States and bred a fundamental hardihood in men. The Methodist Society had spread as the result of the conversion of a negro and his evangelical efforts among the Wyandot Indians; and when a further cry came from the Nez-Percés and Flatheads of the Northwest, it was natural that the society should immediately respond. Lee's small company of 1833 was joined, four years later, by two additional groups, and, in the Willamette Valley, the mission grew and flowered in planted fields.

It had been Lee's intention to go seven hundred miles farther inland to the Flatheads, but the difficulties of transportation, the problem of supplies, and the advice of Doctor McLoughlin, head of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, together with a profusion of more convenient Indians by the Willamette, kept him there. His first sermon west of the Rocky Mountains, at Fort Hall, had been followed by horse racing; but the opening service on the Pacific Coast gathered four adults of the Hudson's Bay men and seventeen half-breed children.

The mission houses were built on French Prairie, where the trappers had been living in a species of faithful informality with Indian wives; and Jason Lee began his labors immediately with the marriage of a

(Continued on Page 93)

The blade achievement that antiquates old ways

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(Note text at right)

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We've been making razors over 15 years. And, like all razor makers, we recognized that while the safety method was correct, the safety blade was open to much improvement.

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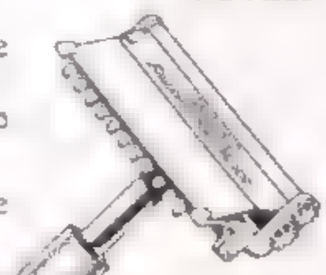

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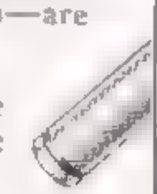

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The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

(Continued from Page 90)

girl mixed in blood to a trapper, and a love feast. His own matrimonial affair the society determined, sending out a Miss Pitman for that desirable end. A very satisfactory moral tone was being secured, when the arrival of the Jesuit missionary fathers, Blanchet and Modeste Demere, complicated, for every one concerned, the whole social position.

The Jesuits at once told the Indians that the ceremonies and prayers of the Methodists were without avail, the girls that their marriages effected no escape from a state of sin.

The American Board of Foreign Missions next, moved by the extent and opportunities of the Northwest field, sent to the Oregon a Presbyterian, Marcus Whitman, and the Reverend Mr. Spaulding; the former established himself near Fort Walla Walla, in the upper basin of the Columbia, and Mr. Spaulding settled ninety miles farther east, at Tapwai among the Nez-Percés. Their journey from Pittsburgh was, virtually, an exploration: their wives were the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains—six years before Frémont made the South Pass celebrated; and Whitman forced a wagon to carry Mrs. Spaulding to Fort Boise, though none before had succeeded in passing Fort Hall.

Indians Killed by Kindness

The Whitmans, accused by the Cayuse Indians of spreading a fatal measles among them, together with twelve others, were massacred. But, at the Methodist mission, it was the Indians who died, constitutionally unamenable to the benefits of civilization. While the Catholic fathers were content to allow the Indians to remain superficially in their native state, the Methodists galloped them more quickly in the direction of salvation: they discouraged a nomad hunting, persuading them to live in houses and cultivate the land. Such planting in the Willamette Valley, Jason Lee had found very productive; the missionaries became successfully agricultural; and, as the Indians vanished—the children kept as wards of the Church, in houses, almost invariably died of consumption or diphtheria—after a short period, the mission was disbanded, and a different crop than had been intended bound its accomplishment into the future.

Webley Hauxhurst, convicted of sinfulness by the earnest prayers of Indian children, built the first grist mill in Oregon; and Joseph Meek, who was sent east with the news of the Whitman murders, was converted by Jason Lee. Meek, in the Willamette Valley Convention of 1843, called in an effort to establish a provisional American government, had secured a successful division of votes when all hope had vanished before the antagonism of French and British interests. He safely performed the arduous journey to Washington and, in the main, executed his purpose. At the capital he stayed at the Coleman House, then the polite hotel; he met President Polk, who received him as a relative, and was induced to buy a dress suit. However, after these preliminary successes, Meek relapsed from virtue: he received from Congress seventy-two hundred and fifty dollars to be divided between the payment of his and a companion's expenses and needy Indians. The companion, a Squire Ebberts, who was forced to return alone to Oregon, had to work his way back; it took him eighteen months, the journey cost him five hundred dollars, and, in common with the Indians, he got no part at all of the sum entrusted to Joseph Meek.

In 1840 five hundred Indians died in the neighborhood of the Willamette mission—the temperate kindness, the efforts, of that evangelism were as fatal in their result as the whisky and wars of the fur traders and dealers in public lands. The farming spread through one of the most fertile, one of the most beautiful, valleys of the continent, and a world of hunting and peltries, of frontier posts, the Hudson's Bay Company and England, the French influences—so colored by what it had striven to color and conquer—gave way to broad peaceful acres of wheat and the pastures, the steers, of the Willamette Cattle Company. Jason Lee, in a deep bottom land sixty miles from the mouth of the river; Rev. Samuel Parker followed by the mission in the Walla Walla Valley and on the Clearwater; the missions on Snake River and Spokane Prairie; Elkanah Walker at the Tsimakane and the church to the upper Nez-Percés at Kamiah, the stations at The Dalles and Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound, brought—even more than Protestant religions—the tide of American occupation from the East.

They, the missionaries, were men, and women, of an enduring fiber and, specially, a saving good sense. Coming, more fortunate than the Mormons, to soil that needed only the touch of cultivation, they were faithful in their obligations and in their industry. They had not escaped from a land of inimical gentiles, but carried the traditions of their country with them, and fought for a national existence, an implied statehood, when the Calhoun Party, in the interest of an issue that had no validity whatever in the Oregon, was dangerously moving against any recognition of the Northwest. Their influence, like those preceding it, departed; in the time that followed—except for a beginning prohibition act and the absence of slavery—hardly a trace of it remained; the early camp meetings, the revival hymns in forest clearings, gave way to the strident band saws of lumber mills.

The era, the hopes of missionaries drew, practically, to a close in 1844, when—the year before—the Methodists had withdrawn Jason Lee from French Prairie and the Presbyterian Board gave up all their posts but that at The Dalles. The Eastern need grew less tyrannical to rear temples where the prowling cannibal lurked hung round with human bones. The Oregon Dragoons, launched from Peoria by Lee's eloquence, with their flag bearing the phrase Oregon or the Grave, were absolved by one or the other; the international aspect of the Columbia country shut out all else.

The British Northwest Company had first built a trading fort on the Tacouche Tesse; then it came in violent contact with the territorial claims of the Hudson's Bay Company; a small but sanguine warfare followed; and, in 1821, the companies consolidated, and Doctor McLoughlin arrived at Fort George three years later. He built Fort Vancouver, first on a high ground and then on the bottom land of the Columbia; and, over the surrounding prairie, he grew fields of wheat and fields of barley, vegetables, corn and orchards; there were pastures and dairy houses, the cottages of shepherds and herdsmen, a grist mill and a saw mill.

The Oregon Trail

The claims of national right to this hung, to a great extent, on whether Astoria had been purchased or forcibly occupied by the Northwest Company; Russia had moved north of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes; and a long, smoldering contention, successively discarded treaty proposals between England and the United States, was settled only, on the base of the forty-ninth parallel, in 1846.

During that period the Oregon question was sharply agitated in the Eastern States; Marcus Whitman's winter ride east was made famous; Hall Kelly's pamphlets, upholding a plan of moving whole villages with their pastors northwest, were widely distributed. W. A. Slacum's report on the Oregon, in 1837, trusted that Puget Sound would not be surrendered; and Senator Linn's bill of '38, for an occupation of the Columbia, brought the nation to a sense of responsibility for that growing American settlement.

With no patience for controversial politics a rapidly increasing body of people were pouring into the Northwest: the Oregon Provisional Emigration Society hoped to raise the Western Indians to equality with white society; entire districts got the Oregon fever and removed complete; and the train that left Independence in 1843 had a hundred and twenty wagons, nearly a thousand persons and over five thousand animals. The migration two years later—a hundred and fifty of those wagons followed with great disaster the Malheur River—took three thousand people over the Oregon Trail and increased the population there, principally in the Valley of the Willamette, to six thousand. Steadily, but equably, contested by the Hudson's Bay Company, representing England, American settlers began moving north still, to the Cowlitz River, Puget Sound and around Olympia.

The problems of government, of protection against the Indians, which needed an immediate independent solving—Calhoun, in the Senate, was then wrecking the Douglas Bill for a territorial government of

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Your grocer probably has Booth's. If by chance he hasn't, send us one dollar for an introductory shipment of four tins, charges prepaid.

Specify the sauces you want them packed in. Your money gladly refunded if you are not satisfied.

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In a small sauce pan melt one level tablespoonful of butter and a rounding tablespoonful of flour, mix to a paste and add strained tomatoes. Boil the mixture for two minutes. Mix Booth's Food-Sardines and bread crumbs (one cup) and chopped parsley, moisten in half a cup of the tomato sauce, put in a baking dish and cover the top with the remaining bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake for twenty minutes, browning top nicely. Serve with the remaining cup of the tomato sauce.

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Oregon—welded the American Northwest into a strong singleness of interests and spirit. The attempted constitution of 1841, which had Father Blanchet as chairman, was realized at Champoeg in 1843, and, two years after, amplified: the land concessions to missions were discontinued, the sale of liquor together with the introduction of either slavery or free negroes prohibited. At the killing of the Whitman party, however, the provisional government had no money, and tried to borrow from the Hudson's Bay Company; this Doctor McLoughlin could not manage, and, in its failure, military supplies were bought at Fort Vancouver on the personal notes of settlers. After four months the upriver Indians were subdued, the Cayuse tribe destroyed; and the prohibition of slavery was ratified at Washington over the heads of the Southern representatives.

There were, now, more than thirteen thousand Americans in Oregon, still gathered along the Willamette, and Oregon City, with nearly eight hundred inhabitants, was the largest village. Here, too, was a time, a region, that charmed my imagination. It was in setting, different from the cottonwood creeks and salt basin of the continent's middle ground, absolutely beautiful. There were no riches but natural food. Yet grains and fruit and game, deer and salmon, were easily, almost without effort, to be had. The houses were built of logs and everything except the garden patches was a common range; no roads existed beyond dry-season trails, with an occasional reach of corduroy or a natural drainage, and the wheat was carried sixty miles to the mill, provisions were borne a hundred miles.

How the Country Grew

Inside the cabins, while the women slept on the feather beds brought—when nearly all else was discarded—from the Mississippi, the men had but buffalo robes; there were, of course, no stoves, only open fires in a heaven of woods, and of the furniture the table was hinged to the wall. Neither was there any tallow—the only lighting came from the fireplaces or cups of fish oil with limp wicks. The clothes were commonly buckskin, a material of uncertain habit in a damp climate, buckskin shorts and bare feet at church; and the women wore moccasins and linsey-woolsey.

That primitive state vanished at the discovery of gold in California; the usual departure of prospectors, robbing the country of so many young men, was made up for by the prosperity which set in: Wheat that had sold in Oregon City for sixty cents brought six and ten dollars a barrel put on ships; lumber rose to twenty-five dollars a thousand feet; and, by midwinter, many of the miners returned and gold dust took the place of wheat as the standard of exchange. The exorbitant freight rates by water developed pack trains, with steamers on the Columbia and Willamette, and a packers' ball at Walla Walla, frame houses, bridges and roads. Portland, at a head of navigation, became the center of commerce; settled the year before, it quickly outgrew Oregon City, and in 1860 had twenty-seven hundred and eighty-six inhabitants. Its development was steady and in '65, with the model of a New England Sunday, it was already a place of the highest propriety. The Dalles, then the second city, was not so formal.

The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, holding a monopoly in the river portages, added to Portland's dignity; the Umpqua gold, the coal of Coos Bay, were uncovered, and the pack trains of Willamette headed northeast into the Inland Empire, to St. Mary's Valley, the Spokane Plain and Cœur d'Alene. One half, at least, of the people in the Northwest were still in the southern valleys, but that concentration was soon wide-scattered. Spokane Prairie, when the railroad opened the Palouse lands, became a city riven with the water power of its mills.

In 1850 John Butler Chapman moved from Oregon to Grey's Harbor, from there he went on to Puget Sound and in a Fourth of July oration he drew a brilliant picture of the proposed territory of Columbia. Another Independence Day speaker, Daniel Bagley, brought about a local newspaper called the Columbian, and a convention was called at Monticello, near the mouth of the Cowlitz River. A memorial bearing forty-four names was sent to the Oregon delegate to Congress, a month later the Oregon legislature asked for a division of the Territory, but Mr. Lane had already introduced his resolution to that end. The name, at the movement of Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, was changed from Columbia to Washington; Stephen Douglas reported the bill favorably, suggesting a further change to Washingtonia, but that amendment was withdrawn, a southern boundary established largely along the Columbia River, and Washington Territory was created in 1853.

Its first legislature was saturated with a portentous sense of importance tempered by vigorous sallies of humor: great advantage would result to the new Territory, it declared, by the annexation of the Sandwich Islands; suffrage for white women failed by one vote—the act, it was reported, of a member with an Indian wife—and a bill was proposed regulating the poker playing of Puget Sound. An attempt to copy the Maine prohibition law was a failure as well: Arthur Denny, a delegate, arranging for a canoe and Indians to take him home, was captured by a committee from headquarters, and only after the most heated refusal was spared the indignity of a forced drink. As he departed, triumphant, he saw George McConaha, president of the first council, running like a deer from a similar committee. Asa Mercer, who became the first president of the territorial University of Washington, left that post, at what he conceived to be a social necessity, to persuade the girls of New England to emigrate to Puget Sound. A great many promised to accompany him, but only eleven appeared on the dock at New York. They crossed the isthmus, went in the bark Torrent from San Francisco to Port Gamble, and sailed on to Seattle in a sloop named the Kidder. Mr. Mercer was then properly elected to the upper house of the territorial legislature, and hurried three hundred girls out to Washington. The New York Herald opposed this, warning a feminine East to stay away from the Territory; but, supported by General Grant, in 1866 he finally arrived with a second company that included a few men.

Isaac Stevens, the first governor, came out to Washington as—in addition to his other duties—superintendent of Indian affairs, and in charge of the party surveying a railroad route from the Mississippi to Puget Sound. There were two hundred and forty-three men in his command; he described nine passes through the western mountains and charted a region two thousand miles long and often four hundred wide. That accomplishment brought my attention to the military road Captain Mullan built from Walla Walla to Fort Benton. I was sitting on the mezzanine balcony of the Hotel Davenport, in Spokane, and, under the immense elaborate luxury of the gilded ceiling, among the potted palms and caged singing birds, the hanging fretted brass and stamped velvets, a throng of women had gathered to review a show of clothes for the purposes of sport.

A Study in Contrasts

There was, below me, a sea of bright and perishable hats, a foam of white gloves and a sibilant tide of massed feminine voices. A platform had been erected at one end of the space, with a raised walk leading into another room, and over that the models displaying the clothes were to pass. Meanwhile there was tea at a multitude of small tables—sandwiches, minute and ornamental, glazed cakes like raspberries, brown like walnuts, the tea and party-colored ices. Looking at the women, intimately varied but yet similar, lithe in silk or wrapped in furs, I thought again of the eleven girls Asa Mercer had brought to the earlier barrenness of Washington. Well, there was no scarcity of them, of feminine charm, now; and, in particular, there was no lingering trace, no memories, of linsey-woolsey and the moccasin of squaws. It would have been very dangerous, in that assembly, to pronounce the word "squaw."

The show was delayed, there was music, an orchestra and singing—and I became engaged in the hotel itself, the elaborate development of a post such as Spokane House had been: there was the Isabella Room for the afternoon, the Delicacy Shop, the Coffee Shop and the Orange Bower, the main restaurant, with its dancing specialties, for the evening; a sports shop, a bookstore—a whole community of major and minor suavities struggling, it was my conviction, to recover from the blow dealt to a profitable order of entertainment by prohibition. Certainly a multitude of alternate pleasures, of candies, were offered to a capricious public. There was a concerted stir below, a magnified simultaneous sigh of expectant interest, and a model dramatically walked over the elevated passage.

I was, recalling the announced purpose of the exhibition, surprised: the girl on view, in a garb of sport, wore a cape of violet, a sweater of rainbow silks, a skirt was molded over her body like a casing, her shoes resembled white paper ornamented with punch work in maroon leather, and the soft brim of a hat wavered across her vision. She walked with little steps, a hand charged graciously on her hip, and smiled engagingly past a shrugged shoulder at her audience. On the platform she seriously revolved, and an expression of coldness, of an indifference toward the curious mob, took the place of her cordiality. Another and more languid creature effectively followed—there were a very great many of them—and the course of sport in the state of Washington was further informed and assisted; there were mulberry jackets and wide feathers and silver cords, emerald satin and cloth of coffee with cream; there were—for, I hoped, at least only the followers of games outside—slippers with the staccato heels of ballrooms.

Captain Mullan and His Road

In it all there was a warning, a rebuke, to Nature—a protest against inconsiderate slants of rain, unmannerly puddles, obdurate rocks. This, obviously, was far more important than sport, than a mere game; or, rather, these burning raiments were addressed to the oldest sport of all, to the first sport and the most foolish animal—man. The bright procession was met with murmurs, like my own, of surprise or of approbation, and specially felicitous affairs were greeted with a patter of the white gloves. The feminine Northwest could now assault a masculine Mount Rainier, or Shasta, arrayed in the effective tissues and scents of artificial flowers.

A strange company, I thought, had poured into Washington over the military road Captain Mullan had constructed with such a toiling courage. He had been commissioned to discover a mountain pass practicable for a road laid from the plains of the Missouri to the plains of the Columbia, connecting the head of steam navigation on the Missouri, the commerce of the Chouteaus, with The Dalles; and, in 1853 and 1854 Mullan explored the valley of the Kootenai, north of Fort Hall, and the Snake River on the south. The line from Walla Walla to Fort Benton was easily chosen, but westward of the Columbia it was more difficult: the Nez-Percés Trail he avoided; and, confining himself to the Cœur d'Alene and Lolo Pass, he wandered through the mountains with an old Iroquois Indian named Æneas. He met the Jesuits, Josét, Ravalli and Gazzoli, went in with another Indian, Bassile, and for his purpose selected the valley of the Cœur d'Alene.

The Pend d'Oreille region he found flooded, the Lolo Fork Pass was almost insuperably difficult; and when, with Captain Jordan and sixty men, he left The Dalles, the defeat of Colonel Steptoe by Indians made road building an impossibility, and he was forced to disband his expedition. Appointed a topographical officer, he returned to Washington and laid his needs before the War Office. Governor Stevens, in Congress, supported him, a bill was passed appropriating a hundred thousand dollars; and once more, his company increased to a hundred, he marched for Walla Walla. The main expedition was supplemented by surveying parties, his astronomer was detached and an exploration of the Cœur d'Alene country conducted by guides promised by the Jesuits. The Snake River was reached early in July, where the different divisions drew together, and, the animals swimming the water, they camped in a beautiful wooded meadow.

Captain Mullan moved steadily up the Palouse, he left the main valley for the high prairie north of the Pyramid Peak, and was almost fatally trapped in the cañon of the Sil-sil-sep-pow-vetsin. They encountered high freshets and steep rock, but, near the mountain, there was rich grazing and timber. Past the middle of July they left the plains of the Columbia and climbed the sharp spurs of the Bitter Root: a rocky excavation, in a descent of seven hundred feet, and a sixty-foot bridge were completed in eight days.

The valley of the St. Joseph's was pastoral with willows and cottonwood and alder, water set in greenery, the mountains were virgin with fir, but the Cœur d'Alene Lake was lovelier still. It was crossed in flat boats, forty-two feet long, cut by the whip-sawyers from the woods; four hundred feet of corduroy was laid and an excavation blasted seven hundred feet to the divide above. On the left side of the lake Captain Mullan made a side cut for a quarter of a mile through rock, he built three bridges and crossed the river before the middle of August. From there, with a mile-long cut through mountain spurs, three miles of dense timber to penetrate and three more bridges, he reached the Cœur d'Alene mission, two hundred miles from Walla Walla. At that place, exactly, the difficulties of construction began.

The lake was very beautiful, a crystal depth brilliant with trout and salmon; there were coveys of grouse, bear and deer, on its rim, and the mission of the Jesuit fathers was built on a little idyllic plateau commanding the walled valley. The road was driven through the Cœur d'Alene, cutting through the forest, immense fallen trees, for a hundred miles; there were bridges and grades, thousands of grades, beyond count and an ascent of nearly two miles to the summit of the range. In December they reached the St. Regis Borgia Valley, where the winter camp was pitched. Most of the stock had died of starvation and exposure, in log huts in a dense grove, with snow the severity of which Captain Mullan hadn't foreseen. The snow fell to a depth of three feet; it was five feet deep; there was nine feet of snow on the mountains.

With no animals all the supplies, the instruments, were finally carried over the fifteen miles to the Bitter Root River, and the river crossed in six bateaux and a large flat boat. A dispatch rider sent express to Salt Lake City lost his horses in the drifts; he improvised snowshoes from his saddle rigging and, snow-blind, made practically all the five hundred miles on foot.

Returning on horse, with a single companion, he accomplished the entire journey in fifty days.

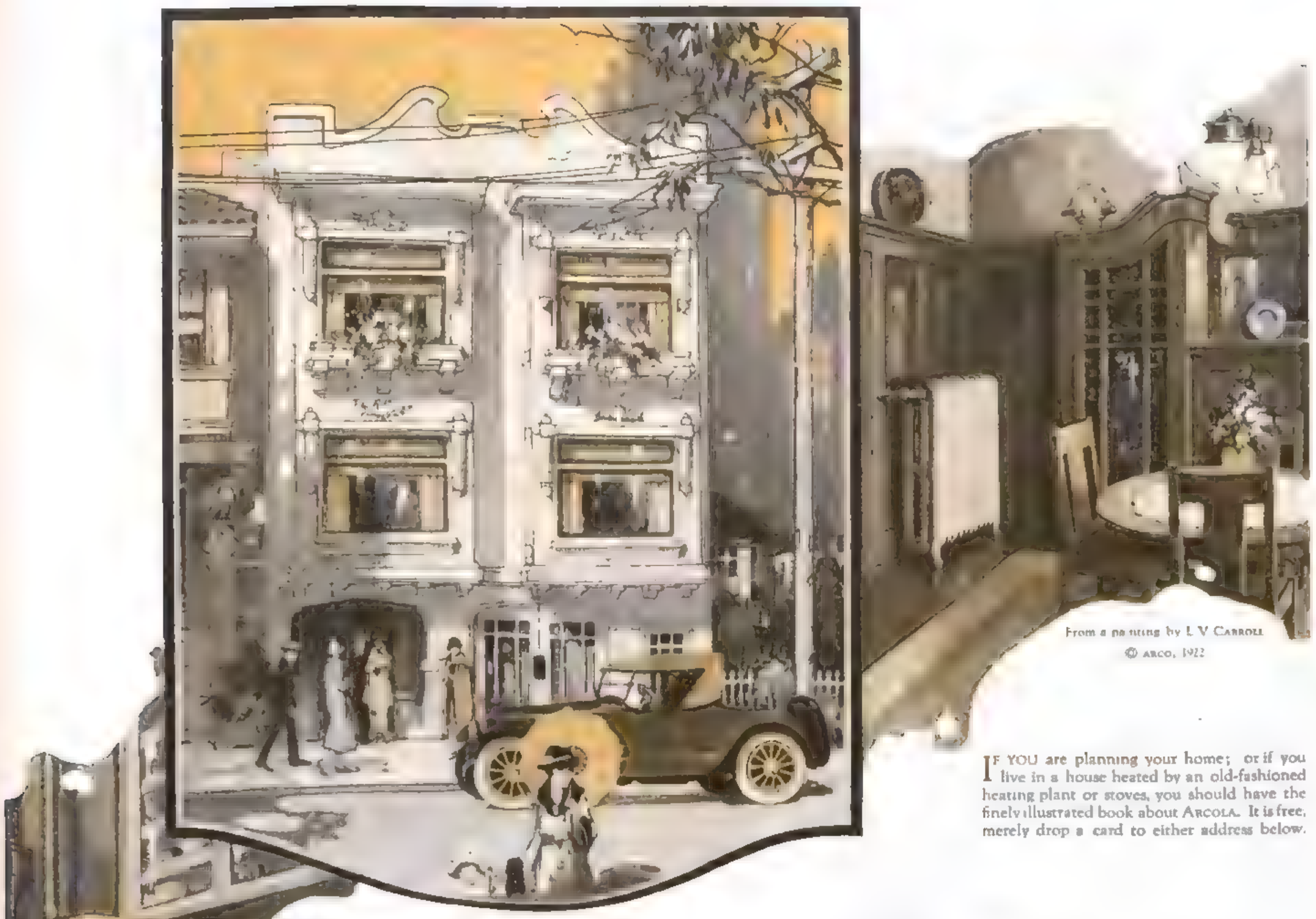
The Bitter Root Country

There were three miles of excavation along the Bitter Root; at the beginning of May a six-mile cut was blasted from a rock face, needing six weeks and a hundred and fifty men, and the road was continued with a mile and a half of side excavations and a long bridge. In a country filled with game and trout they lost a ferryboat, and cut out, built and launched another, recrossed the Bitter Root River, within a week. The Blackfoot was reached in July, up the Hell's Gate Ronde they crossed the stream eleven times in fifty miles, with, marching to Fort Benton, three additional water passages at Hell's Gate and four of the Little Blackfoot. It was the middle of July when, by Mullan's Pass, they reached the slope beyond the Rocky Mountains; at Fair Creek they were forced to construct a side cut of sixty feet and build a thirty-foot bridge; in the broken region of Medicine Rock Mountain the expedition made eighteen fordings and descended into the open valley three miles from the Missouri.

It was, as I had reflected, a strange way—the Northern Pacific Railroad followed it later—to have ended in the ornamental throng at the Davenport Hotel. Beside that I saw a second, a small committee, of the men of Spokane. Their time, their lunch, was divided between the planned details of a future commercial development and a precise explanation, to the news reporters present, of what they might not print. That part was significant, but what was left for the evening and the morning sheets I was unable to discover.

However, it was clear that nothing should be revealed of which Seattle could take advantage; Spokane said "misrepresent." It regarded Seattle in exactly the manner in which St. Louis looked upon Kansas City—with more than a degree of suspicion. Once there had been such a rivalry between Spokane Falls and Cheney—the former printed the Spokane Times and the latter set up, under a tree, the Northwest Tribune. Cheney bribed a theatrical troupe to play there for the two days allotted to Spokane Falls; but when, in 1887,

(Continued on Page 98)



From a painting by L. V. Carroll

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IF YOU are planning your home; or if you live in a house heated by an old-fashioned heating plant or stoves, you should have the finely illustrated book about Arcola. It is free, merely drop a card to either address below.

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FREQUENTLY we receive letters that tell us we are too modest in our claims for Arcola.

When we advertise that Arcola cuts the average family coal bill one-third, Arcola owners write to say that the figure, in their experience, is nearer one-half.

And every once in a while comes news of an Arcola miracle like this:

"In November of last year I installed two Arcolas in my two-flat building, connecting them with an American Radiator in each room," writes J. L. Collins of 1435 10th Avenue, San Francisco. "The Arcolas operate very efficiently and economically, and we are very much pleased with the results.

"Our tenants on the first floor, after using their Arcola for a short time, voluntarily paid us $5 a month more rent, out of appreciation of the comforts obtained."

We imagine this is the first instance in human history where a tenant voluntarily increased his own rent. But then Arcola is the first heating plant in human history which gives perfect hot-water warmth to every room of the small home and pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators for every heating need

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Sensational!

Indestructible all-metal barrel holds more ink

WAHL

Revolutionary!

Here is the perfect answer to that big question, "What shall I give this Christmas?"

Give the new WAHL PEN—the distinctive gift of the year.

Everyone who sees it covets this remarkable new pen whose entire barrel is made of light and indestructible metal—gold or silver. As a pen it is the finest writing instrument ever made. The all-metal barrel cannot crack or break; it cannot contract, or expand with body heat. It holds more ink than the old-fashioned thick and brittle hard-rubber barrel.

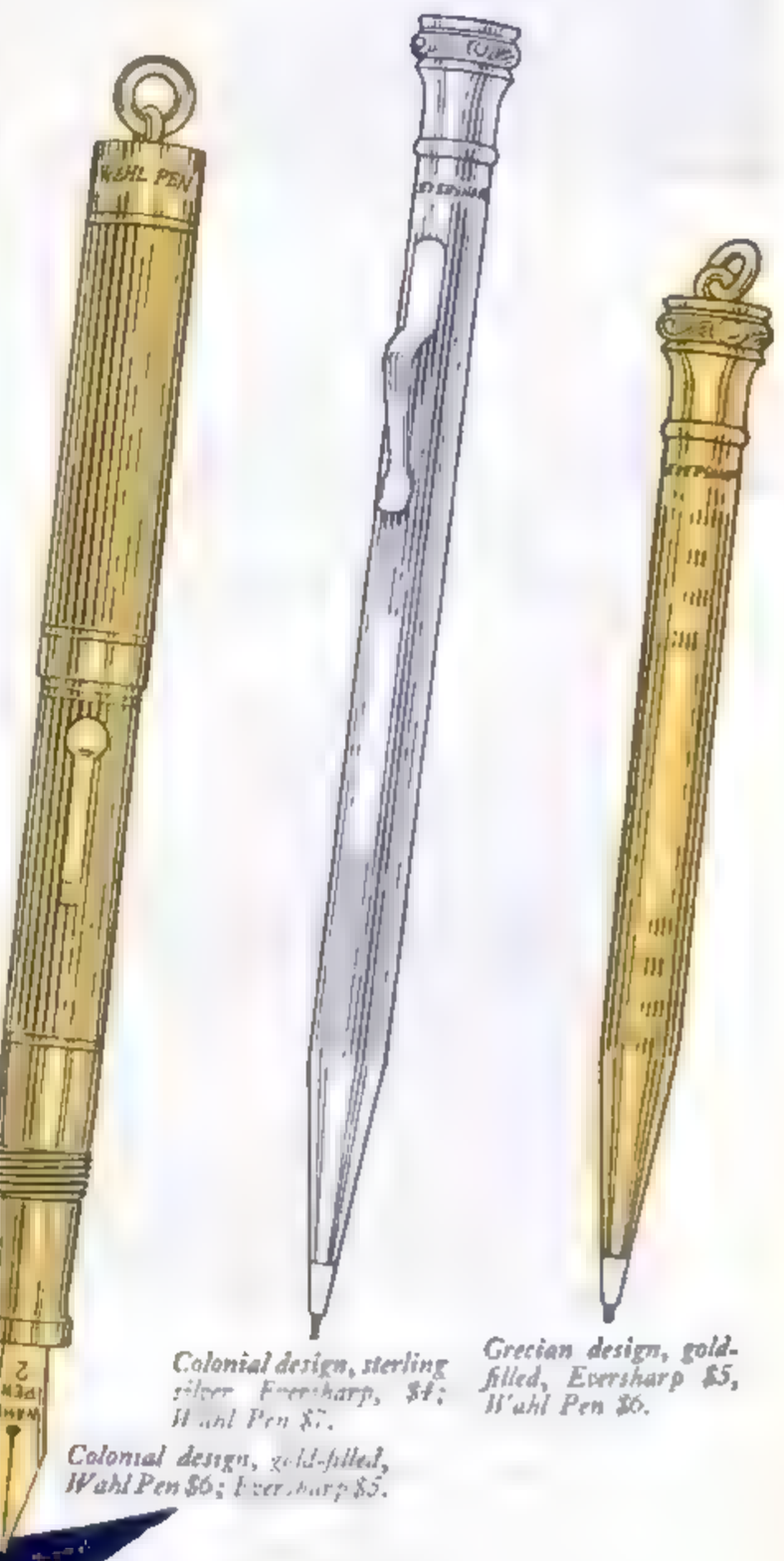
As a gift, it is new, different, appealingly beautiful, and a life-long reminder of your thoughtfulness.

The Gift Sensation of the Year
90 styles to match Eversharp designs

The WAHL PEN is a perfect match for EVERSHARP—the world's standard pencil. Every one of the 90 styles is beautifully engraved in a design to match an EVERSHARP.

Solve all your gift problems with WAHL PENS and EVERSHARP. Give them singly or in matched combinations—your dealer will supply blue, velvet-lined gift boxes.

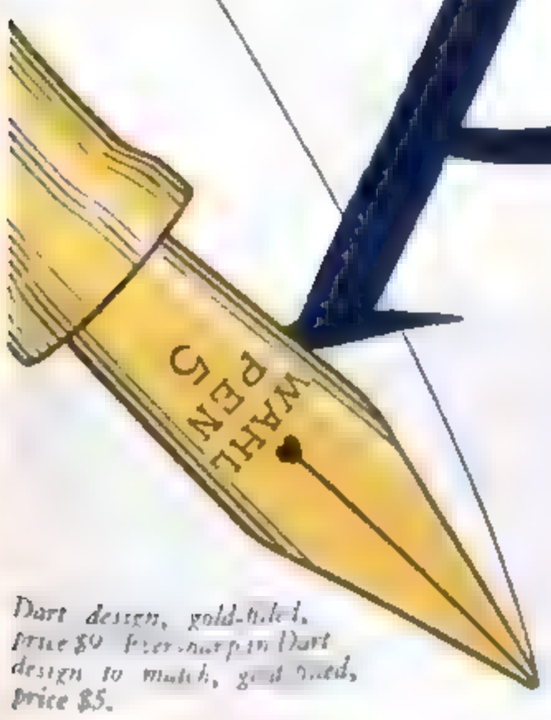
Don't forget to match your own EVERSHARP with a WAHL PEN. Do it today. You'll be surprised at the modest prices of these superb pens.



Colonial design, sterling silver Eversharp, $4; Wahl Pen $7.

Colonial design, gold-filled, Wahl Pen $6; Eversharp $5.

Grecian design, gold-filled, Eversharp $5, Wahl Pen $6.



Dart design, gold-filled, price $9 Eversharp in Dart design to match, gold filled, price $5.

PEN MATCHES EVERSHARP

Made in the EVERSHARP factory—by
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The Knickerbocker Grill, 42nd and Broadway
Its floor of Blabon Linoleum is used for dancing

Blabon floors on Broadway

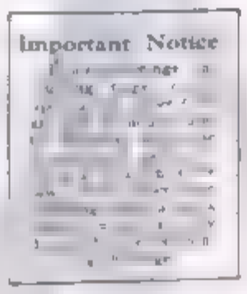
In the very center of the world's busiest thoroughfare—where the lights are brightest and gay traffic heaviest, there you find Blabon floors of Art Linoleum.

Famed hostelries, restaurants, theatres, the country over, as well as homes, schools, churches, institutions, and business offices have found Blabon floors ideal from every viewpoint. Blabon floors of plain or inlaid linoleum make admirable floors for dancing.

Blabon Art Linoleums are noted for their remarkable durability, the beauty of their patterns and the softness of their tones.

A Blabon floor of "Invincible" battleship, plain or inlaid linoleums combines quietness, springiness and comfort to the tread, with honest sturdiness, good looks and cleanliness. They are so easily and economically kept spotless.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.



Blabon Rugs are genuine linoleum. They lie flat without fastening; are mothproof, sanitary, and durable. Beautiful and economical.

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON
ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 94)

Spokane became the county seat, it was locally supreme.

There was still another variety of faith—regarded, however, by very influential minds as faithlessness—evident in Seattle. It was a religion which included no visions of a hopeful or a dark futurity, its belief was the most immediate conceivable, it dealt in a thoroughly vigorous manner with the material present. In Chicago I had come in contact, through the Haymarket Riots, with the early Labor Party; Butte had shown me a socialism rapidly shifting to a destructive violence and the formation, in the United States, of the Industrial Workers of the World; but in Seattle that sanguine party had reached—anyhow for one decade—the height of its power. This, in reality, had not been dangerously high: it dissolved, as it had begun, in threats.

That, it seemed to me, unless society were reconstructed from its foundations in the lost past, was inevitable. There was nothing strange in the doctrine of the allied industrial workers, I understood it thoroughly—in its practical aspect it was the determination to have everything at once, not waiting even until tomorrow, and without a really distressing labor. It was a feeling for which I had a certain amount of sympathy. I was as cordial as possible to the workers of the world, and to a few near by; but I had an equal appreciation, I hoped, of the feeling, for example, of a man who owned a foundry, a mine or mill. There was, equally, no uncertainty about my attitude toward my own property and affairs.

They were better, I thought, in my hands than directed by a soviet from Southern Russia and Northern Hungary; and the truth was that I was prepared to be violently unreasonable in any necessary stress of keeping a hold upon my possessions. I had been in the forest of Washington, above Seattle, when we came into a small lumber-milling town for dinner; and near the hotel, I was told, there was a store kept by a paid agitator. The pay was not inevitably a charge against his sincerity; it simply marked the fact that he was part of an organization. I saw his wife walking quickly over the street; she was young, with swinging black bobbed hair and a serious-looking book under an arm; and her high cheek bones, her narrow resentful eyes, were wholly foreign to the tradition of the town at the foot of the Cascade Mountains.

The Work of the Wabblies

She was, actually, there in the interest of its destruction, the lives of the men with me rested on the town's vitality; and their comments were revealing. One, the field superintendent of a great forest operation, explained to me the circumstances of his first contact with, colloquially, a wabbly. He had been just married, a young man cutting a little stand of timber that had strained his last credit to buy. And, while he operated with a modest crew, his wife kept the books of their concern in a forest hut with a tarred paper covering. It was going along very well, he assured me, until a stranger drifted into his tract and asked permission to speak to what he called the boys. This, in view of the monotony of existence in the woods, was readily granted, and he spoke that evening until, purely by chance, he was overheard by the man who was my companion.

But he was too late: the crew had been persuaded that he was a capitalist and that they were the victims, the slaves, of property; they were already half convinced that the simple dynamiting of a donkey engine was no more than a balancing of the scale of justice. His operation, my companion said gloomily, was practically ruined, the profit was almost absorbed by delinquencies; and he cast a very foreboding gaze at the agitator's store. He seemed to think that shortly the space would be for rent; and to that implication he added the abrupt acknowledgment that he was now held to be a bull of the woods.

In 1919 five members of the Industrial Workers of the World had met in Seattle and formed a soviet called the Soldiers' and Sailors' and Workmen's Council. A mass meeting was held—on the behalf of Russia—at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Virginia Street, volunteers were called for to put down industrial autocracy at home and to release all political prisoners; but, instead, the meeting ended with a characteristic disorder. I couldn't, here, blame Seattle for the employment of police, paid, as much as anything, for just that; I wasn't shocked at what had an aspect of an assault upon free speech; and I wasn't outraged when Everett, driving the social rebels from its midst, met their attempted return on a steamboat with cannon along the wharf.

An Epidemic of Colonies

Washington had always been a state of social and socialistic colonies and dreams: The Washington Colony was first; then came an attempt at a Chinese, a celestial settlement on Puget Sound; that was followed by the Puget Sound Cooperative Colony, which dissolved in the hands of a receiver; there was an advanced establishment at Glennis and a community begun by George Allen called Home. The Coöperative Brotherhood grew out of a social democracy founded by Eugene Debs; and the Freeland Colony, at Equality, was sold—to satisfy creditors—for twenty-five thousand dollars. I had never before encountered a city as sensitive as Seattle to any injustice—the streets, while I was there, were positively covered with a small printed announcement that a designated restaurant, employing Japanese workers, was unfair to labor. And that, obscuring for the moment more serious reflections, reminded me of the November third when a blast of the steam whistles of Tacoma was a sign for the expulsion of the Chinese from the city. In that grip of anti-Oriental riots Seattle was obliged to call for troops. Two hundred and twelve unhappy Chinese were forced on the steamer Queen of the Pacific; more had been brought forward, but the captain, sustained by a hose of scalding water, declined their company; and, obliged to return to the city, they were harried by still more mobs.

This held no abstract horrors for me: if Seattle didn't want Chinese, and there was no adequate power to guide her in the way of perfect charity, I saw no reason why she should entertain them. If the Pacific Coast was weary of an extreme Japanese frugality, and Washington didn't too much interfere, the Japanese, I thought, might prepare for a change. And if the United States itself, built, in reality, on the principles of English common law and the rights of property, could not protect its interests, it was only natural that soviets of unencumbered individuals should destroy what they couldn't possess. Seattle, however, had returned its hundred and ten unions, striking, to their appointed labors. The government there was still stronger than its defects; but in America, in the West, local governments had always been valid; it was the national political futility that invited disasters not only in cities but in the splendid solitudes of forests.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

Wonderful!

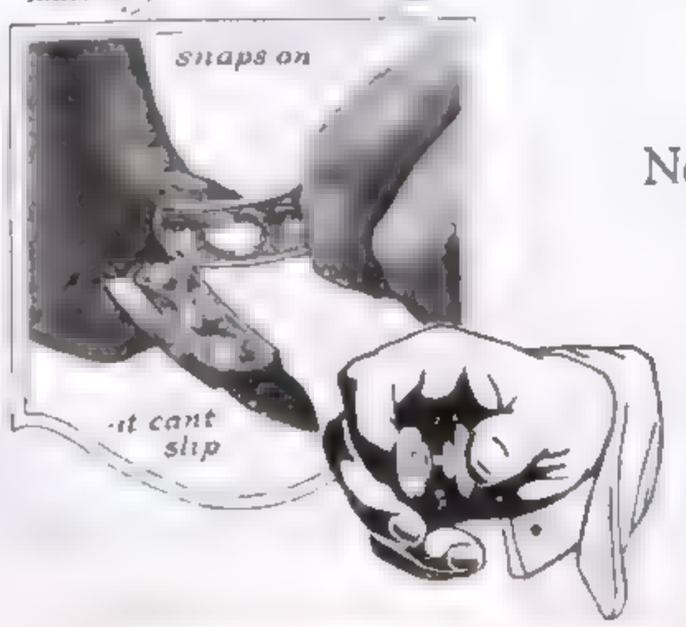
In gold, silver and platinum at Jewelers'. In popular qualities at Men's Shops — Write for Style Book 32 with correct dress chart.

Betty must have noticed those old-fashioned cuff links I used to wear, and that belt buckle of mine that I'm always tugging at.

Trust her to pick out the real thing—they're Kum-a-part. I thought so from their good looks, but just the same I made sure to see that the name Kum-a-part was stamped on both.

Now to write a thank-you letter. It'll take about half a ream to say what I think of them—and of her.

The Baer & Wilde Co
of the city of Attleboro, State of Massachusetts



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clicks open·snaps shut

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To insure hosiery satisfaction,
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They keep the big toes in
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Made in silk, lisle, cotton and worsted
The name True Shape is on every pair

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.
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Look for the True Shape Cross-Stitch in ladies' hose

It stops the garter run — cannot get below the knee

THE BEGGAR OF BERLIN

Continued from Page 15

helped to make. I think God will not blame you, because He understands. But it is certain that unless you cleanse yourselves, and put cruelty out of your hearts, and learn the joy of love and beauty and suffering and sacrifice, there will be great torment for you. Because all the things in which you take delight are doomed. This money for which you have sold your souls will melt away in your coffers. Today you eat too much, but in a little while you will starve. Even those diamonds which flash on your fat fingers will be worth no more than flints to buy the needs of your bodies, for one cannot get bread out of stones. This Europe of ours, which is your playground, is dying of corruption and disease. There is no health in it, because such as you have poisoned it, as you are poisoned. It is poisoned with hate and lies and greed, and its body dies because its soul is dead. I have come to tell you of these things, and to save you, if I can, from the wrath of those who are hungry while you eat too much. And now I play you again a little tune that was made when there was love in the world."

He put his tin whistle to his lips and played the quaintest merriest little melody, which seemed to me, perhaps to others, like the patter of dancing feet in some old German town away back in fairy-tale time, before there was ever poison gas or the whir of a bomb-laden Gotha. Then slowly he went towards the entrance hall and disappeared behind the pillars.

The effect of this appearance and speech on the people dining in the Hotel Wotan was curious to me. Even to the end, quite a number of them were clearly convinced that this was a new kind of turn for their entertainment. It was intended to be funny, they thought, and they smiled and nodded to each other and wagged their heads as though here was a great jest and some deep irony which they did not altogether understand, but which, no doubt, was the latest thing in Berlin. Others were dumfounded and, having been stricken into silence for a time, presently began to murmur angrily. A fat little man at the next table to mine became purple in the face and demanded to know why the police allowed a scoundrel like that to invade the best hotel in Berlin and grossly insult the guests.

My little waiter, the German lieutenant, came with my coffee, and uttered the word "*Ausserordentlich!*" with an air of consternation mingled with amusement.

"Who is this Hans von Menzel?" I asked.

He was surprised that I knew the man's name, until I told him of my encounter.

"His father was Graf von Menzel—you remember?—the great financier who was ruined by the war and shot himself in the Deutsche Bank. It made a great stir at the time. He was the biggest gambler on the stock market, and one of the biggest scoundrels in Germany."

"But this young man—is he mad?"

"Was Christ mad?" asked the German waiter.

He did not wait for an answer to that question, but told me some details about the son of the great financier. Before the war he had been notorious in the fast life of Berlin. Having great artistic talent, most of his associates were young artists of the advanced school—futurists, vorticists, all those queer freaks, said my little waiter, who upset the laws of perspective, painted pictures upside down and inside out, put women's noses under their elbows and men's eyes in their beards, and seemed to find some exquisite joy in masses of violent color and patterns of meaningless lines.

Hans von Menzel had had a house in the Kurfürstendam decorated in that fashion, an absolute madhouse, from all accounts, and there he indulged in orgies which were the scandal of Berlin. A wonderfully handsome youth, he was adored by women, and there had been much talk about his entanglement with the Russian dancer, Kakoshka.

Then the war came. It seemed to change him utterly. With the Second Prussian Guards he had been wonderfully brave. He won the Iron Cross before it had become cheap, and was three times wounded in Flanders and once afterwards at Verdun. Towards the end of the war something changed him again. He was put under arrest for preaching pacifism to the troops. After the war and his father's suicide he abandoned everything, lived like a tramp and a beggar, and wandered about, as I had seen him, playing his tin whistle, telling fairy tales to children, talking about love and peace to peasants and poor people, the night birds of Berlin and the criminal classes of the East End.

"A case of shell shock," I suggested.

The little German waiter shrugged his shoulders in his characteristic way.

"Soul shock, if you like! I don't understand these things. But this Hans von Menzel is not without followers. A saint, people call him in the working quarters. The children follow him like the Pied Piper of Hamelin—and more than children. Have you seen those young people about in Berlin and the countryside, showing their necks and arms and legs, all sunburned, and carrying little packs on their backs?"

Yes, I had seen them, and wondered at them. They were mostly boys and girls of any age from eighteen to twenty-two, I guessed. They wandered among the Berlin crowds like people starting for a walking tour.

"They are following the gospel of Hans von Menzel," said my waiter. "It's a new cult—the abandonment of civilization, poverty and Nature, peace and beauty, beggars for the love of God, a denial of all that built up German pride and power before the war. They seek to replace love in the world. In my opinion"—the little waiter glanced round the room at the people he despised and hated—"it can't be done at this period of the world's history."

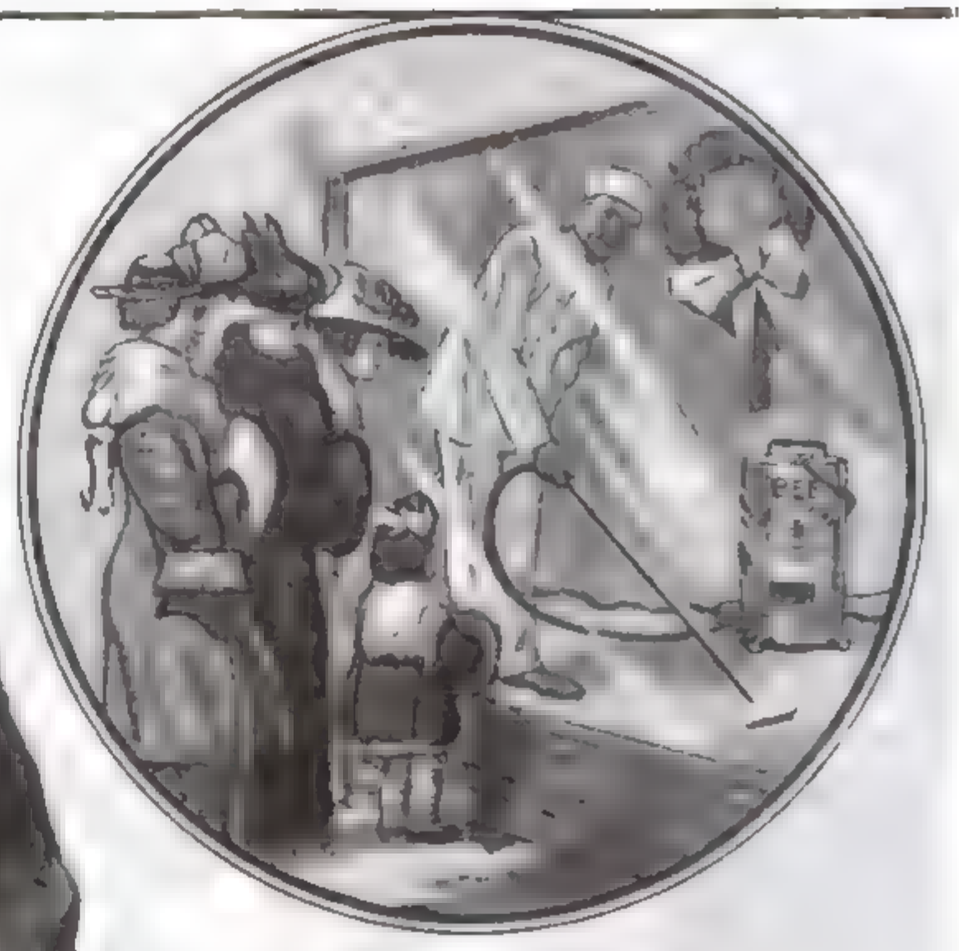
He laughed as though he had found some jest in those words, and went away to make out my bill.

It was partly by coincidence, yet not wholly, that I came in touch with people in Berlin who knew Hans von Menzel with more intimate knowledge than the waiter at the Hotel Wotan, and that afterwards I had the chance of knowing him myself. . . . It was a coincidence that on the night after his appearance at the hotel I saw the name Kakoshka printed large on a playbill in the Potsdamerplatz. That name did not link itself in my mind at first with the man who had made himself a beggar, and it was only later that I remembered that it had been mentioned in the waiter's life story of Hans von Menzel. What it recalled to me was a dainty little lady who had been my table companion on board the Olympic, sailing from New York. Enormous bouquets of flowers had been carried on board for her, and before the ship left the landing stage a platoon of photographers and movie men had surrounded her on the upper deck—a sure sign that she had made good in the United States and was leaving after a triumphal time.

At the purser's table I had long talks with her about the art of dancing and the beauty of rhythm and the Russian revolution and Bolshevism, which she hated with a kind of anguish of hate, and American characteristics, and, of course, the inevitable subject of prohibition, which at that time could not be avoided by any visitor to the United States. She had not been spoiled, I thought, by adulation and success, though I knew nothing of her private life or her love affairs, which I was told had been many and varied. To me, anyhow, she was simple and frank, not hiding her peasant origin—she had been born in the village of Lubimovka, somewhere on the Volga, and had tended her father's sheep as a child—or seeming to notice the curiosity and homage, as far as men's eyes roved, which she aroused among the first-class passengers. She was too small to be beautiful, I thought; but remarkably pretty, like a little shepherdess in Dresden china, and enormously alive, like some fairy creature, sensitive to every breath of wind and every glint of sunshine, and ready for instant flight.

Kakoshka. The name stared at me from the hoarding in the Potsdamerplatz, and I saw that she was dancing at the Monico, where the Russian gypsies were singing. I took a taxi to the place, lured by the thought of seeing her again, and it was only then, on the way, that I remembered the words spoken about Hans von Menzel by the waiter at the Wotan—"There had been much talk about his entanglement with the Russian dancer, Kakoshka." Perhaps if I could speak to her she would tell me more about that remarkable young man

(Continued on Page 103)



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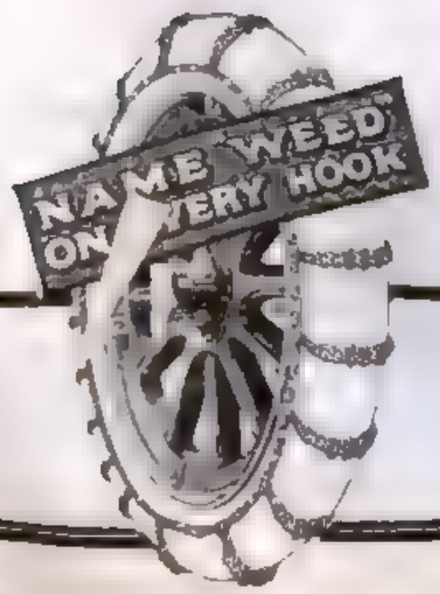

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(Continued from Page 100)

The Monico restaurant was already crowded when I arrived there at a few minutes after ten. The cloakroom attendant, a bearded man with sinister eyes, remarkably like Lenine, the Bolshevik dictator, told me civilly that I had better get my seat quickly or there would be no room left. Most of the people were finishing dinner at small tables crowded with the débris of their meals and with bottles of wine, empty or half filled. The atmosphere was of the end-of-the-meal variety, thick with tobacco smoke and the fumes of wine and the greasy odors of cooked food. Yet the company was more agreeable, I thought, than that of the Wotan, and the place more amusing.

The people here were mostly Russians, with a sprinkling of young Germans of the professional and intellectual class—artists and literary men, I should say, by the look of them—and two or three parties of American journalists whom I happened to know. It was with a little American group that I took my seat; and one of them, young Wendell, was surprised at my ignorance of a place which, he said, was one of the brightest dives in Berlin.

"You're just in time to see Kakoshka," he told me. "She's great! She comes on after the Russian gypsies have done their first stunt."

A little fat man was leading a stringed orchestra with a tiny concertina, or accordion, which he played in and out among the tables with astonishing genius and emotion, so that he made it sound like a church organ.

For a few minutes he seemed to make love with it to a very handsome young woman dining with an elderly cavalier, and she gave him her hand to kiss as a reward for his efforts.

"That's Princess Bourishkine," said young Wendell, who knew everybody. "She escaped from a Bolshevik prison in the uniform of a Red soldier whom she had bribed. That's her portrait on the wall, in the old Russian dress. Pretty good piece of work, don't you think?"

Then he said, "Here come the gyps! They sing as though they bathed in vodka—all fire and spirit."

I had seen them before, in Moscow, in the time of famine; and now, in this German restaurant, their strange Oriental songs, the harshness of the women's voices, which has some thrilling quality to those who hear the ancient East in it, the sharp, quickening rhythm, like horses galloping with a Russian sleigh, the question and answer of songs between the men and women, and those Slav faces, brought back to me memories of strange adventures down the Volga with which this story has nothing to do, except as an introduction to Kakoshka.

That little lady came in after the gypsies had retired. She was dressed like the portrait of Princess Bourishkine, in the old Russian style, with a jeweled crown, and all the guests in the Monico greeted her with enthusiasm, calling out to her in Russian and German. She kissed her hands to them before dancing, and I saw again the grace of those little hands which I had noticed on board the Olympic when she was my table companion, and the aliveness of that fairy body of hers, all tingling from head to foot, it seemed, with the vital spark. She danced in the old Russian way, with the most exquisite charm and humor, yet I think her dress did not give her all her chance, and I should have liked her best in simple ballet dress like Columbine.

It was while she was dancing that she recognized me. I saw the surprise in her eyes, and then the nod of greeting.

"She seems to be giving me the glad eye!" said young Wendell, highly flattered.

"No," I said, "I claim that. We're old friends."

"You're old enough to know better," was Wendell's way of revenge.

She beckoned me later to her table, where, after the dance, she sat with Princess Bourishkine, to whom she introduced me. Fortunately, after ten minutes, the princess left with her old gentleman, and Kakoshka and I were able to get some private talk, covered by the noise of the orchestra and by a second installment of gypsy songs.

"Tell me," she said, "what are your adventures since that Olympic voyage? Where have you been? Where do you come from?"

"Russia, among other places, since we have met," I told her; and that excited her, and she asked a thousand questions about the state of Russia, and what was happening in Moscow and Petrograd, and who was left alive among the people she used to know when she was in the imperial ballet. There were tears in her eyes when I told her some of the things I had seen.

Then presently she asked me about my business in Berlin, and laughed when I told her I was there to study the human nature of Germans after the war, and to try to solve the riddle of their mentality, upon which future peace or war would certainly depend.

"Have you found any revelation?" she asked with a smile. "Have you met any new prophet of *Kultur?*"

"I'm on the track of one," I answered lightly. "Anyhow, he has the appearance of a prophet, like John the Baptist. He is called Hans von Menzel."

She was greatly startled and distressed by my mention of that name. Her face became extremely pale, and then was swept by a warm flush of color.

She sat quite still for a few moments, staring into my eyes but not seeing me, I think, because her thoughts were busy with some emotional history of her past life.

"I knew that man once," she said presently; "he was my lover. I dare say you have been told that in Berlin?"

"Only once, and that vaguely," I answered. "Forgive me for speaking of him."

She told me that she was glad I spoke of him. She had heard of his strange life, but had never seen him since the war and her visit to America. He had sent her a message which had frightened her, but she had never answered it. Did I think he was mad?

"Madness is difficult to define," I said, and she nodded in agreement when I added that by the modern code of life he seemed quite mad, though in earlier times men like Francis of Assisi and other saints had embraced poverty and beggary in just that way for their souls' sake.

"In Russia," said Kakoshka, "it was a kind of fashion before the revolution, among young men of noble families. They went back to peasant life and found some joy in its misery. Strange! I escaped from that life and look back on it with terror. The dirt of poverty is so terrible and its ugliness so enslaving. Now I need the beauty that only wealth can bring. Perhaps I have lost my soul as the devil's price for that. It is what Hans said in his message to me."

"There's virtue in beauty," I said, to comfort her a little, for she was still visibly distressed. "Your grace is a gift to life."

She smiled at me and shook her head.

"Virtue and I are not joined in holy matrimony. I am a dancing girl. It would be better if I were starving with my peasant folk in the village of Lubimovka on the Volga—more honest."

She was immensely sad while she spoke those words, and yet in her volatile way she changed a second afterwards and laughed with a kind of bitterness.

"I do not quarrel with my way of life. And Hans von Menzel is mad—incurably mad, poor boy!"

She put her hand on mine and spoke in a kind of whisper.

"All the same, I want to see him once again. He was my lover, you understand? And I loved his love and his beauty of youth and his sulkiness. When he went to the war I forgot him—I have no loyalty. But now I want to see him again. You will tell him so?"

"I don't know him," I said.

"You will take a message from me," she answered, with a touch of command in her voice.

"What message?"

She thought for a moment and said: "'Kakoshka searches for the meaning of eternal love. Only you can teach her that.' Tell him this and bring him to my garden on Wannsee. You promise?"

"If I see him again I will give him your message."

She gave me some details of how to find her garden on the lake, and that was all the conversation we had.

A tall shaven-headed German, who, young Wendell told me afterwards, was a notorious *Schieber*, or war profiteer, enormously rich, came over to kiss her hand. Other people, impatient of my monopoly, spoiled my chance of private talk. Presently she danced again, and then left the Monico with a party of Russians and the tall German, with a wave of the hand to me.

I had told Kakoshka that I was in Berlin to study the human nature of Germans after the war, and to try to solve the riddle of their mentality. That was true, and for a week or two I pursued my inquiries earnestly enough, with only an occasional thought of the little Russian lady and her former lover, Hans von Menzel.

Berlin and all Germany were in a state of panic at that time, waiting the decision of the Reparations Commission on the subject of a moratorium for their debts to the Allies, and expecting France to take new and drastic measures to enforce payment by a control of mines and forests. There was a general belief that such action would bring Germany down with a crash, and the communication of this terror—for it amounted to that—led to a wild selling of marks in New York and London and all the exchanges of the world, so that they fell as low as eleven thousand to the English pound. Yet undoubtedly the main cause of this financial disaster was the reason given by my friendly waiter in the Hotel Wotan—the mad output of paper money from the government printing presses, followed by the instant raising of wages and prices and new issues of notes to keep pace with them, in a vicious circle that had become wild and whirling.

Now, prices were soaring above all competition with wages, and the government was faced with the frightful possibility that the false paper money could no longer buy the grain needed from abroad to feed the people, or the coal to keep them warm in the coming winter, or the wool to clothe them.

Some riots had happened already in the poorer suburbs of Berlin, the people were smashing up the markets because of the price of butter and cheese, and I heard many prophecies from many people in different classes that unless Germany obtained an international loan to bolster up her rotten financial state there would be widespread trouble in the coming winter.

This is dull stuff to thrust into the story I am telling, yet one must understand that state of things in Berlin in order to see how it was reflected in the extraordinary character of that young man, Hans von Menzel, and the new cult of which he was, to some extent, the prophet. I can see now that his madness, if one can call it that, was a direct outcome of the state of Germany, brought to the ruin of her pride and power by forces of evil and corruption in the soul of the nation, as all Europe, indeed, was menaced by the same forces of destruction and decay from the same causes. Knowing in his body and soul what kind of war had been made by hate, this young man set out to preach love in a kind of sacrificial way. Beholding the failure and dishonesty of all that financial system upon which German civilization had been based, brought home to him, no doubt, by his father's life and death, and the disease which had now overtaken it, he had become a preacher of poverty, and found a strange sweetness and purity in hunger and nakedness and beggary. He stood, madly, no doubt, against all those forces of reaction and militarism—goose-steppings and parades at Munich, secret organizations of ex-officers, propaganda for the next war against France—which I found existing still in certain classes of German mentality.

That, anyhow, is how I read the riddle of this young man, whom I have called the Beggar of Berlin, when I met him and had talk with him in a place called Pfaueninsel, meaning Peacocks' Island, on the lakes outside Berlin known as the Wannsee.

That is a favorite spot of holiday makers who can escape from the summer heat of Berlin, and wonderfully wild and free, though only an hour or less from the city. The chain of lakes reaches out from Potsdam, and is encircled by dark woods, of which the one nearest to Berlin is the beautiful Grunewald, larger than Windsor Forest, perhaps, though not so splendid in ancient trees.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that I went to Wannsee by train from the Potsdamer Bahnhof and to the Pfaueninsel—Peacocks' Island—by boat.

The white steamer was crowded with small boys and girls belonging, perhaps, to some big school or group of schools, poorly dressed, but spotlessly clean, as all German children are; and to my eyes, no longer blinded by war passion—to tell the truth, I was never much blinded, having been too close to the fighting front—they looked like fairy-book children of whom I used to read in Grimm's Tales. was it a thousand years ago?—such as Hansel and Gretel, and Little Red Riding Hood, and the princes and princesses of my childhood's dreams.

Here they were in the flesh, with their blue eyes and their straw-colored hair, and the beauty of innocence and grace in them. They munched little slices of bread and rosy-cheeked apples from secret stores in their satchels, and went dancing and singing off the boat at the landing stage of Peacocks' Island, where other crowds of children had already gathered. Here they went wandering into the woods, or to the lawns where the famous peacocks strutted, showing the majesty of their tails, where the little ones joined hands and played singing games, watched by their mothers and teachers. A pleasant sight, which I left for a while to have tea in a woodland chalet.

It was after that, as the afternoon shadows were lengthening over the lawns, that I heard a little tune being played on a tin whistle somewhere beneath the trees.

I followed the sound of it, which was now familiar to me, and presently found that strange musician, Count Hans von Menzel, sitting under an oak tree, piping to a crowd of children who sat in a ring around him.

As a reward for his tune he asked for a piece of bread. Instantly scores of little hands fumbled in their haversacks and then held out slices of bread, while shrill cries rang out of "*Nehmen Sie dieses!*" "Take this one!"

He chose his piece from the smallest of the boys; and then, while he munched it, he told the children an old fairy tale which kept them spellbound. I only heard the last words he spoke.

"So you see," he said, "that the fairies do not like men and women who quarrel with each other, and they keep all their gifts for those who love their neighbors. The fairies tell me that is true in all parts of the world today. Our poor Germany is nearly ruined because we hated our neighbors and they hated us. Unless we kill hatred in our hearts, like the boy who killed the dragon, we shall all be plagued like those poor folk in my tale."

"I shall always hate the French," said a small boy.

"And I shall always hate the English," said another.

"When I grow up I want to be a soldier like my father, and take revenge upon our enemies," said the third boy who spoke.

A shadow seemed to pass over the face of Hans von Menzel, though he sat where the sunlight fell through the leaves upon him.

"Then the good fairies will die in Germany and leave our dreadful world," he said.

"Play to us again!" shouted the children, but he shook his head sadly and said: "You have made me forget my best tunes today. But I thank you for your piece of bread, little mice. Tomorrow I will play again to you, when my tunes come back."

"But we shall not be here tomorrow!" said a little girl.

"No; that is true," he said. "We shall none of us be here tomorrow. How sad that is! Then I must play to you now my little tune that puts love in the heart if you listen very quietly."

It was a sweet, sad thing he played on his tin whistle, and then it changed quickly to a dance, and all the little ones sprang up and took hands and went whirling round. After that the young man kissed his hand to them and went away into the wood, where I followed him. We came face to face in a glade where he stood leaning on his stick and staring at some little white flowers in the thin grass.

"Good day," I said, and at this greeting he looked up at me and smiled in a friendly way.

"Good day, brother. I think we met in the great city? This quiet wood is better. Do you care to sit and talk?"

He sat down on the bank, with his long stick between his knees, and made a courteous gesture for me to sit beside him. Although he dressed like a beggar, he had a fine manner.

He talked perfectly sanely, and spoke to me at first about England, his mother's country, which he had known well before the war. He loved the old cathedral towns, especially Canterbury and York, and thought the pleasantest places on earth were the English gardens he had known. Then he referred to the war, and said the Germans and English should never have

(Continued on Page 107)

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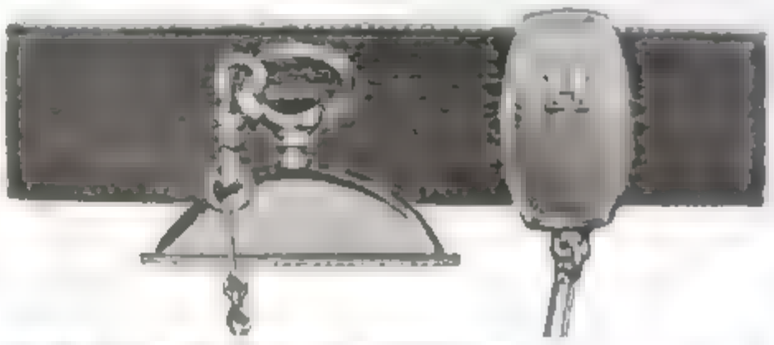

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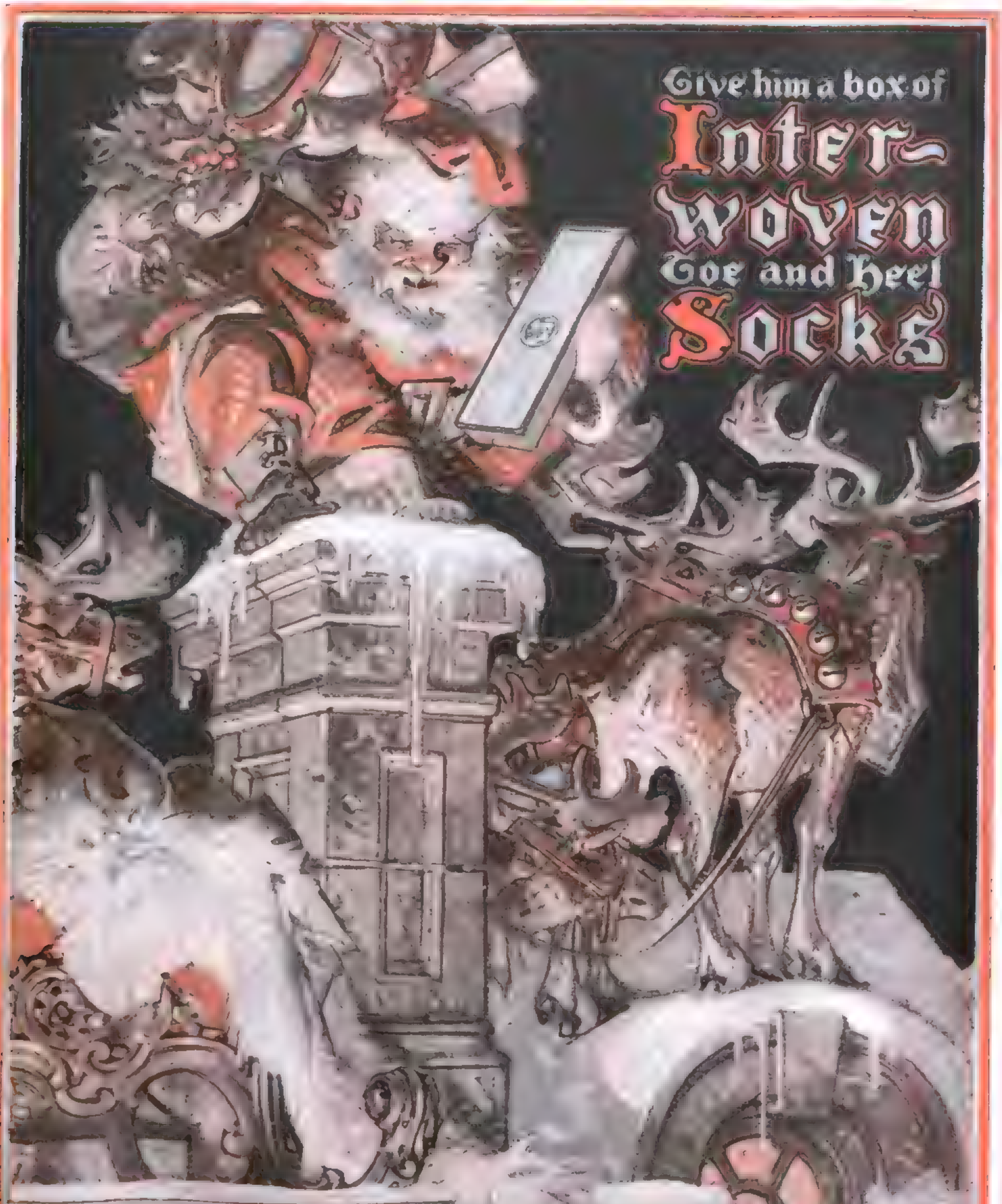
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(Continued from Page 103)

fought each other. It was the greatest crime in history, he thought.

"Not our crime," I said; "we did not desire the war."

"True," he said. "Your people were innocent. But not your politicians and those who controlled your foreign policy and your world markets. Our military caste—to which I belonged for a time—were the direct agents of the war, poor crazy men! But all Europe was an armed camp, divided into hostile groups for the protection of wealth, in deadly rivalry. England is not so guiltless as she thinks. Her statesmen supported this system and knew the risks of it to their people, and did not tell them. . . . But in this wood there are better things to talk about. How delightful is the scent of the pine needles!"

After that we spoke of books, and especially of Shakspere, whose works he knew by heart, I think.

"I am like the melancholy Jaques," he said, "making a moral of life under the greenwood tree. Perhaps also like the fool i' the forest whom he found so 'deep-contemplative.'

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh ——"

"Why do you live like this?" I asked. "Surely there is better work for you to do than a beggar's job!"

He laughed, and then was thoughtful, and poked his stick into the ground and stared at it.

"You think I'm mad," he said, "as most people do. But there is a method in my madness. I want to save my people, and myself first. The only way is the old way, a simple faith in God and in the beauty of His works in this good earth. There is no other way of salvation, and it is not to be found in wealth and industrial power, but in poverty and humility. The German people are going to be poor. I think all European people are going to be poor, because the death of the industrial era has been declared and the cities will perish—as they deserve. I want to teach our people how to be poor bravely; how to regain their spiritual wealth when they are ruined; how to possess all things when they have nothing. It's an old creed, not my own. But for that I have become a beggar, sleeping in the woods at night, or wandering homeless in the streets of Berlin, dependent for my life on casual charity. But not lazy! Everywhere I tell old tales and play old tunes which have this message in them. I mean the message of love and childlike faith. Here and there, in a street or a glade, I may drop a seed in some young heart which will grow big with the power of the spirit when I have passed away. That is my madness, and it is a flame in me."

"There were saints who were mad like that," I said, and at that he colored deeply, and told me he was no saint, but rotten with the evil he had done in the world.

It was at the end of a silence that fell upon us both that I said, "I have a message for you—from a friend in your former life."

"Does any one of them remember me with friendship?" he asked. "Who is that?"

"Kakoshka," I told him.

At that name he started violently and became as pale as she had done when I had spoken his name to her.

"I have forgotten that name," he said harshly. "It has passed out of mind and heart, by God's grace."

"I promised to deliver her message," I persisted.

"I won't hear it," he said stubbornly.

But I told him the message.

"'Kakoshka searches for the meaning of eternal love. Only you can teach her that.'"

He was profoundly disturbed, and sat there, thrusting his stick into the loose earth with a kind of anger and anguish.

"It's a trick," he said presently in a low voice. "She sets a trap before my feet. That woman wants to lure me back to my old way of life. I know her treachery, the lie in her soul."

"I'm not so sure," I told him. "She remembers your love as the great joy of her life."

"Our love?" he said. "Oh, God!"

He laughed with a kind of harsh irony.

"She has some honesty," I protested; "the simplicity of a peasant girl, in spite of her life of luxury."

"It's her pose," he said bitterly. "She would lure a saint to hell with her child eyes"

"Anyhow, she's not happy," I told him, and I repeated those words she spoke to me: 'It would be better if I were starving with my peasant folk in the village of Lubimovka.'"

Those words startled him.

"Did she say that?" he asked. "If so, it was true. It would be better for her a thousand times. You are sure those were her words?"

"The very words she used."

"If I could help her"—he said, and then broke off his sentence and cried out, "No! I dare not let her speak to me! She's a liar in her very soul!"

"I know her less than you," I said, "but I think better of her."

I wonder, even now, why I argued with him on behalf of Kakoshka. She was nothing to me, nothing more than the pleasant memory of an Atlantic voyage and a little picture of dancing grace. Yet by some trick of mentality I made myself a pleader for her with Hans von Menzel. Perhaps it was to test his strength and to probe his weakness, as a study of human nature, which to me is a problem of inexhaustible interest. Perhaps some deeper subconscious motive which I do not understand impelled me to bring these two people face to face again.

"She has a garden sloping down to the Wannsee," I said. "In a boat I could row you there in twenty minutes. Perhaps some word from you would be like a light to her. It might be worth your while to speak that word."

"No," he said; "no, I've been well rid of her."

He walked away into the woods without a farewell to me, and I went back to the landing stage to wait for the next steamer back to Wannsee. I should never see a meeting between Hans von Menzel and Kakoshka, but I had delivered the message, and so had fulfilled my promise.

Ten minutes later he stood by my side.

"Take me to her garden," he said. "It's God's will, I think"

Kakoshka had told me where her garden lay. It sloped down from her house on the eastern side of the yacht club which could be seen from the Wannsee landing stage. I hired a boat and rowed, while Hans von Menzel held the rudder lines. Only once I spoke to him on the way.

"It is, after all, none of my business," I said. "I'm only a messenger."

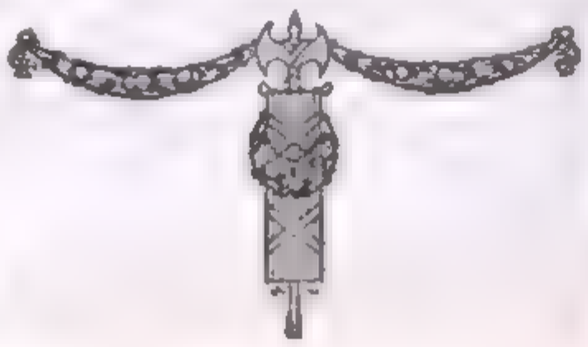
"*Bestimmt*," he said, meaning that he agreed to that, and using the only German word which he spoke during our whole conversation that afternoon.

I pulled the boat alongside a private landing stage at which a little motor launch was moored. I was sure of the place, because the launch had the name of Lubimovka. It was Kakoshka's Russian village, far away on the Volga, a very world away from her present life.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the sunlight was very golden and glamorous in that lakeside garden and all around. Beyond a fringe of willows was a sloping lawn as smooth as velvet, with a border of flower beds full of rich color. Not far away from the water's edge was a little white summer house, and near it was a hammock swung low between two silver firs. At the sound of the splash of my oars and the boat gliding among the reeds the hammock swayed, and a little figure in a white frock stood suddenly between the trees, looking toward us. For a few moments she stood quite motionless, and then came down the sloping lawn to the water's edge with a cry of "Hans!"

He stepped out of the boat and stood on the edge of the lawn before her, but not looking at her. He bent his head as he leaned on his tall stick and spoke to her in German:

"You sent me a message, and I have come against my will. What is it you have to say to me?"



She said, "There are a thousand things to say between you and me."

"Not of the past," he told her. "That is dead in my mind. I am no longer what I was then, but a different man. You see this dress of mine? It's a beggar's way of dress. I'm a wandering tramp. What do you want with me?"

"I want you to tell me the truth," she said: "the truth about this life and the death that follows."

For a moment he was silent, and I think it was for the first time he looked at her.

"The truth," he said slowly, "will hurt you as though I should tear your heart out or the beauty from your bones. Have you the courage to hear that from me?"

"I have asked for the truth," said Kakoshka, "and I have courage, as you know."

She said she had courage, but she was white to the lips, and was, I am certain, afraid of this man who once had loved her.

She moved away from him to the summer house, and he followed her at some sign she gave, and went inside with her.

It must have been an hour before Hans von Menzel came out again. I could hear the murmur of their voices, but not a word they said. Once it sounded to me as though one of them were weeping, and it was not Kakoshka, but a man's agony. Several times the woman's voice rose high and shrill, as though she were speaking passionately.

More than once there was a long silence between them. Then, at the end, Kakoshka laughed, and it was not a pleasant sound of laughter, but rather cruel, I thought, with mockery. Whether she mocked at him or at herself, I do not know, and shall never know.

He came out of the summer house alone, and his face had the look of a man escaped from a torture chamber. He strode swiftly across the lawn, pushed his way through the overhanging willows and, getting into the boat, said "Take me back," as though I were his hired man.

At the Wannsee landing stage he turned to me with a look of deep melancholy.

"I have smashed a butterfly," he said, "and it was a cruel thing, even for God's sake"

Then, with a gesture of farewell, he walked towards the darkening woods.

That was the last I saw of the Beggar of Berlin, as I have called him. My visit to Germany ended abruptly, and it was in England that I heard the latest news of him. That was from young Wendell, the American journalist, whom I happened to meet some weeks ago in the grill room of the Savoy.

"How's Germany?" I asked, and he told me that there had been an epidemic of food riots, some of which had led to bloodshed.

"The government printing presses had made marks drop down like autumn leaves," he said. "A fatal policy, as any fool could see."

Then suddenly, in his account of things, he mentioned the name of Hans von Menzel.

"I guess you never heard of that guy. Perfectly mad, in my opinion. Dressed like a beggar, and lived like one, but with a queer hold over the people. They say he's the only man in Germany who can keep the masses quiet and prevent the hoisting of the red rag. He preaches some new form of brotherly love, or the same old bunk. Anyhow, the government fears him, and uses him; one of those freaks that are thrown up in times of chaos. Well, here's to good business!"

"What's happened to that little dancer?" I asked. "Do you remember?—Kakoshka—that night at the Monico."

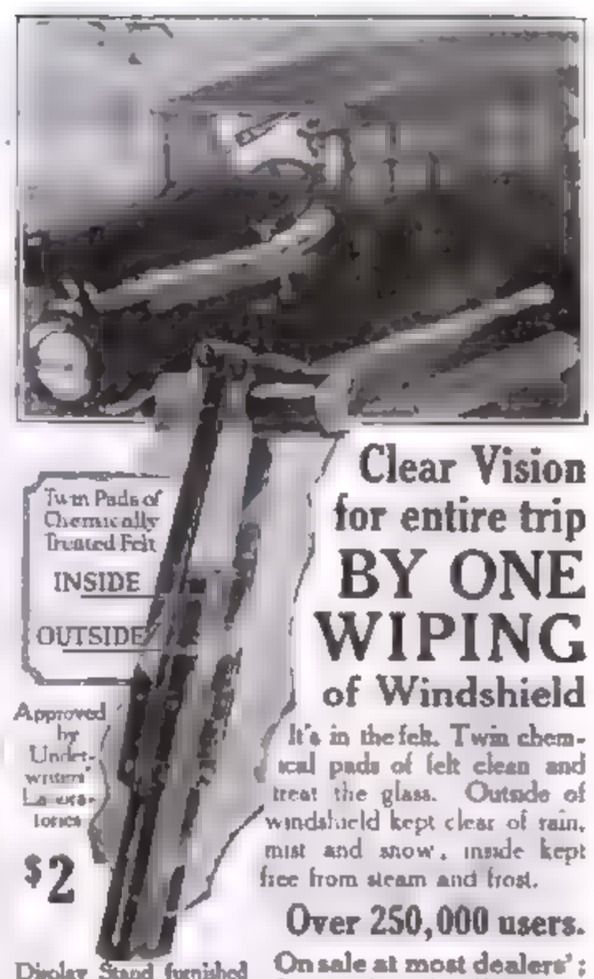
"Why, that's another story," he said. "She had the world at her feet in the dancing line. German profiteers lined up to kiss her hands. She could have her pick of them. What do you think she did?"

"Couldn't give a guess," I told him.

"No; it isn't easy. Well, I'll tell you. She went back to Russia and nursed typhus-stricken babies on the Volga. Needless to say, she caught the plague and died of it. As pretty a kid as ever I saw, and the jolliest little dancer—like a butterfly in the sunshine."

It was strange that he should have used that image. I remembered the words of Hans von Menzel—"I have smashed a butterfly, and it was a cruel thing, even for God's sake."

Perhaps all the time Kakoshka knew that her fate was with her peasant folk in Lubimovka.



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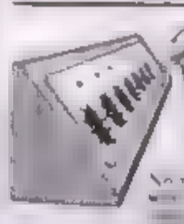

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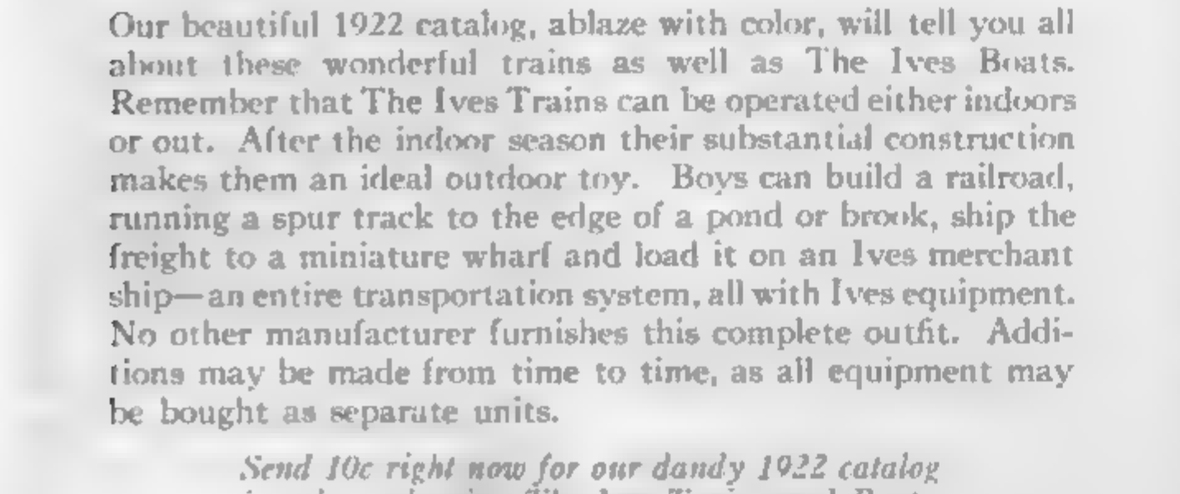

Ives Trains

THE COWGIRL

(Continued from Page 9)

would have to be her last one in the city he so far forgot his official dignity as to announce that he was sorry to hear a thing like that.

"I'll be up in the morning to say good-by to Bingham," she said with a catch in her voice. And the man with the yellow wheel on his coat sleeve sat watching her as she diminished and merged into the duller-toned curb stream that ebbed off over the crest of Murray Hill.

III

BUT Gypsy McGuigan, the next morning, did not say good-by to Bingham. A number of things interposed to remove that promised farewell from the realm of possibility. For, a few minutes after the duly appointed opening hour of the Netherland National Bank, four blocks down the Avenue, a sallow-faced young man stepped out from its white pillared portals, lifted his hat and mopped his forehead with a white handkerchief. An older man, standing near the opposite corner, with a newspaper-wrapped parcel under his arm, caught sight of that movement and promptly turned southward along the Avenue. Before a jeweler's window, one-third of the way down the block, he came to a stop. Then, lifting his newspaper so neatly tied about a paving stone, he flung that stone with all its force against the huge plate-glass window.

The result was instantaneous. Simultaneous with the crash of the glass a woman's scream rang out clear above the muffled noise of the street traffic. Then with shouts and calls men closed in on the offender. So abrupt was that concentric movement that the window smasher, apparently dazed at the miscarriage of his intentions, found himself with no chance of escape. He continued to struggle, however, even after the shrill of a police whistle had brought both a patrolman from the next block and the traffic officer from his station at the near-by street intersection.

But at the same time a number of other things were taking place. One was the casual appearance, on the opposite side of the street, of two heavy-bodied men who promptly placed themselves close in under the shelter of the white pillars of the bank front. A moment or two later a black touring car containing three men came to a stop at the curb, not more than twenty paces away. The youngest looking of these three men remained at the wheel. The second man, reaching into his pocket as he ran, doubled quickly about the first street corner to the north. The third man, with a cigarette in his mouth, stepped nonchalantly down to the running board. As he did so the bank doors opened and two men emerged, carrying a worn and heavy pigskin bag with a metal handle at either end. They were followed by a heavy-jowled man in blue serge, a guarded-eyed man who looked sharply out at the commotion across the street. His cogitative eye was still on that unexpected scene as the stranger flattened against the white pillar side-stepped with a singularly catlike quickness and sent a blackjack crashing down through the felt of the bank guard's black derby. The man beside the other pillar at the same moment confronted the two bag carriers, confronted them malignantly, with two poised automatic pistols in his hands; while the third man, who had waited on the automobile running board, drew a revolver from his pocket as he ran lightly across the sidewalk. At a word from his confederate, however, he wheeled on the bank steps and stood with his gun at half arm, his mouth drawn down and his eye on the half dozen pedestrians who had stopped dumfounded at a spectacle so unexpected.

That spectacle, however, did not for a moment lapse into inaction, for the man with the blackjack, who had already floored the armed guard, realizing the two messengers were not complying with his confederate's command to throw their hands up as promptly as the situation required, wheeled about and swung his lead-weighted weapon sharply against the temple of the nearest bag holder, who staggered and went down without even a cry. The second messenger, who still clung to his bag handle, was struck in the face with the butt of an automatic, and struck still again before he fell sprawling across the step edge.

At the same moment that a pistol barked out twice from the inner bank door the fallen leather bag was caught up and swung into the waiting touring car. The three gangsters who remained flung themselves in after it with a cry to the youth, who bent low over the wheel. The latter let his clutch engage and swung sharply out from the curb. In another half minute they were tearing north with one hundred and seventy thousand dollars in currency and twice that amount in negotiable securities lying on their car floor, with their narrowed eyes scanning the path ahead of them and with their pistols held ready for anyone who might be so foolish as to interfere with them.

But no one interfered with them. So quickly had they effected their coup and so adroitly had they made their escape that they were off and two full blocks up the Avenue before the street crowds awakened to a full realization of what had happened. The black touring car even slowed down in anticipation of taking the next corner towards the east. But a startled police officer, reaching for his gun as he ran westward, persuaded the youth at the wheel to continue north. The three men behind him, looking back, could see a commandeered taxicab, with two blue-clad figures on its running board, getting under way in pursuit. The officer from the side street, leaping on a leisurely moving landaulet, also ordered the driver to swing about and follow the fugitives. As the driver none too willingly essayed to carry out these instructions, the flying taxicab, with an ineffectual shriek of brakes, ran headlong into him on the half turn. There was a crash of metal against metal, a spatter of falling glass, an ignominious catapulting of blue-clad figures and the resolute cry for another car. But the black touring car, slithering about all interfering traffic and thundering past all promised opposition, continued to tear northward, now heading apparently for the comparative freedom of Central Park.

Sergeant Torrey O'Malley, seated with hawklike impassivity on his lazily stamping mount, detected that untoward commotion three blocks below him and promptly realized there was trouble impending; and just as promptly he prepared for that trouble. His right hand swung down and back at the same moment that Bingham, electrified by a suddenly tightened rein, sprang into action. But he stopped on his haunches halfway down the block, for the thundering touring car, ignoring the officer's signal to halt, was already bearing down on the grim-jawed Torrey O'Malley. That officer, awakening to the nature of the situation, swung his mount sharply across the center of the road and at the same time lifted his service revolver.

The black touring car swerved slightly to the right. But it did not stop. One of the men, crouching low in the back seat, knowing only too well what that lifted service revolver meant, swung up his automatic, pulling the trigger as he did so.

For the second time that morning a woman screamed on Fifth Avenue. She screamed as Sergeant O'Malley toppled over and slid gently from his horse, dropping his firearm as he fell.

The girl who screamed was Gypsy McGuigan. It was Gypsy McGuigan sauntering northward along the sunlit Avenue with a big apple in her pocket for Bingham and a little ache in her heart at the thought that this would be her last meeting with Bingham and Bingham's master. She stopped short as she saw that unexpected midroad encounter, as she saw the shot from the passing car and the body that slid flat to the pavement, and the shimmering-flanked horse that stood trembling above his master.

Gypsy stopped short, as did the rest of the Avenue in that moment of inactivity following shock too sharp to be assimilated. But the moment passed. Before the clock of Time had ticked off another twenty seconds Gypsy had run across the oil-blackened asphalt, had caught up the fallen revolver and swung lightly up into Bingham's empty saddle.

The stirrups were too long for her, but this did not trouble the cowgirl, for even as she tightened the reins and turned her horse northward she caught up the stirrups and looped them together, knowing it would be calamitous to leave them thrashing loose at Bingham's sides.

(Continued on Page 110)

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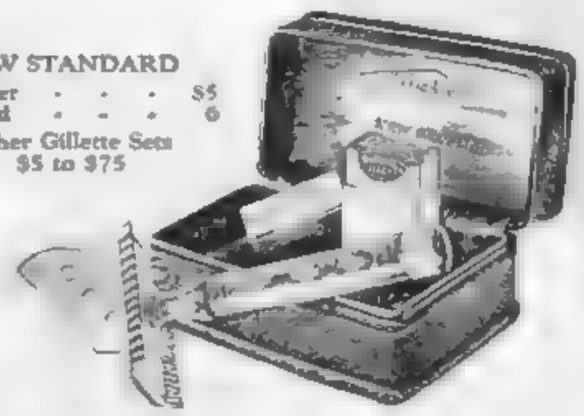

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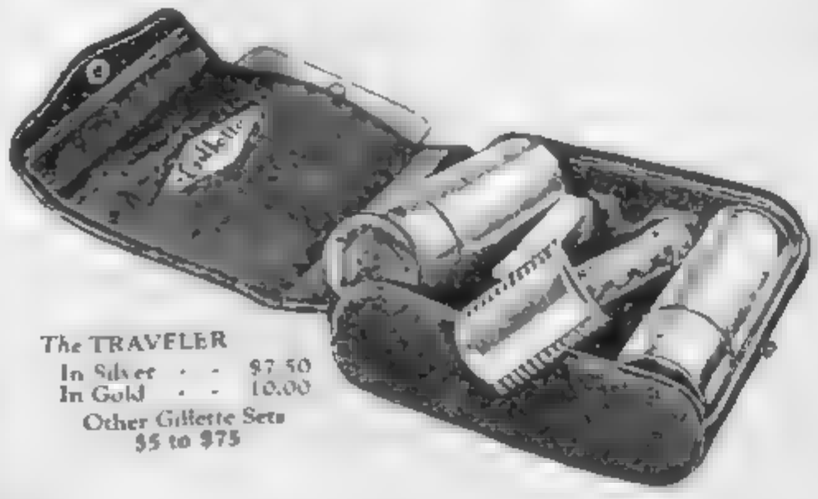

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The New Improved Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

Patented January 13, 1920

(Continued from Page 108)

And Bingham quite knew what was expected of him, for even as the black touring car shuttled recklessly through the cross-town traffic at Fifty-ninth Street and went plunging into the East Drive of the park he wakened to the fact that an oddly adept and an oddly determined rider was on his back. He went up the Avenue very much as a cloud shadow goes up the Alberta foothills, with the girl's knees clutching his sides and her slender body bent slightly forward like a jockey's.

She lost sight of the touring car before she crossed the Plaza, but she caught sight of it again as it veered westward towards an open stretch of greensward on which a flock of sheep were peacefully cropping the grass. She lost it again as it turned farther westward and then sharply north again, doubling about the drinking fountain south of the Ramble Lake. But she saw it as it emerged again, heading trickily eastward, and a shot whistled over her head as she promptly pounded after it towards the Seventy-second Street gateway. But she did not once permit Bingham to slacken his pace.

The car had lengthened its lead by the time it reached the park entrance, slowing down and decorously passing the officer who semaphored it across the Avenue. Gypsy shouted at that doubly foolish arm of the law, but her voice was swallowed up in the noise of the streets. When she swept past him into East Seventy-second Street that startled officer accepted her as an amateur from the bridle path on a runaway mount.

But the girl on Bingham, for all his speed, had him in perfect control. She leaned in low on her left as he rounded into Park Avenue and again low on her right as she swept eastward into Seventy-fourth Street, following turn by turn that slithering touring car which was trying so hard to shake her off. She had no idea of the territory into which it was leading her; she had no knowledge of that illimitable city with its illimitable blocks; but she remembered that the cowards in front of her had murdered the only man who had been kind to her in all that self-contained desert of stone and steel—and she did not propose that they should get away from her.

They themselves must have awakened to some inkling of her purpose, for as they veered and veered again and went thundering downgrade towards the East River it was only too apparent that she was gaining on them. As they slowed down a trifle to skid northward into Avenue A, two of the men knelt on the back cushion seat and fired back at the galloping horse and its rider, fired again and again as she bent low in the saddle and urged Bingham on. Gypsy even welcomed the sound of these shots, knowing how infinitesimal were their chances of a hit, and nursing the further knowledge that they were slowly but surely exhausting their ammunition. And as she rode she worked out in her busy little head her precise plan of action.

What that plan was did not make itself apparent to the fugitives in the touring car until, as they slowed down again to a quarter westward, she cut the corner and galloped within thirty feet of them. Then, raising the heavy service revolver above her head she brought it down with a deliberate movement like the movement of an arm casting a fly. It was the way she had always shot when peppering coyotes out on the foothills, and it had always seemed to her a satisfactory way. But this time her shot missed its mark. For instead of going through the man at the driving wheel it struck the windshield in front of him and shattered the glass.

One of the men shot back at her, but she was too busy to give much thought to the matter, for she wanted her second shot to hit the tire of the front wheel—and it did. The tire collapsed with a sound like the wailing blat of a malleted steer, throwing the steering gear off its axis and sending the speeding car across the rough pavement to the left. The driver, already half blinded with blood by glass cuts from the shattered windshield, for one precious moment lost control. That plunging mass of metal leaped at the curb, mounted it and crashed into the metal standard of a fire hydrant.

The force of the impact sent the man beside the driver headfirst through what remained of the windshield, where he hung flat, with a small rivulet of red staining the faded black cowl. The two men in the back at the same time cannonaded against the front seat, one toppling over the side door and rolling half under the stalled car, the other falling back inside the tonneau. The driver, and the driver alone, held down by the wheel, remained in his seat.

Raising the Heavy Service Revolver Above Her Head She Brought It Down With a Deliberate Movement

Gypsy saw all this as she slid from her lathered mount and, from force of habit, threw the reins over Bingham's head. Her eye was on the driver, for she felt that he, of the four, would be the first to act. She covered him as she ran towards the car.

"Throw 'em up!" was her shrill command. But instead of obeying her, as he wiped his red-stained face with his left hand, the fingers of his right hand reached down towards the side pocket of his coat.

Gypsy understood that movement and her lips compressed. The youth at the wheel, half turning, saw the look on her intent face. He also understood it. With a grimace of surrender he threw both hands high above his head. As he did so Gypsy detected a small movement close behind him. It was the upward movement of a hand, above the tonneau rim, a hand holding an automatic pistol. Quick as thought she veered her barrel and pulled the trigger, aiming straight at the clustered fingers about the pistol stock.

There was a shout of pain and the pistol fell to the running board. As it fell the man half under the car reached adroitly about to snatch it up. His fingers had actually closed on it when the girl saw and understood the movement. She kicked at that clutching hand as she would have kicked at a rattlesnake. She kicked the firearm free from the stunned fingers and caught it up with her left hand. Then she backed triumphantly away, with the two guns balanced in her slightly tremulous young fingers.

"Stand up!" she commanded the man cringing down between the car wheels.

She felt sure he had no gun or he would never have snatched at the fallen one. But she wanted him more directly under her eye. He did as she ordered.

"Now stick your hands up!" was her next command. "No, climb into the car and stick 'em up!" And again he did as she ordered. The street crowd thickened about her, but she ignored them, except to turn to a rotund man in a butcher's apron and call out to him, "Get a cop here, and get him quick!"

She was more interested in the white-faced individual next to the car driver, who had recovered himself sufficiently to worm free from the jagged remnants of the windshield and reach over the seat back for something that lay on the car floor.

"You, there!" called out the girl. "Straighten out quick and get those hands up!"

She tried to say it as she imagined Lem Siddons would have said it. But there was a small quiver of excitement in her voice that would not down.

"I can't," complained the man facing the black O of the pistol barrel. "I'm bleedin' to deat'!"

"Get those hands up or you'll bleed quicker than you're doing now!" proclaimed the girl with the two guns. For the iron had entered her soul and there was small room at that precise moment for any shred of mercy in her make-up. And the hands went up.

"Now, you in the back of the car!" pursued the girl with narrowed eyes. "Get up! Get up quick or you'll get more than a hole through your hand!"

Slowly the yellow-faced man with the reddened coat sleeve rose to his feet. One of his hands hung limply down. But the other one he obediently lifted above his head.

She realized she had them all ranged before her. She had them there facing her, with their hands up, and that was where she wanted them. But never once did she take her eyes from them.

"See if they've got any extra hardware cached in that car!" was her curt command to a man who had come pushing through the crowd.

That newcomer stopped short, with a guttural sound that was half a hoot and half a shout. Gypsy, giving him a quick side glance, noticed for the first time that he wore a blue uniform and a nickel number plate on his cap band.

"Put down those guns!" commanded the policeman, disturbed by the ferocity of the strange girl's face. "We'll run this show."

"Not on your life!" retorted Gypsy, with her grim young eyes glued on the battered quartet arrayed before her. "I rode hard for these birds, and I want 'em!"

"What for?" demanded the officer, as still another figure in blue, breathing hard, pushed in through the thickening street crowd. Both men, Gypsy observed, had revolvers in their hands.

"For murdering a mounted policeman down on Fifth Avenue," said the girl with the steel-hard eyes.

"She's got it wrong, Terry," interposed the second corner. "These gunmen held up the Netherland National and winged Torrey O'Malley on their get-away near the Plaza."

"They killed him," proclaimed Gypsy, as the clangor of a patrol-wagon bell grew louder and louder along the narrow street.

"Killed him nothin'! I said they winged him! Our desk man just got a phone message saying they had 'im on the table over at the Presbyterian and that he'd ride through easy!"

The girl suddenly lowered her guns.

"Where'd you say they had him?" she demanded, glad of the sustaining blue shoulder which she found herself leaning against.

"Down at the Presbyterian Hospital," replied the second officer as he gently but firmly took the pistols away from her, for the detachment of reserves, advancing on the wrecked touring car, were already taking possession of its sad-looking occupants.

"Hold on, kid! Where you going to?" called out one of the officers as the girl fell to shouldering her way through the crowd.

"Down to that hospital," retorted Gypsy McGuigan.

"There she be!" proclaimed Lem Siddons as he laid the frayed newspaper out on the sloping floor of the bunk-house porch. "That there's our kid, right in the Noo York papers. And there's what she did! See it there? 'Western Heerowine Single-handed Captures Taxi Bandits!'"

There was a crowding of tawny heads about the illustrated page enlivened with spirited line drawings enmeshing two medallioned photo-engravings on a tint block.

"And who's the big stiff beside her?" inquired Slim Canutt, with an unsympathetic inspection of the uniformed figure in the second medallion.

"That's the canary she's goin' to marry," admitted Lem as he backed away from the crowded ranch hands bent over the printed columns. He stood silent, studying the wine glow on the Rockies.

"I ain't s'prised at her doin' what she did," he finally asserted. "But what plumb stumps me is how any girl can hitch up with a Easterner!"

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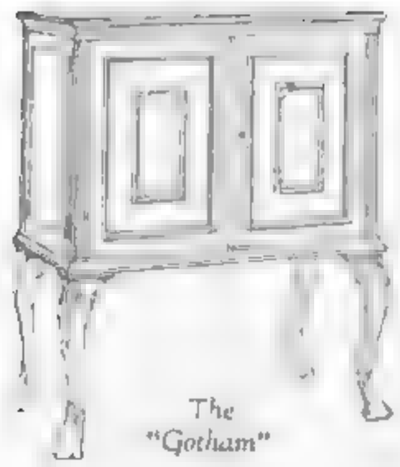

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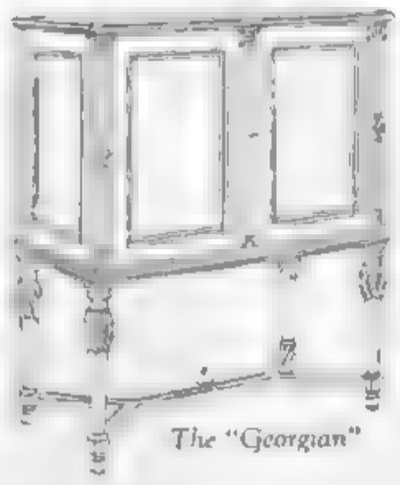

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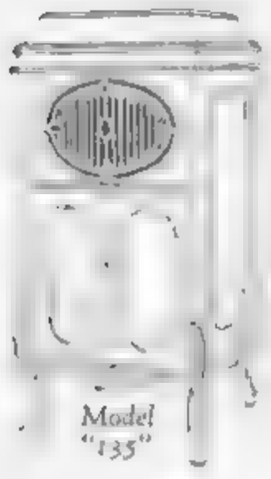

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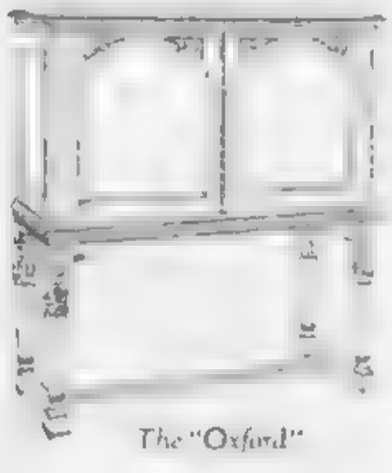
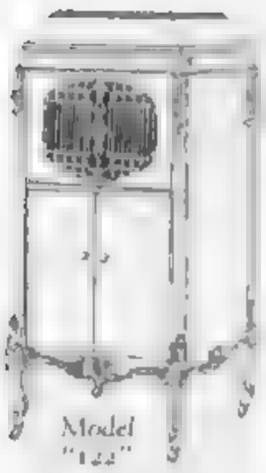
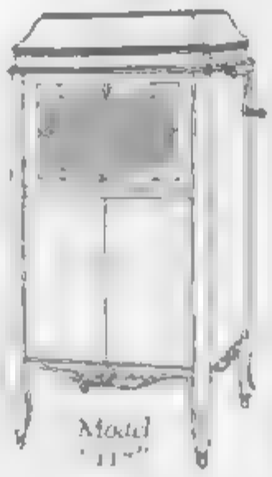


The "Oxford"



Model "122"

The "York"



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Pictured here are 21 supreme instruments—a design to meet every home requirement. And a price to meet every purse more than half way.

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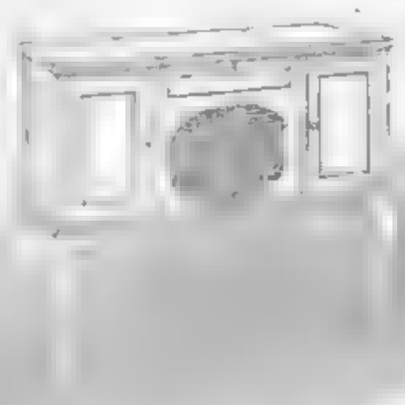

The "Stratford"

Model "101" Portable

The "Cambridge"

Model "312"

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Shoppers' Christmas Guide

A Few Christmas Records

20006—March of the Toys—from "Babes in Toyland" *(Herbert)* Brunswick Concert Orchestra
Naughty Marietta Intermezzo (A Dream Melody) *(Herbert)* Brunswick Concert Orchestra

5174—Ring Out, Wild Bells *(Tennyson-Pinsuti)*
John [illegible] Barrato
Birthday of a King *(Neidlinger)*
[illegible] Cathedral Choir and Chimes

2333—Santa Claus Hides in the Phonograph
[illegible] Barrato
Christmas Morning at Clancey's *(from Clancey's)*
Steve [illegible] Barrato

2334—Collection of Hymns—No. 1 Bell Orchestra
Collection of Hymns—No. 2
[illegible] and Bell Orchestra

2148—Hark! The Herald Angels Sing—All Souls' Choir
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear
Cathedral Choir

2149—While Shepherds Watched All Souls' Choir
Angels From the Realms of Glory
Cathedral Choir

5033—Adeste Fidelis (Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful *(Portugal)* Collegiate Choir
Joy to the World *(Handel)* Collegiate Choir

In Attractive Gift Envelopes
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The "Beaux Arts"

Model "105"

The "Queen Anne"

The [illegible]

Model "207"

The "Lombard"

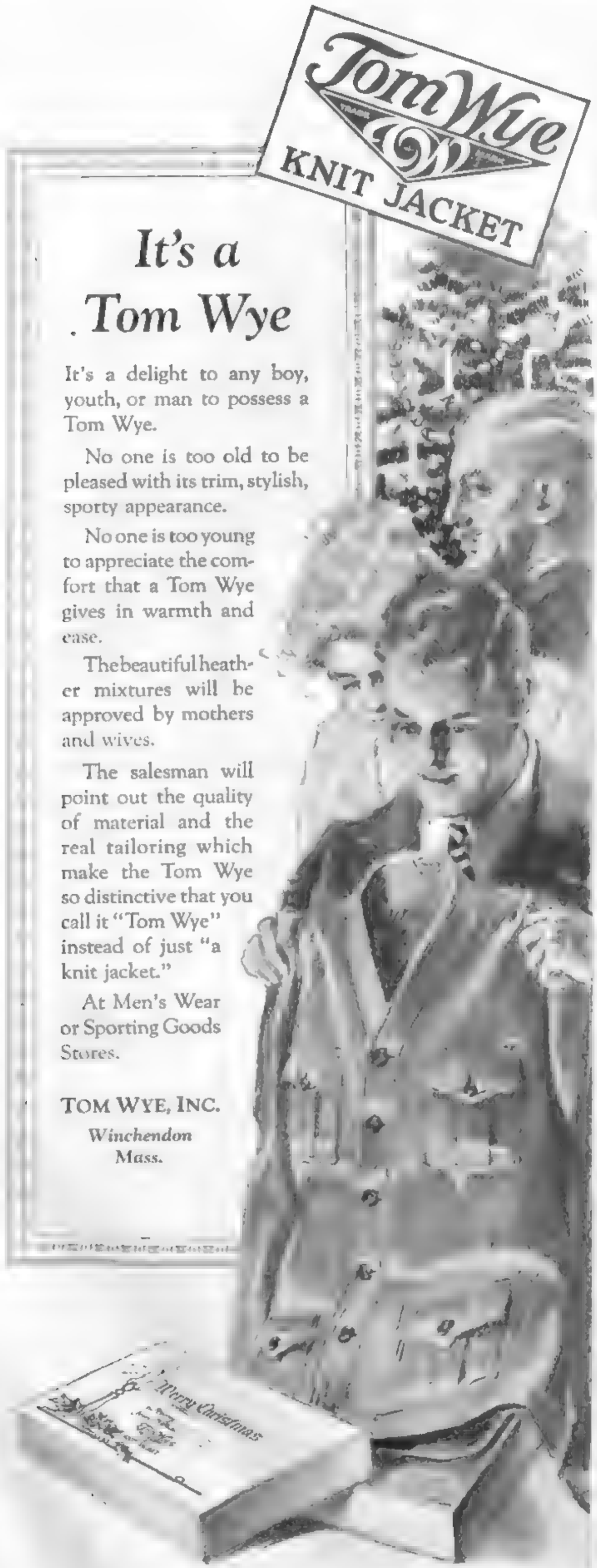
Model "[illegible]"

Model "[illegible]"

Model "127"

WICK

AND RECORDS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TOM WYE, INC.
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Merry Christmas

NICK PRIDE

(Continued from Page 17)

On the poop the skipper stood, flanked by his two mates. The Old Man, decent old-timer, wore the traditional expression of woe, but it sat strangely upon his ruddy plump face. The mates, men of a newer school of steel ships, affected to despise such goings-on, such a waste of time, such pandering to the superstitious customs of fo'mast hands.

"*For one long month we rode 'im 'ard!*" roared Nick Pride.

"*Ho, we says so, and we 'opes so!*" the chorus howled. The funeral had reached the mizzen hatch, the pace was slowing down.

"*For one long month we rode 'im 'ard* ——"

"*Ho, Po-oo-r O-ol-ld Man!*"

Nick halted. Behind the skipper the steward slipped into the picture, bearing a gallon can of rum and a dipper. He looked entirely of a mind with the mates.

"Well, my lads, what is it?" the skipper hailed.

"Hoss is dead, sir," reported Nick, touching his forelock.

"H'm! That's bad, my man," the Old Man replied, frowning. "Stooard, give these poor fellows a drop o' grog; they seem to be grieving."

For perhaps thirty years the same old skipper had said the identical old words to many crews in many ships; yet he managed somehow to convey the impression that this was a sudden inspiration with him, not to be taken as a precedent. The steward came to the head of the windward ladder, can in hand, and dipped out a shaky tot.

"Don't shake so, stooard; you're spilling it," the skipper smiled. "Step up, men."

Nick Pride wiped his mouth anticipatively. He knew that every eye was upon him. He swallowed the strong grog thirstily, wiped his lips again, and glanced yearningly at the can as if willing, under stress, to try another tot. Olson the Swede was already pushing against him for a place on the golden ladder.

"What's the matter? Ain't it good?" inquired the steward with a scowl.

Nick hauled a tobacco tin from his canvas trousers pocket, grinned sideways at the skipper, and kept his place.

"Socky's doin' Peggy, sir. 'E wants me to bring 'is grog," said Nick.

Socky stood in the forecastle doorway, gazing with all his soul in his dusky eyes. Fear lurked there until he saw Nick receive a second tot of grog in the tobacco tin, and carefully carry it down the ladder.

"Step up, men," the skipper cried.

He was willing to uphold ancient usages, but even an old-time windjammer had to learn the importance of time if he sailed on when customs changed.

Nick very carefully bore the precious tobacco tin, giving but one hand to his rope when all hands again tallied to the horse. They made a turn abaft the booby hatch, and headed forward along the lee side; and now the second mate brought up the rear, intent only upon urging the ceremony to speedy completion and getting the watch to work once more.

"W'—'ll *'oist 'im at the main yardarm*," piped Nick, half-heartedly, one eye on his tobacco tin, the other upon Socky, still standing in the forecastle door.

"*Ho, we says so, and we 'opes so!*" bellowed the men loggily.

"Come on, get a move on!" urged the second mate, shoving the horse along a bit.

"*We'll 'oist 'im at the main yardarm*"—from Nick, listlessly.

"*Ho, Po-oo-r O-ol-ld Man!*" the chorus went runningly.

The second mate was supplying a lot of motive power. Besides, the horse had really outlived his usefulness once the steward had vanished with his can.

Olson finished the dirge. Nick had mysteriously left the scene. Somebody had already rigged a whip to the lee fore yardarm and the horse was hastily fastened to an end.

"*Now he's det we'll bury him deep*," moaned Olson, handing the hauling part of the line and setting it taut.

Men took the line without enthusiasm, drawling out the chorus line: "*Ho, we says so, an' we 'opes so.*"

"*An' now he's det we'll bury him deep* ——"

"*Ho, Po-oo-r O-ol-ld Man!*"

The dead horse was jerked aloft to the block, the rope let go, and the burial was over when the effigy danced astern on the long-running seas of the Southeast Trades. But never a cheer followed it. The second mate's nervous efforts to snatch men back to their humdrum duties failed for once. Every eye was fastened upon the little space of clear deck about the forecastle door between the two big deck water tanks.

Socky stood towering above Nick Pride, every line and muscle of his big body quivering, his gleaming eyes rimmed with staring white, his wide good-natured mouth grinning with wrath. Nick faced him, half ashamed, one hand wiping his mouth, the other handing an empty tobacco tin.

"Misto Nick, wha's my rum, sah?" demanded Socky.

"Don't I tell yuh I spilled it?" returned Nick brazenly.

"Ah think yo' spilled it in yo' belly!" Socky challenged.

The men ignored the second mate for once, gathering closer to the scene of imminent combat. Olson the Swede, heated with the rum, ached to avenge the slight Nick had put upon him. If somebody else did the avenging he would be as well pleased. Only much rum could make Olson fight. Liverpool edged nearer, licking his lips; he, too, would well like to see those incongruous pals come to outs. Socky had whipped him; Liverpool felt sure he could whip Nick Pride but for the fear that the big negro might chip in for his friend.

"You're a bloody black liar!" Nick retorted to the charge of drinking another man's rum.

Socky's black eyes narrowed; a look of pain flashed across his dusky face. His friend had stepped over the border of friendship's privileges. His big hands clenched. Liverpool grew excited. He feared that Socky would not hammer his pal after all. He was too long making up his mind.

"Go on, nigger!" Liverpool howled. "Give th' thievin' little swine Ranzo! Gaw' bli'me, yuh're afraid of him, yuh big black stiff!"

Nick turned, glowering ferociously at Liverpool. Socky also took his gaze from the robber of his comforts and fixed it on the presumptuous interloper. Liverpool sensed something not quite within his calculations, and edged a bit farther away; but Nick dropped his empty tin to the deck, spat on his hands and reached him in a weasel-like rush.

Of the two men, each a product of the alley, Liverpool might have proved the master but for two things—his amazement at Socky's reception of his advice, and his bewilderment in face of Nick's unexpected onslaught. He backed as Nick's hard grimy fist cracked home on his nose and the crew scattered in all directions. Nick followed up his first wallop with another that drew the claret in a stream, and the sight of red blood put the peak of fighting fury to a temper already heated by two goes of stout old rum.

"Here, stop it!" ordered the second mate angrily.

He pushed through the crowd as soon as he recovered from his astonishment. By the time he reached the combatants the scrap was done. Liverpool all but floored Nick with a fluke swing that was really a wild effort to guard his face; the next instant the waspish little Limehouse ruffian had seized his foe's ears in two wiry claws, dragged down his head, and smeared his features with a savage butt of a stone-hard skull.

"There, yuh Liv'pool 'oodlum!" grated Nick, spitting over one shoulder contemptuously. "Don't yuh ever chip in on a gentlemun's tiff agyne! I'll learn yuh!"

"Here, get to your work, get to your work!" shouted the second mate.

He thrust a man here, another there, and the crowd melted, the watch on deck to their jobs, the watch below back to the forecastle. Nick picked up Socky's discarded swab and stuck it into a black paw.

"Git on wiv yer scrub-out!" he snapped, and scowled up at the big negro's wide-eyed face.

"Yassuh, Misto Nick," Socky replied.

The affair of the dead horse and the rum was finished.

A breeze that kept the backstays twanging and the canvas cracking drove the Brier Holme down into the heavier seas of the Forties, then the wind headed her. For

Continued on Page 118

Smooth

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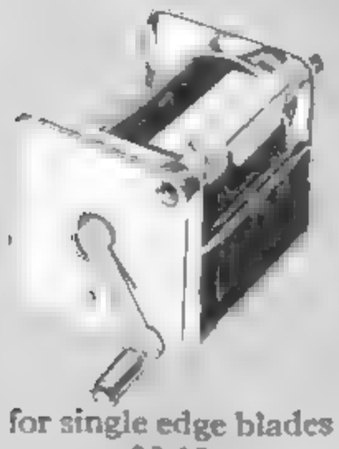

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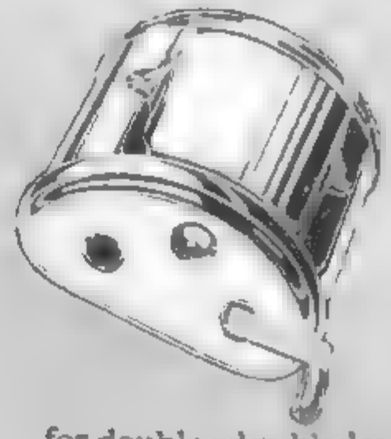
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



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(Continued from Page 114)

many days a larger ship of a rival line had sailed mile for mile with the little bark, never gaining a fathom for all her greater length and full rig. A picture she looked, seen over the leaning bulwarks of the bark. Her gray hull, black bulwarks, long white stripe with its row of black-painted ports, and her three lofty masts carrying their six topgallantsails and three royals, with a dainty main skysail furled, made a figure of startling beauty against the white flecked blue seas and the graying blue of the distant horizon. Even the skipper and the mate, used as they were to such sights, blasé to a degree, were forced into speech as a driving rain squall passed over the ship in full sunlight, making her glisten like a jewel.

"There's a bit o' poetry for you!" cried the skipper with outflung arm.

"H'm! One of the Devitt & Moore ships, isn't she, sir? Looks like the Harbinger."

"She's a beauty, whatever she is," said the Old Man. "But there, the Brier Holme looks as well from over there—better, I should say. Barks do look——"

"She's coming about, sir," remarked the businesslike mate.

A pretty picture was a picture and nothing more to him. A ship to leeward, tacking across his bows, taking the starboard tack while his own ship held on to the port tack, meant the arising of a situation not to be met by poetry.

"Aye, so she is," agreed the skipper without much enthusiasm. "Pass the word along. I'll tack ship."

The mate passed the word, and the men took their stations. Braces were flung down from the pins, all coiled clear for running, the spanker boom was hauled flat amidships, the skipper at the poop rail motioned to the helmsman to ease the helm a-lee.

"Ready?" the Old Man shouted. He saw that all hands were waiting. The helm was down, the bark sliding her head into the wind prettily. "Hellum's a-lee!"

At the skipper's roar the head sheets were let go, the ship's cook ran out of his galley, greasy with salt slush, cursing profanely as he hurled his filthy apron back in through the door. His job it was to let go the fore sheet. His trouble was that every skipper he had ever sailed with tacked ship just as he was busy with the crew's dinner. That has been the trouble of every ship's cook since Ham made hash in the Ark.

The sweet little vessel shook her head saucily as she was stayed, the wind leaving the big main course. The Old Man watched her keenly now.

"Up tacks and sheets!" he roared.

The sheets were lighted up, the boatswain, with Socky and Nick, tackled the fore tack as soon as the main sheet was hauled, when the order had pealed: "Mains'l haul!" The yards swung around swiftly, men sweat and grunted in the rapid effort to get in the slack of braces, tramping the decks with hoarse shouts.

"Hooraw, up she rises! Hooraw, up she rises!" squealed a sanguine soul who still lived in the days of big crews.

It aroused a spark in the Old Man too.

"Give us a tune, boys!" he yelled, and the sanguine soul piped shrilly:

"Wot'll we do wiv a drunken sylor, wot'll we do wiv a drunken sylor,
Wot'll we do wiv a drunken sylor, early in the mornin'?"

And feet stamped and ran faster as the braces came in through the squealing blocks to the response:

"Put 'im in the longboat, make 'im bail 'er, put 'im in the longboat, make 'im bail 'er,
Put 'im in the longboat, make 'im bail 'er, early in the mornin'!"

Then tacks were boarded, yards trimmed, and the gear again coiled and hung on the pins. The watch below went back to their rest, and the bark leaned away on the other tack, the other big square-rigger now to windward, foaming along in a grand smother of yeasty seas at the bows, settling down to the race anew.

"Hey, Socky, wot d'ye myke of that?" Nick said, pointing to a low-lying bank of darker haze against the blur to windward.

Supper was done, the two watches smoked and yarned about the fore hatch. It was the second dogwatch, when all might loaf except the helmsman and, presently, the lookout.

"Dat? Dat shore enough fog, Misto Nick," the negro replied after a long glance. The distant full-rigged ship had almost merged into the dusk of the short twilight. The creaming seas rolled longer, less yeasty, but the wind seemed as brisk as it had been.

"Fog, yuh black mule!" snorted Nick superiorly. "D'jever see fog come down on a breeze like this?"

"Nossuh, Misto Nick, Ah s'pose yo' right," agreed Socky, and turned to respond to the vociferated demand for a tune. He had a fine mellow voice, and the dreamy old song went aloft to echo and repeat among the swelling sails.

"Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling,
Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling,
Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Under de coconut tree!"

Then the chorus:

"Oh, no, not mine, darling.
Oh, no, not mine, darling.
Oh, no, not mine ——"

"Looks Like the Real Thing, Lads, Hey?" the Officer Remarked, Standing Off a Pace or Two

A harsh hail from the poop arrested the song half finished.

"Stow that racket for'ard! Where's the lookout? Get up there; and take the foghorn along with you."

The men started up and stared around wonderingly. The big ship to windward lay rolling heavily, her lofty sails becalmed. A drift of vagrant mist made her outline vague for a moment, then a breeze swelled her canvas again, she leaned to it, and surged through the darkening seas. But astern of her a wall of impenetrable fog advanced against the creeping darkness of night; two minutes after she began to speed again her sails billowed in to the masts with a report plainly heard aboard the Brier Holme, the fog enveloped her, and her mournful horn was heard.

"Whoo-oo-oo!"

Socky turned to grin at Nick. His forecast of fog was proved correct. But Nick had gone on the lookout; his answer to the wail out there in the fog came after a few hideous wheezes of preparation.

"Whoo-oo-oo!"

Then the Brier Holme suddenly stood on an even keel, her tall masts swaying, burdened with idly thundering canvas, masked in a bank of gray, dank, dripping fog.

Night was blacker by reason of the choking fog. Every few minutes a tiny breeze eddied through the pall, driving the wet drifts into anxious faces, arousing false hopes by filling for a moment the saturated, dripping sails.

"Whoo-oo-oo!" groaned the foghorn, indicating that the bark was trimmed for the starboard tack. It made no difference that she was not moving through the water. Her yards were braced for the starboard tack, and the law called for that announcement to be made continuously at intervals of one minute.

"Whoo-oo-oo!" it moaned. And from the ghostly wall of blind opacity the horn of the unseen ship mocked: "Whoo-oo-oo!"

"Oh, damn fog!" exclaimed the skipper, stamping the poop in dark anxiety. "Isn't that ship nearer?"

"Seems so, sir," grunted the second mate.

The mate stood out on the standard compass bridge, invisible, sniffing audibly.

"Seems to me there's wind coming, and from loo'ard!" he growled.

"Wot's all the bleedin' 'ooraw about?" grumbled Liverpool. He was sore at being kept moving, when he might as well be catching a dog nap in the coil of the fore brace. "Ain't nothin' going to bother us while there ain't no wind," he said.

"Somedimes comes vind ven dere ain't no varning," answered Olson. "Ay haf seen ships come togedder in calms too."

"If they do they don't hurt nothing, yuh thick squarehead!" Liverpool retorted.

On the forecastle head Socky was waiting for eight bells. It had come around to his lookout, and his watch was about up. A better sailorman never stepped on bare feet than the big negro; but fog always seemed to go right to his bones, chilling his blood, setting his flesh to creeping in a manner that always recalled to his childlike mind the fearsome tales of the duppy man he had heard from the time his ears could hear.

"Hey, you black nigger! Go get me a match!"

Nick Pride slithered out of the misty beyond and whacked the lookout heavily on the shoulder. Socky jumped, frightened almost to the point of heart failure, so vivid had been his memories.

Nick's harsh laugh of jubilation at the success of his prank brought peace after the panic.

"Yassuh, Misto Nick, suh!" Socky cackled. "Ah gwine git yo a match right now, suh! Yassuh! Dar ain't nothing in sight, Misto Nick ——"

"Hell! Don't I know it?" swore Nick.

He had come from the wheel early in the watch. He knew how little there was to be seen.

"Whoo-oo-oo!"

"Hey, Socky!" cried Nick. "Tell the Old Man that toot's ——"

Socky was gone. Nick felt terribly alone. That ghostly "Whoo-oo-oo!" sounded queerly close, and not at all where it ought to be.

"Whoo-oo-oo!" he replied, grinding hard on his pump.

Aloft a thunder of sound told of sails caught aback. In a medley of voices from aft a few scraps of clarity sounded.

"All aback for'ard, sir! Wind's hauled." It was the second mate's voice.

"Wind's all around the compass!" grumbled the Old Man, stamping the poop nervously. "Listen!"

"Whoo-oo-oo!"

The ghostly horn sounded nearer. Keen ears could almost hear the tumbling of an oncoming bow wave.

"Whoo-oo-oo!" answered Nick on the bark's forecastle head. The thunder of backed sails overhead and abaft him bewildered him. He was not sure whether he ought to toot for port or starboard tack.

"She's all aback, sir!" he yelled.

The skipper had already ordered the helm hard up. The mate was cursing his way forward, yelling for hands to haul up the mainsail and raise fore tack and sheet. The second mate was brailing in the spanker, aided by the Old Man and the helmsman.

"Hyah yo' matches, Misto Nick. What happen now?"

Socky emerged from the fog like a black ghost. His attitude of depending upon his white shipmate so willingly made Nick cock his little chest a bit with pride. He took his matches, but did not light his pipe. Instead, he took upon himself the ordering of a piece of work which he knew must come immediately in the maneuver of boxing the ship back to her proper tack.

"Come here, nigger! Gimme a hand to haul them 'eadsheets over to windward."

"Whoo-oo-oo!" yowled the unseen ship.

"'Oly smokes, but she's close!" snapped Nick.

"Whoo-oo-oo!" he pumped frantically. He let go the jib sheet he was hauling, and the block knocked Socky flat.

"Whoo-oo-oo!" came from the ship, and voices were heard too.

"She's aboard of us!" roared the Old Man.

"Mind yourselves!" bellowed the mate; he went down and out of the picture before the onrushing terror of a steel jib boom harnessed with chain bobstays, steel rigging and ponderous dolphin striker.

"She's drowned us! Hang on to her headgear, men!" screamed the skipper, then he, too, went down under the terrific crash of three thousand tons of dead weight hurled upon his small bark by the devilish whim of a fickle breeze driving the ship like a javelin.

"Hyah! Whar yo' got to, Misto Nick?"

Nick Pride lay wedged between the forecastle rail and the port anchor. The anchor was wrenched adrift from its bed, the rail had buckled under the smashing impact that had torn the bark in two.

"Shift the bleedin' anchor!" raved Nick. "Cawn't yuh see it's stickin' in me guts?"

Socky stooped to put his weight to the anchor; his face leaned close to Nick's.

"Bli' me!" gasped Nick. "Wot yuh done wiv yer face, nigger?"

"Dat sheet block shore loosened ma' teef, Misto Nick," Socky laughed courageously. His black face shone in the fog with a crimson smear.

All about them silence lay as heavy as a blanket soaked in liquid gray clay. There was no more wind now than before the collision. If others had survived that terrific contact they gave no audible sign. The impenetrable wall of fog closed in on the two like a collapsing bladder upon two dried peas within it. From where Nick Pride lay, pinned and frightened, he could just see the swaying specter of the full-clothed foremast tottering to a fall, but sustained by the head stays yet. Socky, sweating first with terror, then from the heartbreaking labor of shifting the big anchor, listened to the growling sea creeping up against the imprisoned air in the fore part of the ship. He knew the bark was cut in two; Nick did not, yet.

As for sound or sign of others of the crew, far off there was a dull, muffled suggestion of sound. It might be the sighing of that other ship sinking; it might be creeping boats filled with awed, death-haunted sailors; it might be ——

"Hell's bells, nigger, git the anchor orf me bleedin' tripes!" groaned Nick.

(Continued on Page 120)

At last ~ a gift a man will use

KNICK-KNACKS and assorted novelties often look quite acceptable around the Christmas tree. But how few of them survive as really useful or companionable gifts for a man!

You might think that a gift of a piece of hardware could carry no sentiment with it. Yet such a thing as a wrench—actually used, really *doing something*, throttling trouble—can develop a very definite gratitude in the user.

For year-round *usefulness*, it would be hard to find a gift that equals a 10-inch model of Dan Stillson's handy wrench.

If you know a man who likes to putter around fixing things—especially a car owner—give him a genuine Walworth Stillson, household size. It's the one tool with which he can rise masterfully to the situation when something goes wrong round the house, out in the garage or down cellar.

A real Walworth Stillson is like the good genie who always pops up in the fairy stories and asks, "What can I do for you today?"

In a gay Christmas box, you will find the genuine Walworth Stillson wrench at your hardware dealer's. The household size—clean, shining and lacquer-finished—has been specially packed for this season. And it's an inexpensive gift, too.

Look for this Christmas carton, displayed on your hardware dealer's counter.

Some emergency uses he'll find for the genuine Walworth Stillson

1. For all piping systems: To turn stubborn valves; to shut off leaks; to stop damage until the expert arrives with his own Walworth Stillson.

2. For un-crating or setting up anything: Phonograph, oil stove, table; portable garage, silo or furnace.

3. For electrical devices: To turn or pull out connections that stick; to bend or strand wire; to tinker with the odd-sized nuts, bolts and metal parts.

4. For car or tractor: It will move the balkiest spark plugs; turn exhaust pipes, shafts, hose connections, every round part—as well as nuts, bolts and lugs. It's a wonderful all-round motor tool.

5. For the Christmas toys: To adjust nuts and bolts; to bend or straighten metal parts; or hold broken wood while glue sets.

6. For opening bottletops, can spouts or jar seals: The Walworth Stillson offers extraction that's painless to user and contents.

Cloth between the Stillson jaws prevents marring a shiny finish.

Once a man knows a Walworth Stillson he'll look for trouble just for the fun of fixing it. And he'll find the Stillson is good for hundreds of jobs we couldn't list here

TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

IF THIS DIAMOND MARK ISN'T ON YOUR WRENCH, WALWORTH QUALITY ISN'T IN IT

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

New York · Philadelphia · Chicago · Seattle · Kewanee, Ill. · Portland, Ore. Plants at Boston, Mass., and Kewanee, Ill.

WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL COMPANY, NEW YORK, FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

WALWORTH

Stillson Wrench

"South has more *Body* and more

Section of the track under construction, ninety feet wide, with a forty foot safety zone. Southern Pine 2x3's, laid on edge, present a smooth, yet durable surface for this huge Speedway

John S Prince originator of board Speedways built the Speedways at Los Angeles, San Francisco Santa Rosa Des Moines, Omaha, and Uniontown. He used four million feet of Southern Pine in the Kansas City Speedway.

Demonstrating how Southern Pine is available in all sizes and shapes. Note the heavy understructures in the hollow, and the understructures for the track above the level of the ground. The entire track is above the surface of the ground.

JOHN S PRINCE
PRESIDENT AND SUPERINTENDENT OF CONSTRUCTION

FRED W JOHNSON
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Prince Auto Speedway Construction Co.

Originators of the Board Speedway for Automobile Racing

MAIN OFFICE FIRST AND OAK STREETS — CARE OF SUNSET LUMBER CO. — OAKLAND CAL.

Kansas City, Missouri.
September 14, 1922.

Southern Pine Association,
New Orleans, La.

Gentlemen:

I used Southern Pine exclusively for the Kansas City Speedway -- the greatest motor Speedway ever built -- chiefly because of its great strength and durability. In the construction of this Speedway, because it is built above the ground, many sizes and shapes of lumber were necessary, yet Southern Pine filled the bill in every respect. I never used more beautiful and workable lumber.

In the selection of the lumber for this Speedway, strength, durability, economy in cost, availability, and workability all had to be considered. Southern Pine best answered the purpose.

I have absolute proof from experimenting, that Southern Pine has more body and more strength than any other wood, by testing it in the following manner: Put an eight penny nail into Southern Pine, leaving about one inch sticking out; put a cable around the nail and it will hold a ton of dead weight or more. From experimenting and proof, that nail in Southern Pine will hold a sixth of a ton more dead weight, before it will tear loose, than the same nail put into any other kind of wood. It has more strength and body.

Yours very truly,

John S. Prince

r m Pi m e

Strength than any other wood"

THE wood of a thousand uses—Southern Pine—again demonstrates its superiority, this time to meet the unusual requirements of the newest and fastest motor speedway ever built.

The same reasons that should enter into the purchase of lumber and timbers by home builders, by factory builders, by railway car builders—by all users of lumber who would build for strength and permanence—were the determining factors in this immense speedway contract.

Strength, durability, economy in cost, availability as to quantity, as to sizes and shapes, and workability—these were the factors.

In the $500,000 Kansas City Speedway are 4 million feet of Southern Pine spiked together with 75 tons of nails. More than a million and three-quarters feet of 2 by 3's, laid on edge, make the surface of the track.

Sunday, September 17, fifteen huge motor speedsters pounded out hundreds of miles upon this giant structure—the winner's average speed, 109 miles an hour. An inspection of track and its timbered understructure after this grilling test of strength, showed not a defect. Its rigidity was unimpaired. There was no evidence of vibration. Southern Pine again had proved its superiority.

Southern Pine is obtainable in practically all lumber yards east of the Rocky Mountains. It is truly "the wood of a thousand uses," serving equally as well for sturdy framing, delicate interior trim and beautiful flooring. Southern Pine is well manufactured and graded under association rules which insure a uniform high quality.

One of the high banked turns under construction. The track is banked to an angle ranging from seven to forty-two degrees, and to a height of twenty five feet at the sharpest point

SOUTHERN PINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION

The Southern Pine Association, the members of which are the representative manufacturers of Southern Pine in all its forms, has formulated and adopted as standard, rigid rules for grading lumber products. The Association maintains a large staff of grading experts, whose sole business is to see that building material sent out by the mills shall be uniformly true to specified grades. This is the best possible guarantee of quality to the user, when care is exercised to see that material purchased from a retail dealer is the product of a Southern Pine Association lumber mill.

The Southern Pine Association has prepared literature which gives authentic information concerning the proper use of Southern Pine for countless purposes. Write, stating your lumber needs and the information desired will be sent you at once.

Southern Pine Association
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

CAMCO

RADIO BOOT

ON AND OFF IN A FLASH

Over the Shoe

A Gift She Will Appreciate!

WHETHER "she" is mother, sweetheart, or little sister, RADIO BOOTS will be a welcome Christmas gift.

RADIO BOOTS are made of light flexible rubber. They keep the legs, ankles and feet warm and dry in cold and stormy weather.

They slip on and off — over the shoe — with amazing ease, and fit snugly, giving the feet a stylish, well-clad appearance.

DEMAND RADIO BOOTS

Accept no substitutum. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us for information.

Cambridge Rubber Company
Cambridge, Mass.

Perfect for the youngsters — for play or school.

Always ask for

CAMCO

Products of Quality

Rubber Footwear, Rubber Heels, Tennis Shoes, Rubber Clothing

(Continued from Page 116)

"Yassuh, Misto Nick. We shore gotter git dat anchor off yo' stummick. Dis yer blessed ship done gawn drap in two, an' we gwine git wet putty soon."

The sinking bows of the bark loosened the weight on Nick's stomach; Socky put his own weight to it and saw his friend slip, cursing, into the sea. The other anchor, pulling loose by its own momentum as the deck sloped, plunged into the water close enough to Nick almost to drown him with the wash.

"Hyah, Misto Nick, yo' ketch holt on dis!" the negro shouted, and thrust a capstan bar into Nick's desperate fist.

Nick sputtered and swore. He was more annoyed than hurt.

"'Urry up and git me that 'ouse over there!" he yelled, spitting brine from his mouth, dashing brine from his eyes.

To his mazed stare the last leaning shape of the disappearing topgallantsail loomed like a deckhouse.

Socky made no answer. He was already far up among the twanging fore-topgallant mast gear, slashing away at the fore-royal sheets and tye, and the seizings of the braces, to get the yard adrift. The yards below, even to the double topgallant yards, were steel; Socky was sailor enough to know that, even in the panic of dodging death by drowning.

"Ketch holt—ob—dis, Misto ——"

Socky suddenly fell into the sea, bringing with him the royal yard. Nick grabbed it, kicking adrift the capstan bar. When he had coughed up the last of the choking brine that was splashed into his gullet by the dive of man and yard he thought of Socky.

Socky's crinkly black head bobbed almost into Nick's hand out of a reddish patch of foam. Socky's black face was almost as gray as the fog.

"Hey! Wot's up wiv yuh?" rasped Nick. "Don't yuh play no gymes on me, yuh black ——"

Nick dragged the negro onto the royal yard, swearing softly.

"Strike me blue if 'e ain't dead!" he said, peering into the ashen face.

At an immense distance a voice mocked him: "Whoo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo!"

It was the horn of the ship that had run down the bark; it told the surviving world that she was on the port tack.

"Fank Gawd we got right o' wye over you!" yelled Nick Pride.

Nick found out that Socky's stout heart still beat faintly. The fog and night together enveloped them, afloat on that frail spar. Out of sheer pity at first Nick saw that Socky was lashed to the spar with his head out of the sea; then it was grudging gratitude for his own preservation that induced him to swab the invisible black face clean of caked blood and brine.

"Git up, yuh useless black nigger," Nick mumbled as he swabbed. "Wot yuh fink I'm goin' to do wiv yuh if yuh plays dead like a bloomin' 'eathen himage?"

Socky made no response. His hard old head was sadly battered; his stout old heart beat, but that was all. Nick began to curse him, curse him with the bitter picturesqueness of his kind. Truth was that the little waspish ruffian from Limehouse gutters felt so utterly small in the midst of all that grim dark immensity that the burden of a man even seemingly dead or dying turned his blood into watery pus, his nerve into a thing that was not.

"Bli'me! If yuh cawn't hopen yer perishin' eyes, nigger, I ain't going to bover meself abart yuh, give yuh my word!" he admonished the silent negro.

The night was silent as a tomb; never a cry or call or gurgle of drowning had followed the collision so far as Nick was aware. And it was mysterious. He stopped berating Socky to listen.

"Ain't a bloody sound, there ain't! Hi! Wyke up an' chat to me, nigger! Wot yuh fink I am? Hey?"

Far out in the blackness a sound stabbed the silence; the dull rattle of oars, the muffled oaths of quarreling men.

"Hi! Bli'me, Socky, there's a bloomin' boat! Wyke up an' 'oller! 'Oller, yuh perishin' black lump!"

For his own part the little cockney stood on the yard, at imminent risk of tumbling off and drowning himself and Socky too.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hi! Boat ahoy! aho-o-oy! It's me an' the bleedin' nigger, chapsies! Hi, ahoy th' boat!"

The voices stopped. The oars stopped rattling. Voices began to talk louder, oars rattled again, more irregularly.

"It's that dirty little Nick Pride an' his big nigger!" That was Liverpool's voice. Other voices interrupted him, but he carried on: "Let 'em swim fer it! I don't like neither of 'em, I don't. Didn't the nigger pump me full o' salt water?"

"Ay say so too. Dot leetle cowson took from me th' first place on th' det-horse rope, py kolly! Pull avay, lads. Ve can't find dem in dis darkness."

The sentences came very sharply across the sea. The oars rattled again. Two half-hearted voices seemed to be protesting. A volley of curses in Liverpool's bitter tones stopped them, the oars beat steadily, with diminishing clearness.

"Hi! Yuh goin' to leave us? Hi, Liverpool, old shipmate, don't go."

The boat receded; the sound of oars passed. Nick gripped Socky's kinky hair to steady himself, and sent his benediction out into the gray shroud of night:

"I 'opes yer water turns stinkin', yuh bleedin' rats! I 'opes yuh fries, an' rots, an' starves until yuh eats each other! That's all I ask, yuh bloody stinkers!"

Like a child Nick fell across Socky and wept. He awoke rather more frightened than before.

"Socky, ol' feller, you isn't dead, is you? Wake up, me old socks. Wake up an' talk to me, Socky. Bli'me, but it's cold an' lonesome enough to drive a feller clean barmy! Here, Socky, let me wet yer 'ead, old son."

Feverishly busy ministering to the unconscious negro, Nick began to grow calmer. There was nothing he could do except to see that the lashings were secure, and keep Socky's face and head wetted in hope of reviving him. The chill of the night, too, rendered him wakeful, and with wakefulness the bitterness of his shipmates' desertion recurred tenfold.

"Strike me 'andsome if they're men!" he said, addressing Socky as he would a conscious audience. The weirdness of the nocturnal monologue, uttered to a seemingly dead nigger by a waspish little ruffian without hope, might have been apparent to an outsider looking on, but Nick saw nothing out of the way about it.

"Strike me bleedin' blue, Socky, that was a dog's trick. My oath, it was! 'Ere's Liv'pool, th' dirty little 'oodlum —— But them sort o' Liv'pool dock rats is no clawss, bli'me, they ain't. They're low, Socky, low as 'ell! An' that yer Olson—'e's nothink but a bloody Swede, 'e ain't. Some's good, but 'e ain't, strike me fair.

"An' 'ere's you, an' 'elpless black lump o' nigger meat, yuh lollopin' great lump! Wot th' 'ell 'ud yuh do if I wuz to 'alide orf an' leave yuh, hey? Wot 'ud yuh say, hey? But yuh knows I ain't that sort, blast yer black 'ide!"

Nick's voice rose to a shrill pipe as he worked himself up to a passion:

"Yuh knows I ain't that sort, strike me pink! I'm Nick Pride, I am, Nick Pride, o' Lime'ouse, an' I'm a man, I am! A man! Ain't I, yuh black lump? A man, an' a bleedin' white man, see!"

The little cockney once more subsided, weeping, over the motionless form of his nigger pal.

Gray day followed black night. The sun penetrated the fog at noon, its rays coming down to the forlorn castaways with the terrific power of a burning glass. Nick moaned his discomfort; the royal yard was harder to keep right side up; thirst tormented him horribly. He glared at Socky, fingering the lashings. A dead man was a burden anyhow. But his fingers touched the black skin; it was warm. He dashed water into the bruised face, saw the skin twitch.

"A white man, an' a bloody good one!" he gritted, and carefully readjusted the lashings to permit Socky to float higher.

On the third dawn, a sunny breezy daybreak, a white boat took two brine-caked, sun-scorched men from a salt-whitened royal yard and pulled alongside a stately wool clipper hove-to with backed mainyards.

"Alive?" called down the skipper, a brisk businesslike young mariner of a new school.

"Just about, sir; no more," called back a junior mate.

"Get them into the spare cabin. Hurry with that boat, and swing your mainyards, Mister Mate. Can't lose time."

Two more days found old Socky recuperating from his hard experience. Nick was suffering the inevitable penalty of his

(Continued on Page 123)

GULBRANSEN
The Player-Piano

A Pledge

Ranking first by a wide margin in the production of player-pianos, it is fitting that Gulbransen give a pledge to our public—

A PLEDGE to foster the restless desire for improvement which has made possible the exceptional music of the Gulbransen.

A PLEDGE to adhere strictly to the Golden Rule principles that have governed all our business relations; this includes our organization, the people from whom we buy—the people to whom we sell.

A PLEDGE to continue branding the price of each Gulbransen in the back, at the factory, for the protection of our customers.

A PLEDGE never to make a Gulbransen and send it out under any other name, thus preserving Gulbransen quality for Gulbransen buyers.

A PLEDGE always to keep bright our ideal of providing exceptional music for all classes of homes, at modest prices.

A PLEDGE that the ease of playing and instant control you enjoy in the Gulbransen will ever be the standard of excellence among all player-pianos.

❦ ❦ ❦

These principles affect the purse and the happiness of every family buying a player-piano. The phenomenal sales Gulbransens enjoy show the public's approval of the fairness, sincerity and importance of our creed.

Christmas morning countless Gulbransens will delight families everywhere. Will your family be one of these? Play a Gulbransen at your dealer's today—and you will understand fully these things which have brought about the broad sweep of Gulbransen popularity.

Gulbransen-Dickinson Company, *Chicago*

Canadian Distributors:

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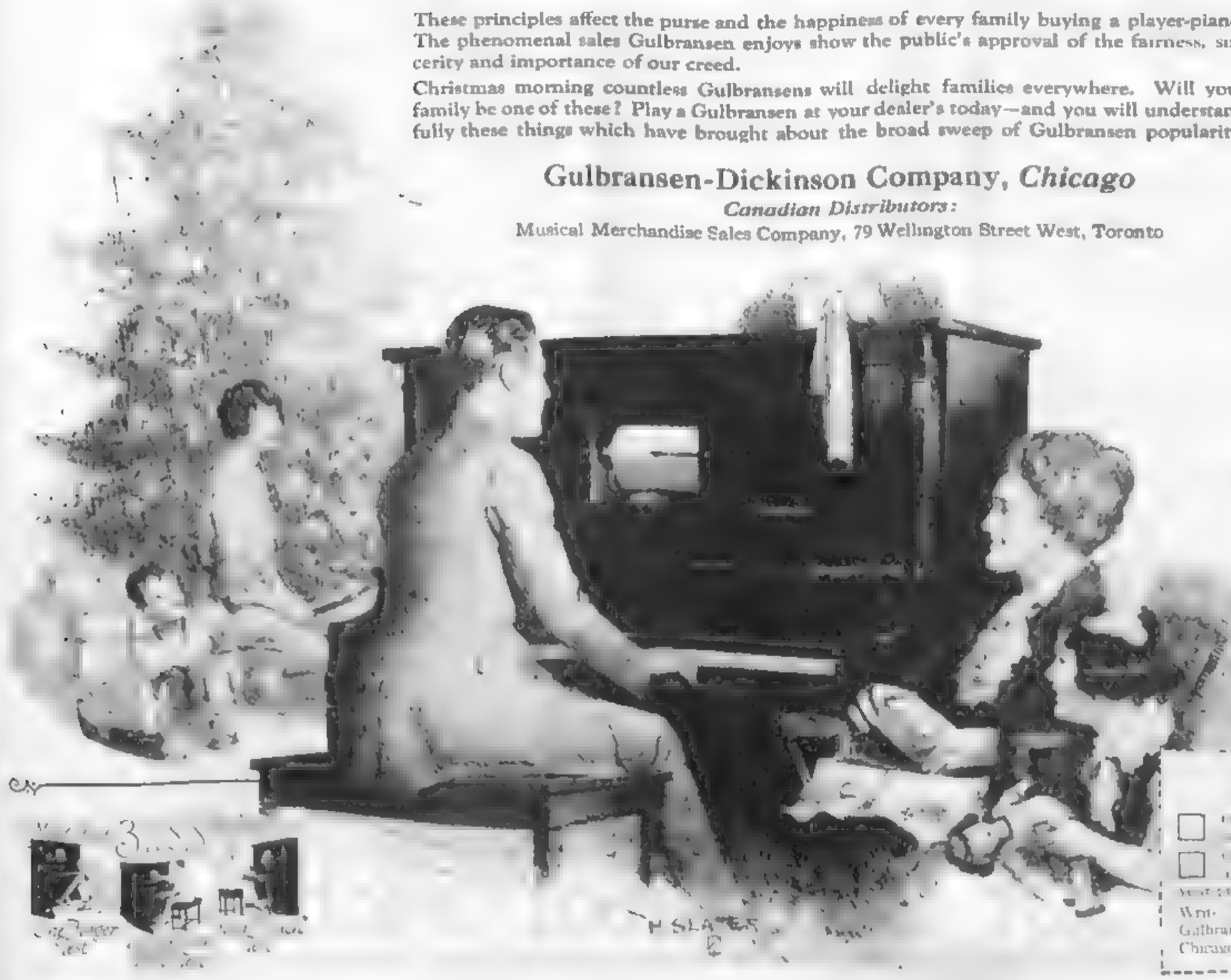

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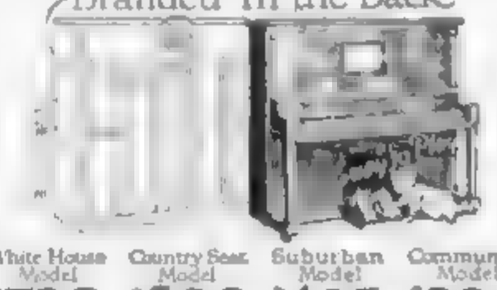

White House Model	Country Seat Model	Suburban Model	Community Model
$700	$600	$495	$398

To Gulbransen Owners: The Gulbransen is a fine instrument, don't neglect it. Have it tuned at least twice a year

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Richard Walton Tully *presents*

GUY BATES POST

in "OMAR *the* TENT MAKER"

—the romance of Shireen and Omar

INTO a moon-kissed rose garden of ancient Persia steal the lovers—Shireen, the beauteous daughter of the Imam, Teacher of the Holy Word, and Omar, his favored pupil.

Then the fateful day when the covetous Shah of Shahs hears of Shireen's beauty. Events follow that test her soul, and Omar's—amid scenes of magnificent Oriental splendor, thronging pageantry, darkness of dungeons, colorful exploits of robber bands in the desert, warfare with the Christian Crusaders.

Through it all glows the wondrous romance of Omar and Shireen—a beautiful story of constancy and faith.

Soon at following theatres

Albany	*Strand*
Allentown	*Colonial*
Baltimore	*Revoli*
Bayonne	*Strand*
Billings	*Babcock, Dec. 15–17*
Birmingham	*Trianon*
Boston	*Olympic*
Buffalo	*Olympic*
Butte	*Rialto, Dec. 1–14*
Camden	*Lyric*
Canton	*Alhambra*
Charlotte	*Broadway*
Chicago	*Chicago*
Cleveland	*Stillman*
Cincinnati	*Walnut*
Columbus	*Colonial*
Dallas	*Melba*
Dayton	*Strand*
Denver	*America*
Des Moines	*Des Moines*
Detroit	*Capital*
Duluth	*New Garrick*
El Paso	*Ellanay*
Erie	*Strand*
Evansville	*Victory*
Fall River	*Rialto*
Flint	*Regent*
Fort Wayne	*Orpheum*
Fort Worth	*Egypt*
Great Falls	*Liberty, Jan. 3–5*
Harrisburg	*Colonial*
Houston	*Isis*
Indianapolis	*Circle, Dec. 10*
Jacksonville	*Arcade*
Jersey City	*National*
Kansas City, Kans	*Electric*
Kansas City, Mo.	*Newman*
Knoxville	*Rivera*
Los Angeles	*Kinema*
Louisville	*Mary Anderson*
Lynn	*Olympia*
Memphis	*Majestic*
Milwaukee	*Strand*
Minneapolis	*State*
Nashville	*Crescent*
New Bedford	*Olympia*
New Haven	*Olympia*
New Orleans	*Strand*
Newark	*Branford*
New York	*Strand*
Niagara Falls	*Cataract, Dec. 17–20*
Norfolk	*Wells*
Oakland	*T & D*
Oklahoma City	*Empress*
Omaha	*Strand, Dec. 10*
Paterson	*Garden*
Peoria	*Madison*
Philadelphia	*Stanley*
Pittsburgh	*Grand Opera House*
Portland, Ore.	*Liberty*
Providence	*Modern*
Providence	*Strand*
Reading	*Capitol*
Richmond	*Broadway*
Rochester	*Eastman*
St. Joseph	*Electric*
St. Louis	*New Grand Central*
St. Paul	*Capitol*
Salt Lake City	*American*
San Antonio	*Rialto*
San Francisco	*Tivoli*
Savannah	*Odeon*
Schenectady	*Strand*
Scranton	*Strand*
Seattle	*Coliseum*
Sioux City	*Princess, Dec. 10*
Syracuse	*Strand*
Tacoma	*Rialto*
Trenton	*State St.*
Troy	*Strand*
Tulsa	*Strand*
Washington, D.C.	*Metropolitan*
Wichita	*Palace*
Wilkes-Barre	*Savoy*
Yonkers	*Hamilton*
Youngstown	*Dome*

Look for the next list of theatres showing Omar in the January 6th, 1923, issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

Adapted by Richard Walton Tully *from his stage success of the same name*

Directed by James Young

GUY BATES POST—America's distinguished actor—a wonderful Omar in this spectacular, soul-stirring screen version of one of the truly great stage classics.

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

A First National Picture

(Continued from Page 120)

greater privations. He had remained conscious up to the moment that the ship's boat put off from her side; then he had gone down and out, while Socky, having scarcely suffered because he had been unconscious, was up and about as soon as fresh water, clean dressings and good food got in their work. He hung about the cabin where Nick lay, silent and scowling.

"Ain't he nebber gwine open hees eyes?" he pleaded when the skipper and steward came out on the second evening.

The young shipmaster smiled. He had ordered Socky to be berthed in the saloon cabin with Nick because of the big negro's obvious devotion.

"He's coming around now," the skipper said. "Go in and see him. And try to make him use better language. The profane little ruffian!"

"Yassuh, dat shorely Nick!" chuckled Socky as a waspish buzz emanated from the little cabin. "Howdy, Nick!" he cried in the doorway. "Gawdlemighty, Ah'm glad to hyar yo cuss again! Ah though yo shore wuz daid, Nick!"

"Yuh black lump! Say 'sir' to me, see? An' git me some Sailors' Delight, an' a pipe, see?"

"Yassuh, Misto Nick, suh!" roared Socky, rocking with happiness, great tears rolling down his shining old face. "Lawdy! Right hyar I got 'bacca—yassuh, right hyar in my bunk!"

"Love o' life!" chuckled the youthful skipper of the clipper, standing in the doorway. "That's the queerest friendship I ever fell in with! Well, well!"

Nick was hanging half out of his upper berth, glaring at Socky as that excited sailorman fumbled at plug and knife to fill a pipe.

"Me friends wiv that bleedin' black nigger?" he rasped, frowning at the clean figure in the doorway. "I'm Nick Pride, mister, Nick Pride, o' Lime'ouse. I'm a white man, I am, and a damn good one.

"Socky, yuh useless lump, gimme that pipe o' bacca. An' if that's your bunk you tyke yer bloomin' gear outa there an' find yuh a bunk for'ard."

"Yassuh, yassuh!" grinned Socky happily. "Lemme light yo' pipe fust."

"Great fish!" mattered the skipper as Socky faced him to go out, "d'ds't Mr. Pride, of Limehouse, take care of you while you were floating out there?"

"Don't yo' take no notice whut he says, sah," laughed Socky. "Why, bress de good Lawd, dat jes' Nick hisself, his very own self again. Dat man gwine git well, sah, yassuh! Shore he take keer o' me out dar, an' befo' dat too. But a white man he got to have hees pride, ain't he?"

"Hi'd call that his stinkin' pride, Hi would!" grumbled the steward of the clipper behind the skipper's back. But Socky, having watched his masterful friend until his pipe was glowing evenly, danced along to the forecastle, snapping his horny old fingers, his big splay feet shuffling, his eyes gleaming, crooning a soul-lulling old ditty to the sparkling seas racing past:

"Cain't yo' heah dem gals a-callin', Johnny?
One mo' day!
Cain't yo' heah dat capstan pawlin'?
One mo' day!
Ho, come rock an' rowl me ovah,
One mo' day!

"Don't yo' heah de ol' man roarin', Johnny?
One mo' day!
Don't yo' heah de pilot bawlin'?
One mo' day!

"Only one mo' day, my Johnny,
One mo' day!
Ho, come rock an' rowl me ovah,
One mo' day!"

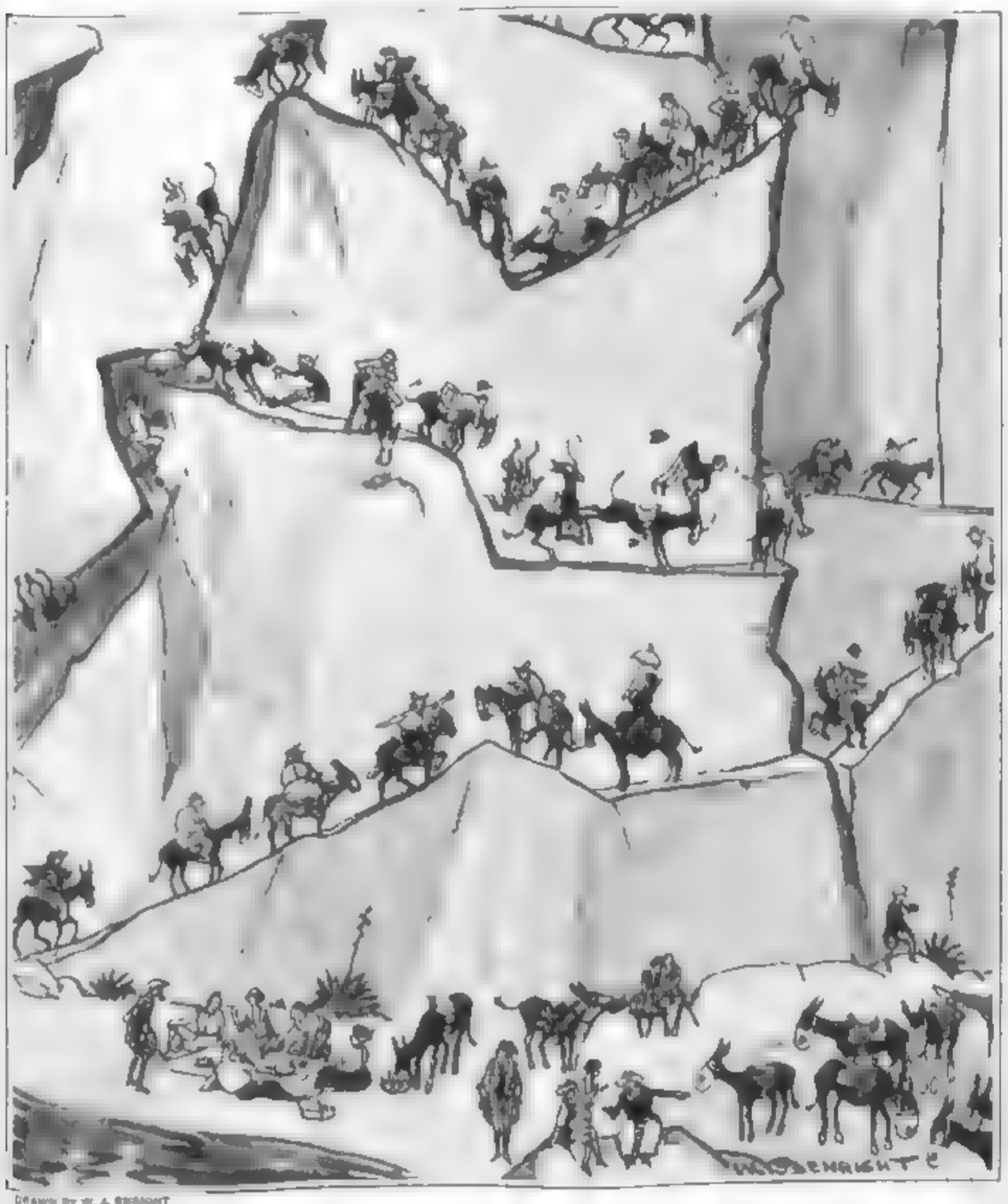
The sound seeped into Nick's little cabin. He had just swallowed half of a tumblerful of brandy and water brought by the steward. He put the glass containing the rest into the rack at the bunk head for Socky.

"'E ain't a bad ole bloke," he muttered to himself.

He took down the glass again, held it up to the port light, and shook his head sagely.

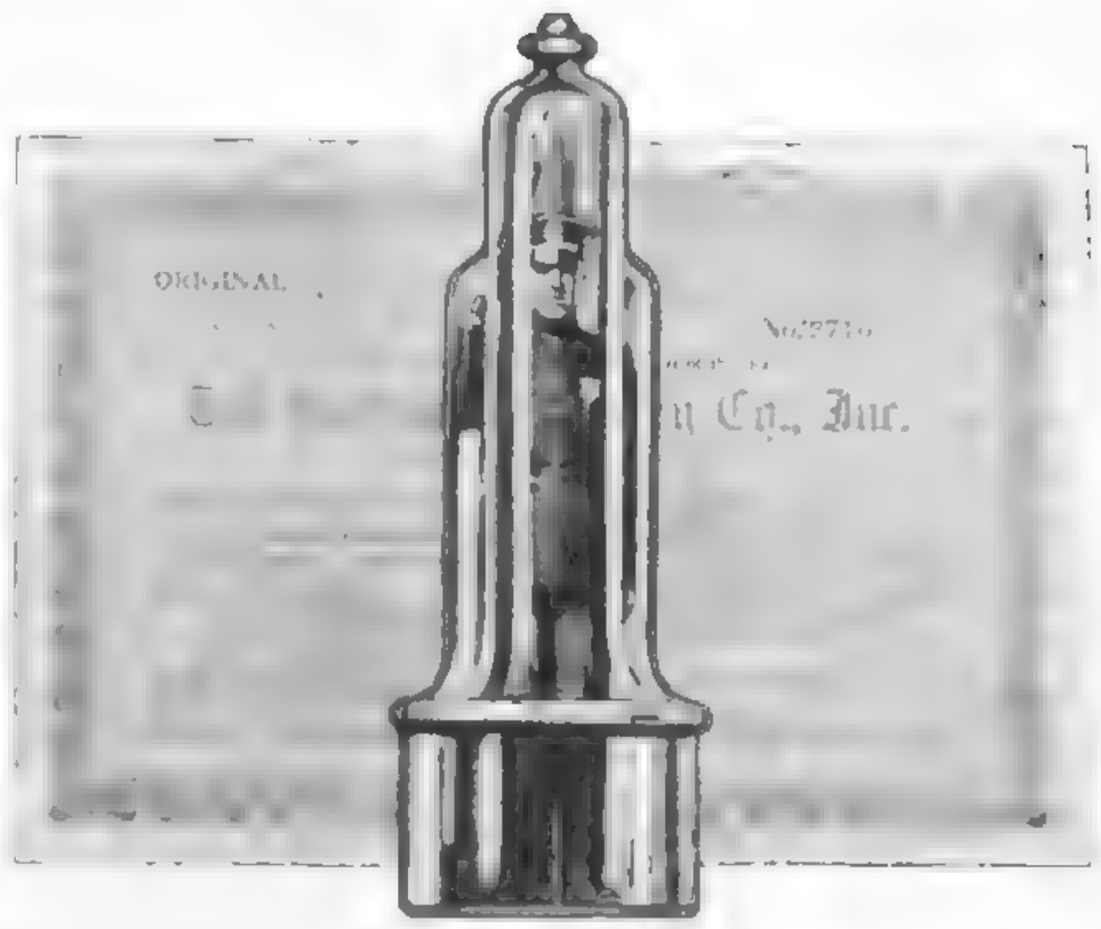
"Mustn't give 'im all that," he decided. He drank a good big gulp. He looked at it again. "Won't do to give 'im too much strong leker. Strike me 'andsome, them niggers ain't got the stren'th o' crust as we white men 'ave." He cocked his head sideways and squinted at the light again through the golden liquid. Then he shook his head solemnly, swallowed the brandy, and set back the glass with a decisive crash.

"'E's 'appy enough," he said. "'E can carry on wivout no strong drink. Fust thing yuh know, if I start 'im orf, 'e'll be gittin' too pershun' familiar!"



DRAWN BY W. A. WRIGHT

All Quiet Along the Bright Angel Trail, Grand Canyon, Arizona



The Watchman guarantees
—"more heat from less coal"

Do your steam radiators gurgle and rumble? Do the air valves on those radiators sputter water and hiss steam? Do the pipes bang and thump and clank?

Those are warning signals!

Your heating system is wasting precious coal! You are only getting half heat! The small, but all-important, air valves on your radiators are inefficient. They are throwing your money away and sacrificing your comfort.

End that waste and discomfort!

Replace those money-burning, comfort-killing, inefficient valves with No. 1 Hoffman Valves, "Watchmen of the Coal Pile." *They'll* give you hot, silent, coal-saving radiators. They'll assure maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption. They'll pay for themselves through the coal they save.

A guarantee that means something!

Every Hoffman Valve is guaranteed in writing to give you five full years of satisfactory service. With such a guarantee, the valves are made to *long* outlast the guarantee period.

Every single Hoffman Valve made is rigidly tested and carefully adjusted at the factory. Their operation is absolutely automatic. You never need to touch them.

Your Heating Contractor's the man!

Your Heating Contractor will gladly testify to the superiority of Hoffman Valves. He can, in a very short time, replace your present valves with No. 1 Hoffmans.

Or, if you prefer, get *one* Hoffman Valve, test it on your worst radiator, convince yourself, and then put Watchmen on all your radiators.

Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES CHICAGO BOSTON

HOFFMAN VALVES
more heat from less coal

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
to the Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc., Waterbury, Conn.

☐ Enclosed is $2.15 for one No. 1 Hoffman Valve. If it doesn't convince me that Hoffman Valves increase heat comfort and save coal, I can return the valve and receive my money back without question.

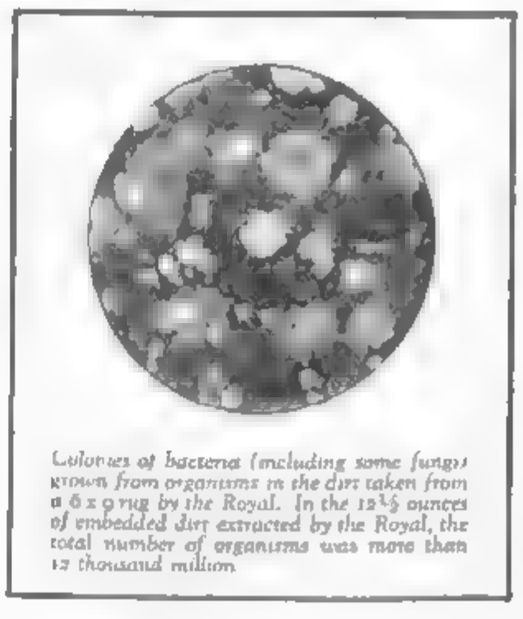
☐ Please send me the booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

For Christmas, a Royal Electric Cleaner is a gift that brings years of lightened housework and a brighter, more healthful home. Arrange with a Royal dealer to have one delivered at your home just before Christmas



Colonies of bacteria (including some fungi) grown from organisms in the dirt taken from a 6 x 9 rug by the Royal. In the 12½ ounces of embedded dirt extracted by the Royal, the total number of organisms was more than 12 thousand million

Is it safe to let children play on the floor?

—*science reveals startling facts about your "clean" rugs*

YOU would not think of eating food that had lain upon the floor.

Yet your children creep and play upon your rugs. They pick up objects from the floor and put them into their mouths. Their faces, even their mouths, often come into direct contact with the rug.

Is it safe?

Is it safe when dust which may contain living disease-producing germs is constantly settling into your rugs from the air? When dirt from the street is being tracked in and trampled into the pile?

The answer of authorities to this, in general, is: there is no cause for alarm *if the rug or other floor covering is kept clean.*

But are your "clean" rugs REALLY clean?

Of course, you keep your rugs as clean as you can. They appear perfectly cared for. But do you know that deep down in the pile remains the *embedded* dirt, the dangerous dirt that beating or sweeping cannot remove?

In this embedded dirt from a single 6 by 9 Wilton rug have been found more than 12 thousand million living organisms!

The analysis, made by the Medical Research Laboratories of Chicago, revealed three dangerous types of bacteria—germs causing intestinal troubles and diarrhea in children, blood and heart diseases.

Yet the rug from which the Royal Electric Cleaner extracted this dirt (12½ ounces of it) had just been beaten and swept. It was supposedly a *clean* rug—safe for children to play upon!

How can you remove this embedded dirt?

There is only one method by which it can be effectively removed in your home—*by powerful air suction scientifically applied.*

The Royal Electric Cleaner reaches deep down into the depths of your rugs and gets out the embedded dirt. First, because it produces a powerful suction. Second, because this suction is scientifically applied directly to the rug surface along the entire length of the 14-inch nozzle. The patented Royal adjustment screw does this.

Thus, even from rugs that have been thoroughly beaten and swept, the Royal will extract large quantities of embedded dirt—the unsanitary, germ-bearing dirt that menaces your health and that of your children. Ask the Royal Man to explain this. He will show you how the Royal gets dirt that other cleaners cannot remove.

Cannot harm rugs

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless because it cleans by air alone. And the Royal is so light, convenient, and cleans so fast that it will never tire you. So simply and sturdily is it built that it is practically trouble-proof; will last a lifetime with ordinary care.

Let the Royal Man show you

No doubt your rugs appear spotlessly clean. But let a Royal Man go over one with a Royal Electric Cleaner. You will be astonished at the quantity of dangerous embedded dirt that has lain hidden in its depths.

Arrange with the local Royal dealer today to have a rug cleaned in your home—no obligation at all. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll put you in touch with him.

Test laboratory test dirt extracted by a Royal and emptied on a piece of white paper shows how the Royal gets the embedded dirt as well as surface litter. The [illegible] surface litter floats. Note the much greater quantity of embedded dirt

DEALERS—The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information.

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES—There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

The P. A. Geier Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate; you need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!

© 1922, The P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, O

THE COMMERCIAL SECRETARY

Continued from Page 19

and other wage earners, telling them that they had the opportunity of their lives to get in on the ground floor of an enterprise approved by the leading business men of the town. He would produce figures showing how many thousands each dollar earned which had been invested in the first issue of telephone or automobile stocks. He would mix up these arguments with familiar references to leading motion-picture stars, intimating that they would be glad to come under his management just as soon as he got his studio built and ready for business.

"After he had worked the wage earners he would go after the smaller business men, using the argument that it was their duty to invest in an enterprise that meant so much to their town and indirectly to themselves. If they held back he would use the chamber-of-commerce letter on them and demand to know whether they stood for progress along with the leaders of their community, or if they were satisfied to stand back and let someone else pave the way to prosperity.

"And so," the chamber-of-commerce secretary concluded, "you see why the toastmaster put a crimp on indorsing the polished stranger's proposition until a level-headed committee had a chance to investigate. It is human nature when a lot of men are gathered together, and especially under the influence of a good meal, to take snap judgment on anything that makes a noise like progress. It sounded sweet to hear a perfect stranger tell us we were marvelously fitted to become a second Los Angeles. In our hearts we realized that other communities also had rivers, rolling country and sunshiny weather; but in the enthusiasm of the moment we chose to think the stranger had some kind of fairy wand that would waft us into astonishing prosperity."

Whether the chamber of commerce saved the citizens' money by withholding its indorsement of the promoter's plans will never be known because the gentleman departed after the true state of his responsibility and experience became known. But it is doubtless true that the chamber-of-commerce secretary acted wisely. Towns, like private undertakings, do not grow in any direction unless there are sound business reasons. It is worse than useless to start new enterprises in a community that does not offer some especial advantages for their development. This is a truth that communities have had to learn by hard experience.

The profession of commercial secretaryship is comparatively a new thing as at present developed. No more than fifteen years ago it was the custom for even the most important chambers of commerce to choose the secretary from among their own membership, sometimes on grounds of efficiency and sometimes because a popular member needed a job. Those were the days when free sites and cash bonuses could be had by almost any manufacturing concern that wanted to shop around; ambitious cities everywhere wanted new enterprises and were willing to pay for them.

Professional Secretaries

But observing secretaries began to notice that manufacturing concerns bolstered up by cash bonuses had a discouraging habit of petering out when the bonus money became exhausted. A national organization of commercial secretaries was formed and gradually the amateur secretaries became professionals. Through their influence well-conducted chambers of commerce quit trying to buy progress.

The function of the present-day commercial secretary is as much to protect his town from the false as it is to encourage the genuine.

This is not the easiest thing in the world. Particularly in the smaller and more remote communities there is still the lingering idea that civic progress is attained through methods different from those of ordinary business. The Texas village of four or five thousand population which puts up ten thousand dollars to hire a big-league baseball team to do its spring training there perhaps gets its money's worth; but it is a question if any conservative advertising man would recommend that expenditure for the privilege of getting the town's name on the date line of the league city's newspapers for three weeks.

A short time ago I chanced to be in a Western town that had just got through entertaining the delegates of a state-wide organization at its two-day convention. Welcoming banners still hung from the trolley wires on Main Street, a little faded from rain, and the less energetic merchants had not yet changed their convention window displays. More than three thousand delegates had enjoyed the town's hospitality—that is, they had enjoyed it as much as possible in view of the fact that the hotels could accommodate only a few hundred and the rest had to sleep in Pullman cars in the railroad yard. Forty thousand dollars had been raised by public subscription and the committee had managed to spend it all—even more, as there was a deficit to be made up later. From a series of intimate talks with various storekeepers I judged the affair was an artistic success but a financial failure. Some of them believed the convention had been a good advertisement for the town, but no merchant claimed he had done more than a normal business during the two exciting days.

Convention Bait

In discussing this affair with an experienced commercial secretary he announced his policy in such matters, and his remarks seem worth quoting.

"In the chamber of commerce which I serve," he said, "we have an ironclad rule that we will not go after any convention that promises to bring more delegates than our hotels can reasonably take care of. No town ever makes immediate profits by entertaining a convention; the profit comes through the good will engendered in the delegates' minds. If the individual delegate isn't comfortably fixed while in your town you don't gain his good will. Also, we have a limit on the amount of money we will spend per delegate. In case of a very important convention we will go as high as five dollars apiece, but in most cases our limit is two dollars. More than that is not businesslike. If a local lodge or society wants to raise a larger fund among its own members, of course we have nothing to say. But we will not ask our general public for more than that."

For the benefit of those who are disposed to sit on the sidelines and criticize the activities of their home-town chambers of commerce it may be well to state that the job of the commercial secretary is about the most delicate one in the world. He has, like the preacher, as many bosses as there are members. And his members' mental processes range all the way from those of the most radical booster to those of the ultra conservative who wants his town to stay exactly where it is. Between these the commercial secretary has to set his course and do the best he can. He must know all the private feuds of the community; which of his members will get out and work and which will not; who likes publicity and who does not. Almost he must be a mind reader and be able to divine human motives.

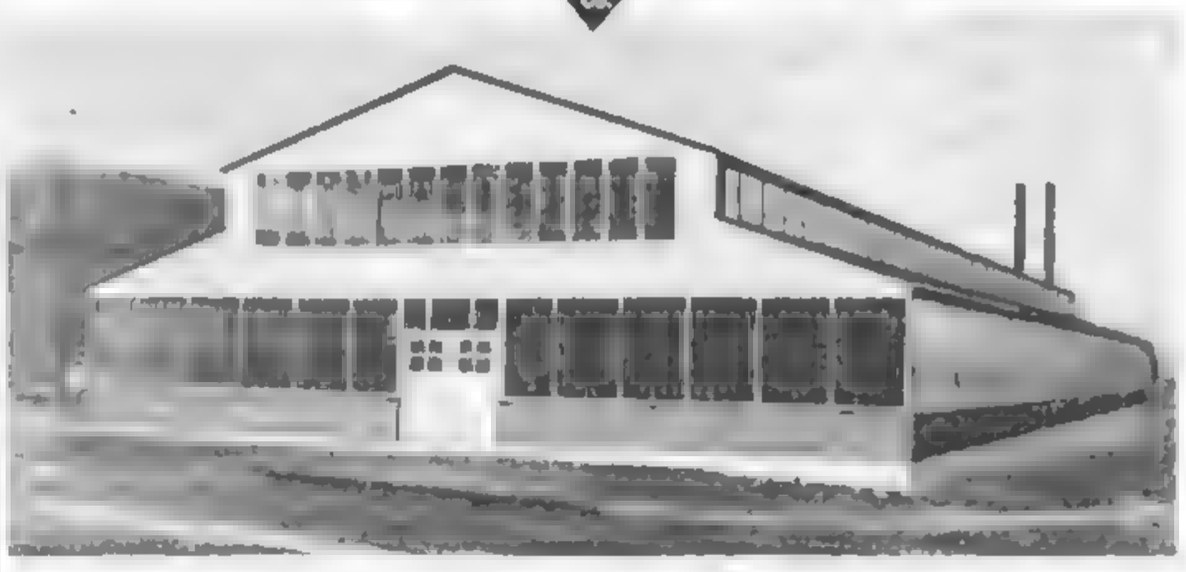
Not long ago I had the privilege of attending a chamber-of-commerce meeting as the guest of the secretary. The town, it seemed, had long been agitating the need of a big auditorium for convention purposes and the question came up for discussion. One member argued that the opera house was plenty good enough for any convention that might come to town, while another member held that the opera house was disgraceful and that a city of such importance ought to have at least a quarter-of-a-million-dollar auditorium. At last a man got up who presented the need of the auditorium with the utmost eloquence. He was a tall man with a resonant voice, hair a trifle longer than necessary, and a sparkling diamond on the hand that he used for gestures. His speech was so good that the merest stranger within sound of his voice could not doubt that an auditorium was the town's most pressing need.

After the meeting I remarked to my friend the secretary how convincing the speaker's arguments were. To my surprise the secretary treated the subject lightly.

"There's one like him in every town," he said cynically. "He doesn't care a whoop whether we have an auditorium or not. All he cares about it is that if we do build an auditorium there will of necessity be some ceremonies connected with the

TRUSCON

STANDARD BUILDINGS



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"Our Truscon building is giving satisfaction. The proof is that we have built an extension to it"
NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO

"The two Truscon Standard Buildings suit our purposes very well. We obtained and erected them in the shortest time possible and they have fully proved very valuable."
BAYER CHEMICAL CO

"We have completed the construction of several of your buildings. Your buildings are easily erected extremely rigid, weatherproof, fireproof and pleasing to the eye"
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"Have used and found Truscon Standard Buildings entirely satisfactory"
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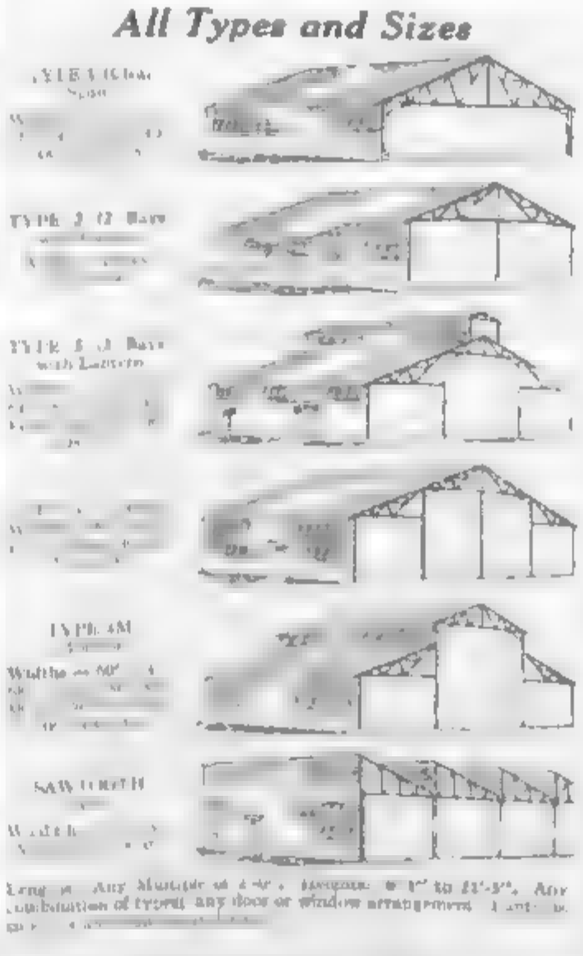

With all-glass sidewalls of Truscon Steel Windows on brick or concrete curbs, these new-type Truscon Standard Buildings are already in great demand. They are made up of standardized units (steel windows, doors, trusses, etc.) and can be furnished in any size or arrangement, with pitched, monitor or sawtooth roof, as illustrated at the left.

Fireproof, fine-appearing, of the best modern design, Truscon Standard Buildings are remarkably low in cost, averaging less than $1.00 per sq. ft. Let us quote you a price on a building, erected complete, which will meet your exact needs.

Truscon Standard Buildings are also furnished with steel-panel-and-sash sidewalls, in all types and sizes. These buildings meet every requirement as factories, warehouses, shops, oil buildings, railroad buildings, etc. Over 10,000,000 sq. ft. are now in successful use

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Learn now about the new type and other Truscon Standard Buildings. Quick erection even in winter weather. Used by industrial leaders—these buildings will fill your exact needs. Write today for full details.

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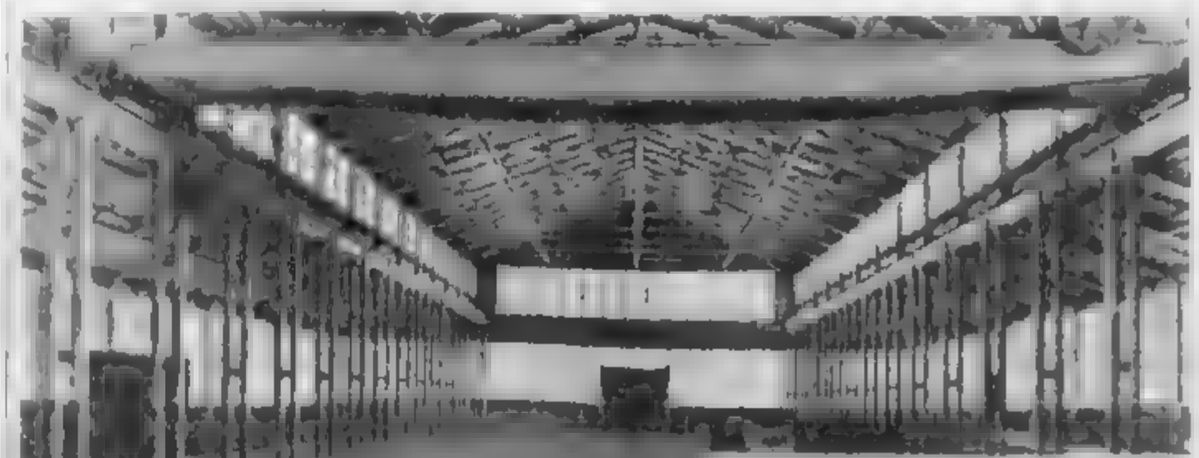

Monitor Type Truscon Standard Building, Monroe Mfg. Co., Williston, O.

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Send catalog and suggestions on building to be used for
Type ___ Size ___ x ___ Height
Name _____
Address _____ (S-16)

W.L.DOUGLAS

$5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes for style, material and workmanship are unequaled for the price. It is worth while for you to know that when you buy W. L. Douglas shoes you are getting the benefit of his forty years' experience in making the best shoes possible for the price.

BOYS SHOES
$4.00 & $4.50

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are always worth the price paid for them. Wear them and save money. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are sold in 110 of our own stores in the large cities and by shoe dealers everywhere. Ask your shoe dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. Only by examining them can you appreciate their value. Refuse substitutes. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the retail price and the name stamped on the sole. The retail prices are the same everywhere.

IF NOT FOR SALE IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE FOR CATALOG.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turnover line

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

FOR MEN ONLY
who have missed
SHOE LACING HOOKS

Lacing Hooks can be obtained on exclusive models of quality footwear.

Insist on having what you want

STOP
Piston Slap and Excessive Oil Pumping

APEX Inner-rings

Jobbers and Dealers Write

Thomas Friedrich Mfg. Co., Peoria, Dept. W, Illinois
Chicago Branch

corner-stone laying, and he will probably get a chance to make the big speech on that occasion. He wants a quarter-of-a-million-dollar auditorium built so he can show off before the governor and a lot of other big guns."

Doubtless it is on account of such members that many of the best-conducted chambers of commerce do not allow questions of any importance to be voted on at the general membership meetings. In one organization with which I am familiar any matter relating to public policy or the spending of money is debated on the floor and then referred to a committee. This committee has the arguments on both sides of the question printed and mailed to the individual members, who are asked to mail back their votes. This course is adopted primarily to give the members a chance to consider the matters more maturely and avoid the evil influence of the spellbinder. But there is a deeper psychology in the method, as the secretary explained.

"The great advantage of the idea," he said, "is that the member so voting considers the matter in the familiar surroundings of his own office. There he is used to making the same sensible decisions that guide his own affairs. In a public meeting he may be swayed by emotions and mob feeling; but in the place he works in every day to earn his living he is pretty apt to be guided by his customary good business sense."

One of the most remarkable features of civic life in the United States during the past few years has been the rise of the luncheon club. Six years ago there was one nation-wide luncheon-club organization in existence. At present there are eleven, and probably more coming. All these maintain national headquarters with individual clubs in every town where there is a chance for a foothold. Doubtless the luncheon club is having a good effect on civic life. Most of them are composed of men from various lines of business and the professions, the idea being to bring together in weekly meetings the representatives of all sorts of lines of human endeavor.

But meritorious as the luncheon-club movement is, it has tended to clutter up the already complicated life of the chamber-of-commerce secretary. Any organization to exist must have some definite aim. The luncheon club is a semicivic organization, and as such its aim is to do something for its city. And where there are eleven similar organizations in a medium-sized community, all trying to do something to uplift the home town, there is sometimes not enough uplift work to go round.

Typical Fakers

In such a case the chamber-of-commerce secretary has to watch out. Designing persons who have had bad luck with the chamber of commerce take their propositions to the luncheon clubs, one after the other. Eventually an organization may be found that is languishing for something to do and does not investigate very closely. A very successful commercial secretary in a Middle-western town gets around this situation by putting two representatives from each luncheon club on his board of directors. It makes his directorate rather heavy, but it has its advantages, because he has been able to put over a rule that no luncheon club shall indorse any civic project without first referring it to the chamber of commerce.

As I have said, the indorsement of a chamber of commerce means everything to the individual who is trying to put something over, whether it be a piking project like selling advertising space in a street-carnival program or the more ambitious graft of selling stock in a new manufacturing plant that is not intended to manufacture anything except stock certificates. No chamber of commerce can be too cautious. A banker friend who is also a director in the chamber of commerce in his town told me recently of a distressing incident that resulted entirely from too great a laxness in this direction.

There had, it seems, been a scheme promoted in the town to organize a company for the manufacture of farm machinery. It was a town in the Far West and the promoters had used the familiar argument that it was most wasteful for the citizens of the community to send their hard-earned money away to Eastern manufacturers when the same machinery could be manufactured right at home. As usual, the promoters tried to get the formal indorsement of the local chamber of commerce, but were turned down. Then they tried another tack. They already had a charter and maintained an office organization for stock selling, and so made a formal application for membership in the chamber on the plea that it was a reputable unit in the community and entitled to recognition. The more sophisticated business men realized that it looked more like a stock-selling scheme than a bona fide manufacturing organization, but at the time there happened to be a man elected to the presidency of the chamber who wanted a reputation as a go-getter. He entered upon his term of office with a whooping membership campaign and among the members taken in were the promoters of the farm-machinery plant.

These individuals were not slow to make use of the advantage thus gained. On all their stationery they had printed the statement that they belonged to the local chamber of commerce and they never missed a chance to take active part in the meetings of the body and thereby get their names in the papers. Some of the more conservative members felt things were going a little too far, but nothing could be done about it because there was nothing yet to prove that they did not intend actually to have a farm-machinery factory.

A Much-Delayed Party

One day a farmer came into the banking institution over which the man who told me the story presides. The banker had known him for a long time as a small depositor, and entered into friendly conversation. The farmer told with evident elation that he had recently sold his place and come to town to live.

"I am pretty well fixed now," he said. "I always aimed to quit when I got to be sixty, and now I have done it."

The banker congratulated him on having accomplished his ambition and asked him what his plans were.

"Oh, they're all settled," the farmer answered. "I sold my place in the country for twenty-five thousand dollars. I took five thousand of it and bought a nice little home here in town. The rest of the money I invested in that farm-machinery factory they are going to build here."

The banker did not want to alarm his client unnecessarily and merely asked if he was sure he had made a good investment.

"I'm sure I did," the farmer answered confidently. "It just naturally looks reasonable that a factory here will pay because all the freight charges will be saved from those Eastern cities. And besides," he added, "I knew the men must be all right because they belong to the chamber of commerce. I see their names in the papers almost every day. They told me the stock could not pay less than 20 per cent. At that rate I will have an income of four thousand dollars every year!"

Unfortunately for the farmer's ambitions the factory never did get a chance to pay 20 per cent a year dividends because it got into the hands of a receiver before it made any machinery. He lost all he had made during a lifetime because he believed any enterprise must be dependable that was connected with the chamber of commerce of his home town.

In one of the larger Texas cities a similar manufacturing enterprise was started a year or two ago. The commodity to be manufactured was a line of farm tractors, and as a special inducement to farmer investors any person who bought five hundred dollars' worth of stock in the concern would be entitled to a 25 per cent discount on a tractor for his own use. This was a compelling argument, and a considerable amount of stock was sold during the first few months. The promoters proceeded in a convincingly businesslike way, actually buying land and putting up a brick building which, it was explained, was only the first of a series of buildings that would house the concern's activities.

So far the promoters had asked no favors from the local business organizations, but now they approached the chamber of commerce with a request for membership. The commercial secretary, a man of long experience in the work, was not thoroughly convinced about the project and asked for time to place their application before his board of directors. He did not think much of a concern that promised a discount on its product to stockholders; manufacturers, he knew, cannot give away part of their profits and survive. When the application was brought before his board of directors the chief promoter was on hand to present his claims.

"We know," the promoter said with an air of the utmost frankness, "that we have not been established long enough to prove to you gentlemen that we really mean business. I am going to tell you freely that we need your coöperation to carry out our plans. We stand ready to join your organization and will pledge a subscription of a thousand dollars a year toward civic work."

It is not every day that someone will pledge a thousand dollars for chamber-of-commerce work, and the directors were impressed. The promoter went on to clinch the matter.

"We want you to see what we are doing," he said, "and to that end I am going to invite you all out to our factory. Next Thursday, if that suits you, I will have automobiles here and take you out there."

The proposition appeared eminently reasonable, and on the following Thursday morning at ten o'clock the directors assembled at chamber-of-commerce headquarters for the trip. The promoter arrived shortly afterward and announced that he was sorry but there had been a misunderstanding about the automobiles and there would be an hour's delay. The hour passed and still the automobiles did not arrive. The promoter spent some time in the telephone booth and then suggested very apologetically that there was still some mix-up about the cars and perhaps it would be best to postpone the trip until after lunch. The chamber-of-commerce men, a little dashed at the waste of time, agreed to meet again at one. Even then there was further delay, the promoter alternately apologizing for the continued postponement and dashing to the telephone booth for earnest conversation.

It was midafternoon when the party finally got started for the trip to the embryo factory a mile beyond the city limits. When they arrived the place was indeed a picture of activity, and all that the promoters had claimed for it. Wheels were turning, belts were flapping, and fully fifty workmen were engaged in the various activities, although a close observer might have detected a little uncertainty in their movements. The chief promoter proudly showed his visitors around, entertained them with a little buffet luncheon and took them home again, confident that his concern would be admitted to membership in the chamber of commerce and allowed to use its influence in future stock-selling operations.

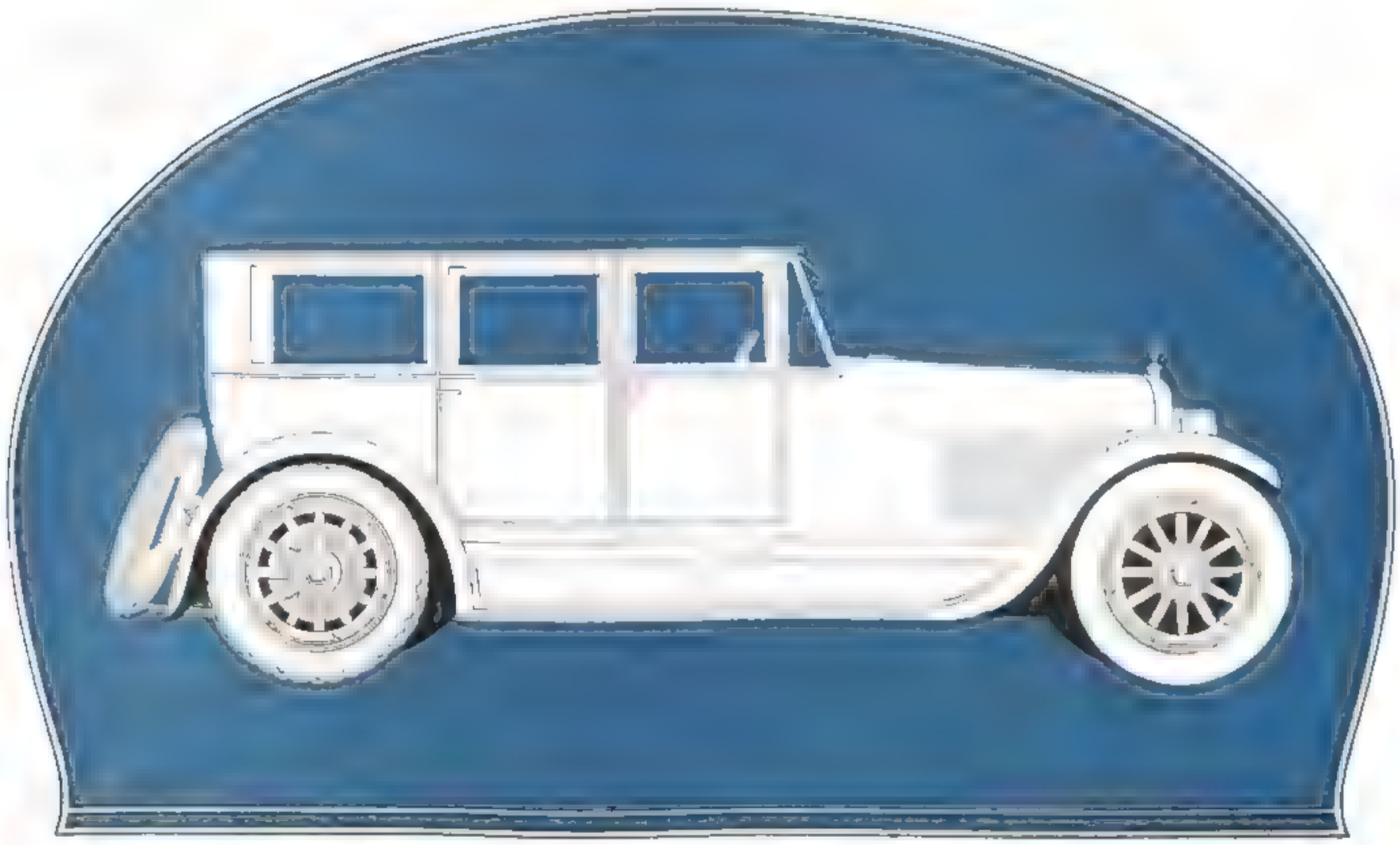
The Sleuthing Secretary

This happy outcome might have been effected but for one thing. A few days previously the commercial secretary had noticed an advertisement in the morning paper stating that a local employment agency could place numbers of machinists and lathe men in positions. It was a part of his business to keep track of employment conditions and he made inquiries as to the sudden demand for skilled mechanics. He found it was the tractor-manufacturing concern that required the men, but that it was not guaranteeing steady work; each man hired was told that his job might last a day or longer according to conditions.

With this in mind the commercial secretary made a private trip to the tractor factory the next day after the one on which the chamber-of-commerce directors had been so pleasantly entertained. On this occasion he did not find the wheels turning or any mechanics at work. The only employes were a caretaker and a couple of laborers cleaning up the place. All the others, the caretaker said, had been paid off and let go the previous evening. Thus the secret was out. The promoters had hired the fifty mechanics and set the wheels turning for a single day's work as an exhibit for the chamber-of-commerce directors. The recurring delays on the day of the party had been caused by the fact that there was trouble in getting the machinery going and rehearsing the workmen in their parts. Threatened with exposure the promoters abandoned their stock selling. Citizens who had already invested got back a small proportion of their money through the sale of the land and building.

One of the hardest jobs of the professional secretary is to convince his booster members that successful town building is no different from ordinary business; that circus methods are no more effective in one

(Continued on Page 129)



Any Woman Can Tell

Any woman who ever heard the wind whistle and the windows rattle in a flimsy house on a cold winter's day is the best judge of a fine enclosed car.

When she buys a house she knows whether it has been built to sell at a price or has been constructed for substantial comfort, warmth and convenience.

She will pass judgment on the mass of closed cars being built in the United States today.

Her judgment will be critical and conclusive.

The Jordan idea about enclosed cars may be briefly expressed in six simple words.

Never to build an inferior body.

You can build a summer cottage as flimsy as you like and endure it. You can't live in a house with breezes wandering through, in the winter.

It is just a matter of experience with inferior service and education in the enjoyment of the better things of life which creates owners for cars like the Jordan.

The closed car of the future must be substantial in construction, comfortable like the Jordan, balanced to prevent weaving on the chassis, and appointed in the best taste.

The Jordan is light, economical, easy to handle in traffic and quick to find a place at the curb.

People of inherent good taste who deplore any sacrifice of quality have long wanted enclosed cars like the Jordan—of extraordinary comfort, finish and good taste—clean of knick-knacks inside as well as out, like the well ordered homes of today.

Jordan is the first manufacturer of such quality enclosed cars to attain a production sufficient to bring the price within reach of many people.

Just step into any Jordan sales room, compare the Jordan enclosed models with the finest cars built. Then ask the price.

Somewhere beyond the place where men and motors race, there is a spot where maples, oaks and pines dip their frosty banners in the December sun. And a fascinating someone looks wonderful in woodsmen's socks, heavy knickers and a Mackinaw jumper. Go on—you might as well—

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

The Pitiful Tale of a Car in a Cold Garage

Being an Open Letter from a Frozen Car to its Owner

Dear Owner:

I often wonder if you realize how hard it is for me to go on in this way. I am driven in, covered with ice and slush and left in this garage without the least bit of heat. I don't mind the slush and my checked finish so much, though I'll look like an alligator by spring. It's the damage that can't be repaired that is so discouraging.

When you came in this morning, the starter had to turn my motor twenty-four times before the spark caught, and at least three spoonfuls of gasoline dripped into the oil in the crankcase. My battery is getting weaker and weaker from the hard strain of turning oil-stiffened pistons and bearings while cold. I stutter and cough for the first two miles of running and it isn't doing my bearings a bit of good. I have two fouled plugs and I'm clogged with carbon, and all I get is a little alcohol.

Last summer you used to tinker with me regularly. You don't do it any more. You come in, look at your gloved hands and the cold tools and turn away. I can't blame you. It isn't a pleasant job working on a cold car, with cold tools, in a cold garage. You go out thinking, "Oh, you'll get along for another week" and leave me wondering if I can make it. The cold and ice are making my tires hard, and they are beginning to check. Next spring they'll be soft and spongy and I'll have to listen to a lot of vile language. This cold, damp storage treatment is taking a year off my life. It isn't the best thing for the garage itself.

I don't need a lot of heat here. Just enough to keep the place reasonably dry and warm. It would take only a trifle for fuel, and I know just the heater to do the trick. It's a little all-cast hot water heater, a coal burner, made just as carefully and as convenient as a home heater.

It needs attention only twice a day and there's no such thing as wearing it out, or burning it out. If the time ever comes when you don't need it in the garage, it makes the most economical hot water supply heater you ever saw. As a water supply heater for the basement, it can have a garbage burning attachment if you'd like one.

If you'll get one of these Mueller Garage Heaters, I promise faithfully to be in better condition and worth more money next spring. I'll give you better service this winter. I'll always be ready to go in the morning and I'll drive right off without a stutter.

At any rate, send in the Coupon. Give the Mueller People an opportunity to show you what they have. That costs you nothing.

Your Car

"Made by Mueller"

Your assurance of a warm garage and fuel economy is covered in the above three words. The Mueller Garage Heater is made by the manufacturer of the famous Mueller Convector, Mueller Pipe Furnaces, and Mueller Boilers. Sixty-five years' experience in the making of heating systems of all types, with hundreds of thousands of satisfied users throughout the entire United States, has made—"Made by Mueller"—a guarantee of high quality and satisfactory service.

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.
246 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems
ESTABLISHED 1857

Send in the Coupon, Men, it's almost Christmas

L. J. Mueller Furnace Company,
246 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin P. s.

Gentlemen:—Please send me complete details of your economical method of heating private garages. I am particularly interested in:

☐ The Garage Heater (that can also be installed as hot water heater for the home).

☐ Hot Water Tank Heater with Garbage Burner.
No Obligation.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1922 by L. J. Mueller Furnace Co.

(Continued from Page 126)

than the other. The lesson has been pretty well learned in the older and larger communities, but there are still places where the kicking up of dust and making a noise are looked on as progress.

A couple of years ago an enterprising yachtsman put into the harbor of a small city on one of our coasts. The town was an ambitious one, boasting a chamber of commerce composed of go-getters. It had only one single-track railroad and the harbor at high tide had less than fifteen feet of water, but the boosters believed that some day Congress or someone would spend a few million dollars to dig it much deeper and create a regular seaport. With this in view the chamber of commerce had a lot of folders printed which showed a map of the world with dotted lines running from the town to all the great seaports of Europe and South America. The enterprising yachtsman studied this map and had an idea. Getting the live wires of the town together he made them a proposition:

"I am about to start on a trip with my sailing yacht which will take me down the coasts of Mexico and Central America. My boat, as you know, has a very large white sail, perfectly blank, and thereon lies a wonderful opportunity to advertize your town. For a small sum—say, six hundred dollars—I will paint an advertisement on the sail carrying the message of your town to thousands of people on the coasts of our neighbor republics. Nothing like it has ever been done before. It will be wonderful publicity!"

The yachtsman did not bother to explain just why the publicity would be so wonderful when few people of the neighbor republics could read English, but the plan appealed to the optimistic instincts of his hearers. A whirlwind campaign was launched among the business men to raise the sum asked, and when the yacht sailed out of the harbor a few days afterward, its owner had six hundred dollars and the citizens had the satisfaction of seeing their home town advertised on his sail as The City That Welcomes the World.

The Sign at the Station

Out in the Pacific Northwest a few years ago a big irrigation project was being put through, and at the diversion dam a lusty town sprang up, eager to become a metropolis. The business men got together and organized a chamber of commerce. The wiser ones felt the need of an experienced secretary, but it was some time before the right man could be engaged, and meanwhile the boosters felt they ought to be doing something. The most obvious thing was to build a big sign at the transcontinental railroad station to show passing strangers that the town had placed itself solidly on the map. The sign was finished and put in place a few days before the arrival of the new commercial secretary. Except the real name of the town the following was the precise wording that greeted the secretary as his train drew up to the station: Boostopolis—The Best Town by a Damsite.

The sign did not impress the new man as quite the correct thing and one of his first official acts was an attempt to change the wording. Here he ran against a snag. The chairman of the committee that had raised the money for the sign was also the author of the sentiment it carried, and vastly proud of his authorship. When the secretary suggested a less sensational wording the chairman was up in arms immediately.

"It's great publicity," he said heatedly. "I've been down to the station when the trains stopped and everybody looks at it and laughs fit to kill!"

The new secretary felt he must press the matter, even at the risk of displeasing an influential merchant. He pointed out that merely because people laughed fit to kill, it did not mean they would be inclined to come to the town and invest their money. The author merchant passed over this thought lightly.

"Just the same, people read it," he said. "What this town needs is publicity, and that sign gets it for us."

The secretary risked his job on his next remark.

"Would you put a sign on your store," he asked, "that had as its object making people laugh fit to kill?"

In his answer the merchant voiced a sentiment that, strangely enough, still has a wide following.

"Of course I wouldn't put a comic sign on my store," he said indignantly. "But that's got nothing to do with the question. Advertising a store is one thing, and advertising a town is another. You can't compare the two things at all!"

The story, however, has a happy ending. Eventually the secretary convinced his members that comic signs were not calculated to bring investors to a town any more than they would bring customers to a retail store. Later the announcement at the railroad station was changed to the simple statement: Boostopolis Wants You.

It would be hard for those accustomed to the more conservative methods of the big city to realize the spirit that obtains in many of the smaller communities. The big town may be satisfied with its size and accomplishments, but in the smaller one there is a fierce will to go ahead that often manifests itself in strange doings. In a certain Western state there are two cities, each claiming to be the metropolis of the commonwealth. Neither is very large as cities go, but each is determined to be larger than the other at any cost. A prominent chamber-of-commerce worker recently told me how things were managed during the government census of two years ago. Should the methods used seem unusual it must be remembered that the honor and prestige of his home town were at stake.

"We had a good bunch of workers at the railroad stations during the census-taking period," he told me, "who interviewed every person that got off the train. If a newcomer admitted that he might be thinking of living here sometime we made him sign a card at once. We swelled the population quite a lot that way. Just the same, we knew it would be like that gang in the other town to try to pull off something on us, and so we hired a private detective agency to put a lot of operatives over there to watch things. The detectives didn't find anything actually wrong, so I guess they knew we were on the job. The only thing that other crowd did was to try and count our detectives into their population!"

The chamber-of-commerce man's brow knitted at the recollection of the events of the time.

"But can you imagine what we learned afterward?" he demanded. "We found out that the scoundrels had a bunch of detectives in our town all the time watching us! It didn't do them a bit of good," he concluded, "because we won out fair and square, showing over two thousand population in excess of theirs. But we were prepared for them in case they tried to put anything over on us. If that other town had beat us we were going to demand an official recount!"

Perhaps it is this kind of spirit that builds empires, but it does not appear to an outsider that there would be any great difference whether one town had two thousand more or less than the other. It is more than likely that store rents on Main Street would be the same figure in either case.

Increasingly, the leading commercial secretaries, through their national organization, are stressing the fact that towns, like private business, develop best by making the most of what they have rather than by going out after the new and the untried. The records show that any town that goes after new industries on anything but a plain business basis eventually pays the bill itself; likewise that those communities have prospered most which have done everything possible to support already existing industries before trying to locate new ones.

Better Than Speeches

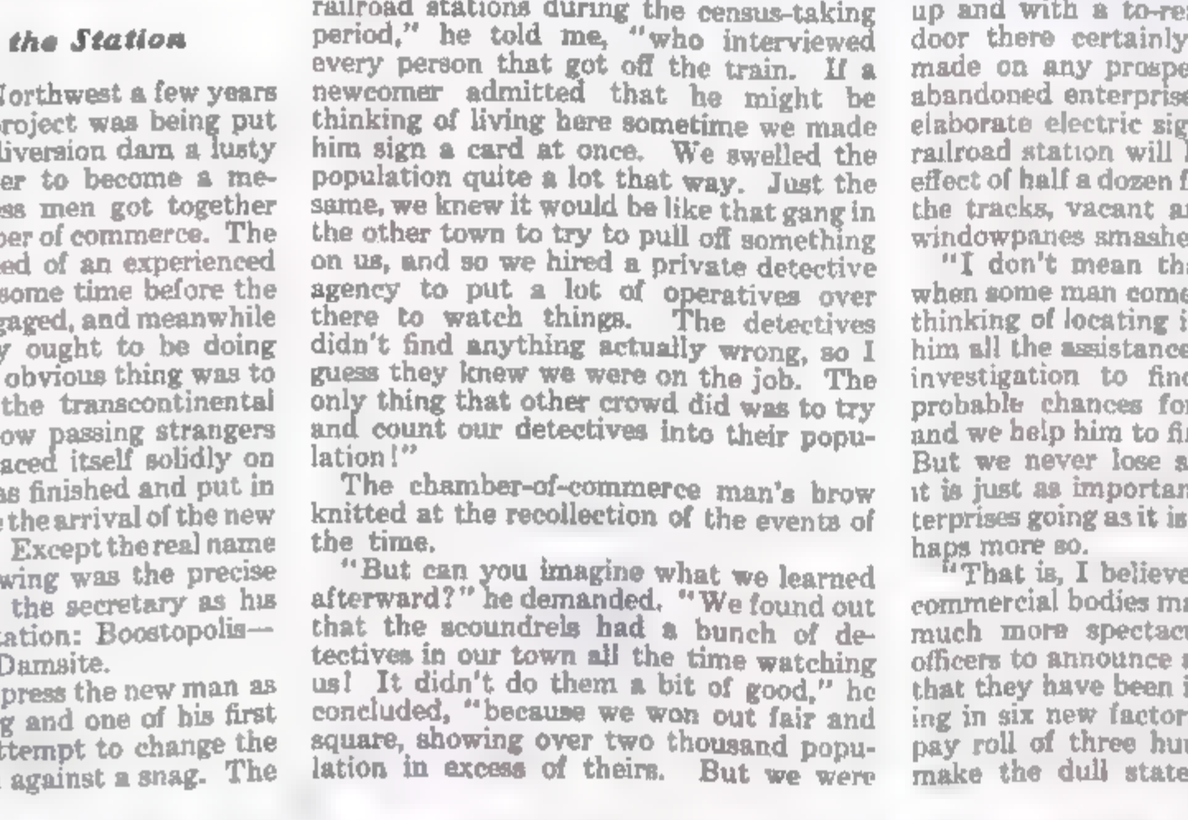
This is what the experienced commercial secretary in an important Eastern city had to say on the subject:

"It isn't altogether a question of whether our citizens are induced to invest their money in enterprises that end in failure; that, of course, has to be guarded against, but in any case we don't want an enterprise to locate in our midst unless there is every reason to believe it will succeed. Everyone knows how uninviting it is to a stranger in a strange town to walk along Main Street and see about every third store room for rent; the town immediately impresses itself on the stranger's mind as a dead one. Precisely the same thing applies to the factory buildings along the railroad tracks.

"Several thousand strangers ride on the trains through our city every day, and to them the factory buildings represent our Main Street. If every third one is boarded up and with a to-rent sign nailed on the door there certainly is a bad impression made on any prospective citizen. Every abandoned enterprise is a scar. The most elaborate electric sign in the world at our railroad station will hardly nullify the bad effect of half a dozen factory buildings along the tracks, vacant and with most of their windowpanes smashed.

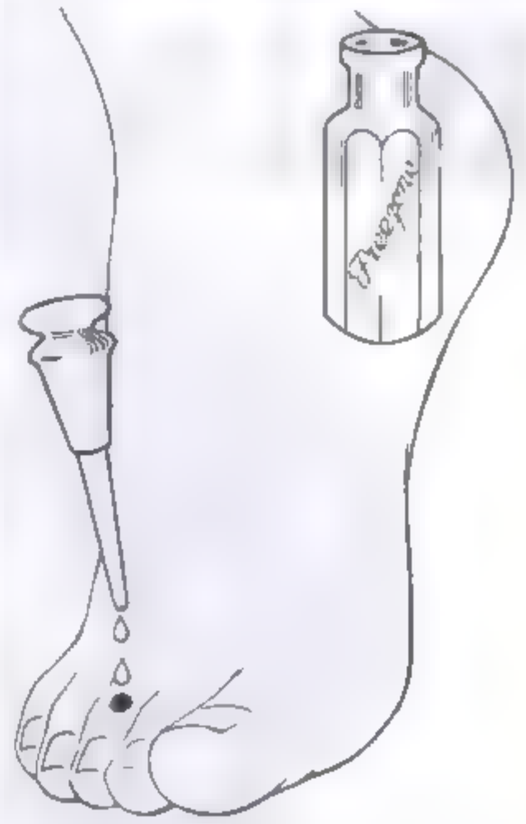
"I don't mean that we lean backward when some man comes along and says he is thinking of locating in our midst. We give him all the assistance we can in the way of investigation to find out what are the probable chances for permanent success, and we help him to find a suitable location. But we never lose sight of the fact that it is just as important to keep our old enterprises going as it is to get new ones; perhaps more so.

"That is, I believe, where a good many commercial bodies make a mistake. It is so much more spectacular for the retiring officers to announce at the annual meeting that they have been instrumental in bringing in six new factories with an aggregate pay roll of three hundred hands, than to make the dull statement that the wage earners of the local enterprises have increased by more than four hundred. It is also more exciting to put on campaigns for bringing in new industries than it is to find ways and means of helping those already established. But the civic organizations that fail to give such help are not functioning as they should. A prosperous-looking group of factories along the railroad tracks will do more to bring in the right kind of new enterprises than all the boosting speeches of an entire year or the most expensive electric sign at the passenger depot."



Out for a Stroll in Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park, California

Corns
Lift Right Off



Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

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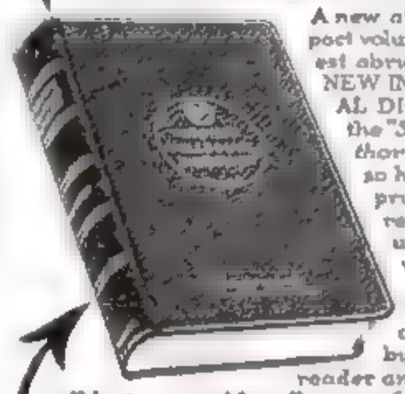

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Bushings in stock for the Machinery • Builder •

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The millions of bronze bushings used in all forms of mechanical industry are now lifted forever out of the special order class, with a resulting saving of as much as 50% in many cases.

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Bunting Standard Automotive bushings for piston pin, steering knuckle, spring bolt—all point to all popular cars, motors, trucks, and tractors are shown by list No. 11. It shows big new profits for automotive manufacturers, jobbers and repairmen. Write for it

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BOSTON: 36 Oliver Street, Main 8488

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26

their services. And all the artists are painting things for me, and I've made the shops send me things to sell! The tickets are only ten dollars apiece, and five for supper, because people feel there have been so many demands. You're going to help me by taking eight, aren't you? It's a wonderful object, don't you think—getting a whole flock of lions for the Public Library so those two won't be so noticeable? Oh, did you hear how much I made at my Benefit for the Babies of the Bleeding Balkans?"

And so on and on, while I wonder, confused by Mrs. Mapes-Massingham's possessive pronouns, whether the benefit is really for the Babies of the Bleeding Balkans or for Mrs. Ma

Oh, well, when I find myself with eight tickets I can't deny that she's wonderful at getting up things. —*Katharine Dayton.*

Elmer and Myrtle

At the Picnic

THE fields were gay with later spring
And Earth had donned her greenest kirtle
When Elmer went a-picnicking
With other folks, including Myrtle.

To Wilder's Glen they bowled along;
The sky was blue beyond all praising;
The whitethroat trilled his gladdest song;
Contented cows were sweetly grazing;

The sun was warm, the air was bland,
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

They reached their goal and made their camp
Beside a spring of limpid waters.
They sought for wood that wasn't damp,
They put up swings and teeter-tawters

While some were all for sitting still,
And some would sing a stave or hum it,
Yet other some would climb the hill;
And there, upon the lofty summit

The far horizon Myrtle scanned
While Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

They spread the feast, the varied treat
That most the youthful palate tickles,
Of sandwiches of cheese and meat,
Of crullers, hard-boiled eggs and pickles,

And pies with apple, mince and peach
Between the upper crust and nether;
And Myrtle took a slice of each
While she and Elmer sat together

Precisely where they both had planned;
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

When one and all had had enough
To satisfy the sturdiest glutton,
They played at games like blindman's buff
And prisoner's base and button, button,

Or gathered buds, or fished the streams,
Or went on pleasant forest rambles,
Or talked about their hopes and dreams,
Or joined, with light, fantastic gambols,

To dance a gypsy saraband;
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

The dusk came down. Among the trees
Our youths and maidens might be numbered
In more than ones and less than threes;
Beneath the moon the woodland slumbered;

And when the moon and stars are lit,
Who could resist?—I know I couldn't
And hence, though Myrtle whispered, "Quit!
Now, Elmer don't! You know you shouldn't!"

In spite of Myrtle's reprimand,
Bold Elmer patted Myrtle's hand

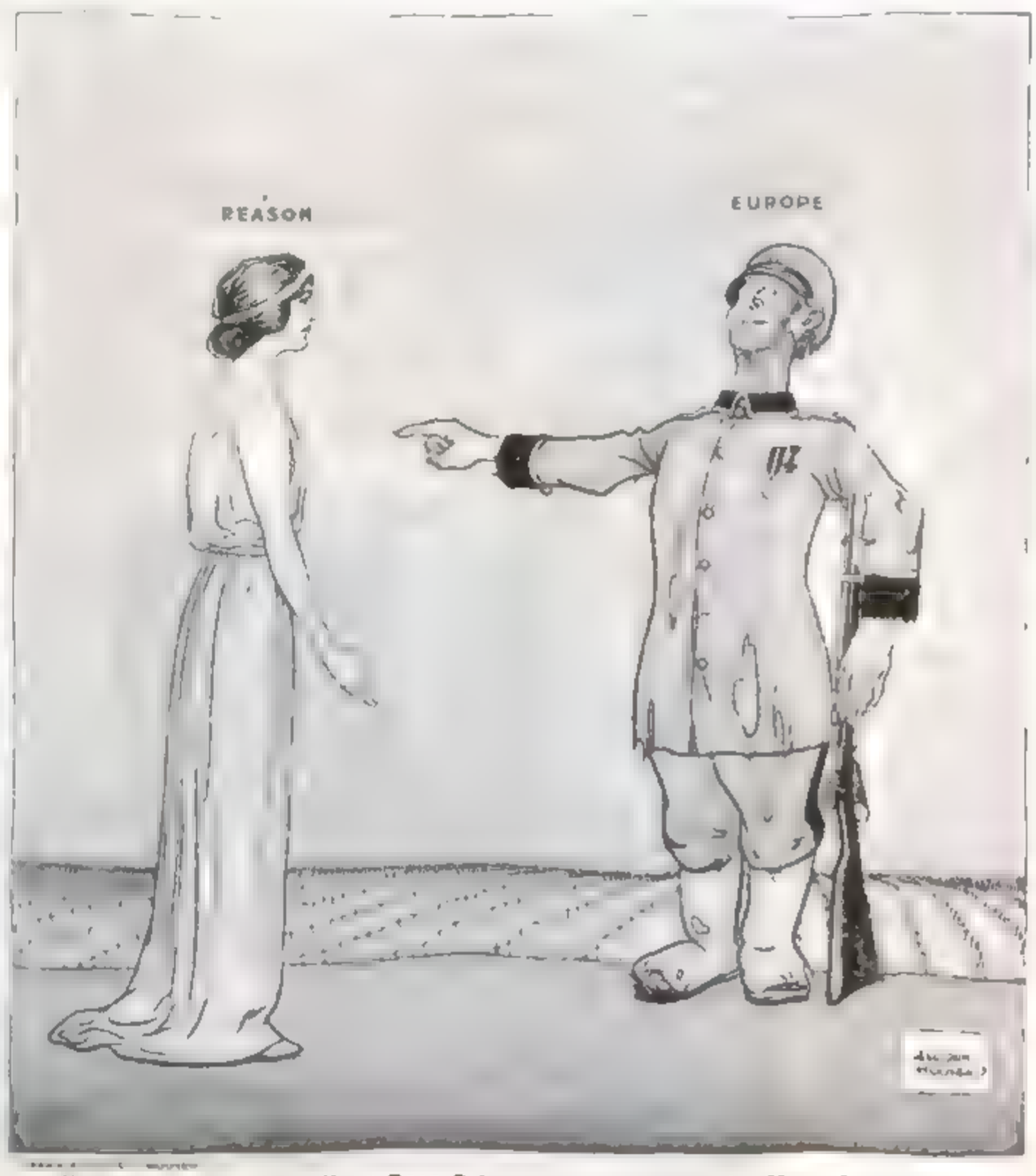
Arthur Guiterman.

Those English Novels

WHEN the gorse is on the heather
And the larch is on the downs,
When the throstles flock together
And the fen is tinged with browns,
When on tea and scones you're feeding
Mid the cawing of the rooks,
Then you know that you've been reading
Those there classy English books.

When the bishop and the vicar
Drink their toddy at the club,
And the cockney takes his liquor
With the coster at the pub,
When a phrase like "He's a bleeding
Fool" will call forth scornful looks,
Then you know that you've been reading
Those there classy English books.

—Newman Levy.



"Madam, Our Fathers Have Been Driven to the Slaughter for Many Generations and What Was Good Enough for Them is Good Enough for Us"

WURLITZER

THE HALLMARK OF VALUE ON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

The Soul of the old Violin Maker lives in the Wurlitzer Piano

OVER 200 years ago in a little Saxon town lived Hans Andreas Wurlitzer, violin maker. His shop was small, but it was a gathering place for the musicians of the period.

For he was more than a skilled craftsman. To him the chisel, the plane and the knife were but agents to carve the message of his soul into the wood that formed the instrument.

For more than two centuries the descendants of Hans Andreas Wurlitzer have carried on his work.

The Wurlitzer piano of today is more than a mechanical thing of metal and wood and ivory. It is the embodiment of the personality, the inspiration, the very soul of the old violin maker.

Strike any note on a Wurlitzer piano. Observe the wonderful tone quality—deep and mellow in the low register, clear and true in the upper—and you instantly realize that you are in contact with something that could not be evolved in one man's lifetime. It is the culmination of two centuries of development.

There is a Wurlitzer piano for every purse—from the Studio upright at $295 to the Wurlitzer Apollo reproducing piano as high as $5,000.

Call at a Wurlitzer store—or send the coupon today.

Wurlitzer, the world's largest music house, has stores from coast to coast and sells every known musical instrument. Progressive music dealers everywhere also carry Wurlitzer instruments. All are guaranteed, from the 25c harmonica to the exquisite Wurlitzer Apollo Grand piano. They may be paid for in small monthly amounts if you wish.

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For those who do not live near the Wurlitzer stores we publish the largest catalog of musical instruments in the world. A copy will be sent to you free and prepaid, together with the name of the nearest music dealer who can show you Wurlitzer instruments.

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PITTSBURGH 615 Liberty Ave.	DETROIT 339 State St.	MILWAUKEE 421 Broadway	LOUISVILLE 652 S. 4th Ave.
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Saves Repair Costs on your Ford

In case of broken Crank-Case Arm don't take engine down—repair it in 20 minutes yourself.
A permanent truss suspension between frame rails.

PIONEER ENGINE SUPPORT

Remove two floor boards. Slip saddle of support under fly-wheel housing. Drop brackets over frame and tighten nuts.

Aligns engine perfectly. Made of pressed and forged steel—ends breakage of crank-case arm and vibration forever. Install a Pioneer before break comes.

If no Pioneers at your Dealer's, we will ship express prepaid on receipt of money order or check for price shown below.

The Brewer-Titchener Corp.
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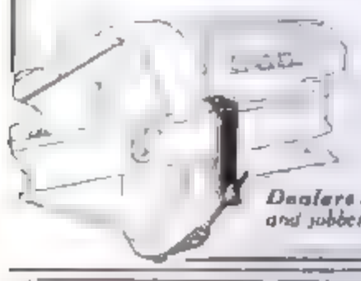

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Send the coupon below if you could use $5.00—$10.00 $15.00—$25.00 a week extra.

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The Curtis Publishing Company, 925 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
Gentlemen: Please tell me, without obligation, about your spare-time, salary-raising plan.

Name
Street
Town State

THE UNEASY MARK

Continued from Page 18

almost impossible to get any small notes. The truth of the matter is that the presses could not keep up with the money need. Foreigners went about with 10,000-mark notes, trying desperately to get change. The situation got so bad that whenever you saw a perturbed alien you said to yourself, paraphrasing Sir James Barrie's famous play title, "This person has the 10,000-mark look!" Often they bought the most unnecessary articles in order to get available small money.

It reminded me of the story written about the tramp who found a $100 bill in Madison Square, New York City. He was a ragged and unkempt individual, and when he presented it at the banks to be changed, or in a restaurant in payment for food, he was either thrown out for having a counterfeit or accused of being a thief. Ultimately he starved to death, with what was affluence to him on his person.

Mention of the 10,000-mark note brings to mind the fact that so worthless is German money that a plan was being seriously considered when I left Berlin to issue notes in the denominations of 25,000, 50,000 and 100,000 marks. The fact that my hotel bill at the Adlon in Berlin for seven days, which included only a few of my meals, amounted to nearly 50,000 marks, shows the necessity for big bills. My ticket from Berlin to Paris, including a berth in the sleeping car, came to 35,000 marks. Prices, however, are a later story.

Since the government printing presses find it almost impossible to keep pace with the money demand, municipalities have speeded up the manufacture of their own money. Some of this local currency expresses the sentiments of the burgomaster or the town council. At Bielefeld regret over vanished greatness came to the fore. The 50-mark notes have the following inscription on their borders: "In 1914, 8 marks bought a sausage; in 1922, they only buy a sausage skin. In 1914, 15 marks bought a pair of trousers; in 1922, they buy 5 buttons. In 1914, 300 marks paid the expenses of a wedding, wines included; in 1922, they procure a simple nightdress."

The Smash of 1922

So drastic became the currency famine during the late summer that great industrial establishments like the Krupps' at Essen had to print the money with which to pay their employes. They have an elaborate printing and engraving plant on the premises and were able to meet the emergency without the slightest dislocation.

Everybody has read about the crumpling up of the value of the mark, but you do not realize the extent of the upset until you look at the comparative figures. During the early days of the war Germany was able to keep the mark around parity, which, for the sake of popular illustration, we will employ at the rate of four to the dollar. Even when defeat stared the country in the face, it dropped only to a fraction over seven to the dollar. At the time of the Armistice it was about eight. Just as soon as the prospects of immense reparations loomed darkly over the horizon it began to slump, and it has fallen steadily ever since. In 1919, the mark was 47½ to the dollar; in 1920, it had descended to 99. The low level of 1921, when cash reparations payments really began, was 263.

All this decline was merely a prelude to the smash that has been registered this year. During the early months of 1922 it hovered about 291 to the dollar, but by July it had registered another record by going to 493. There have been four concrete reasons for disintegration: One was the loss of the rich mineral lands in Upper Silesia; the second grew out of the assassination of Walter Rathenau; the third was the periodic threat by the French to invade the Ruhr; while the fourth, and I might say the chronic cause, was the scramble for foreign exchange and the orgy of speculation every time a cash reparations payment came due. From July on, the path of the mark was steadily downward. In August it went to a new low—2600—and Germans thought that the limit had been reached. In October, and with apparently no cause, it reached the bottom so far, which was 4000 to the dollar. This means that you can buy forty with one cent. At the time I write it had improved slightly and hovered around 3800.

This collapse in values explains many of the tragically humorous things that are happening every day throughout Germany. Whereas the foreigner looks upon the bewildering prices for the ordinary necessities of life, such as rent, coal, food and clothing, as something of a joke, it is a serious matter for the natives. Trade is deeply affected by the reduced powers of consumption in a populace whose fabulous wages in terms of marks do not keep pace with an equally fabulous rise in prices. Every advance in the cost of living and the cost of raw materials eventually comes out of the pockets of the people.

The real trouble lies not so much in a low mark as in a constantly changing value, or lack of value, of that mark. The jewelry shops, for example, are compelled to close their doors every time a slump comes, because they must reprice their stocks. Furthermore, as one well-known Berlin tradesman informed me, every merchant, especially the small one, must keep his entire stock and the prices of the merchandise in mind from day to day and practically arrange a whole new schedule from the quotations he sees in the morning papers.

Perhaps the best summing up of the consequences of mark vagaries was made by a banker, who said to me: "The collapse of the mark would not be so bad if the mark would stay put. If the money would only remain at a certain figure, no matter how low, for six months, we could organize business on that basis and have some degree of permanency both in buying and in selling values."

The big industrialist is buying labor and materials in Germany for a song, and he is selling his output in foreign countries in terms of foreign exchange. He takes precious good care to keep this money outside of Germany, first because it maintains its hard value, and second, it is immune from the tax collector.

The whole burden of the calamity, for such it is, rests upon the great mass of the population. Since we are vitally concerned with what is happening to them we can now go on to some attempt at analysis of their plight.

Take the item of wages. Nothing is more deceptive than bare figures, but I will take a chance. When you are told, for example, that the average skilled worker gets 3577 marks a week, where only a year ago he received 308 marks for the same period—it represents the scale of advance in most wages—it looks like a tremendous increase, and it is. At the same time, the cost of living has advanced much more in proportion during the same period. Let me put it in another and more compact way. Viewing the whole labor situation, wages up to September first had increased to from 75 to 150 times the prewar schedule, while the cost of food and other essentials was from 250 to 450 times the 1914 ratio.

The Sliding-Scale System

When I used the illustration of the increase from 308 to 3577 marks a week I was taking the example of a skilled metal worker. His position, as well as the position of all the organized trades, is strategically and economically better than that of the middle and upper classes. I will tell you why.

In every German plant, large or small, there is a factory council which not only supervises conditions of labor and output but extends its authority to office and countingroom. In addition to this supervision there must be a factory worker on every board of directors.

When I was in Essen the managing director of the great Krupp establishment told me that there was a worker on his board, in accordance with the law. When I asked how he acted and what he did the first time he sat in with the bosses the reply was, "His principal concern was to know if he was going to get a fee out of being a director."

The natural result is that the unions, being strongly intrenched, have taken precautions to protect themselves as far as possible against mark depreciation. Each month the *Betriebsrath*, which means workers' council, sends to every employer what is called a point index cipher. This cipher is the new wage increase, based on the mark fluctuation and the increase in the cost of living. Until August this cipher was sent only on the first of the month, but ever since the mark has gone absolutely wild it goes every fortnight. The employer must abide by this index or his workers go on strike. With this machine, and with the inflexible authority that it exerts behind him, you can see what I meant when I said that the organized worker has an advantage over the isolated employe.

Wherever you turn you find evidence of union dictation. It is not without some compensation to the consumer. For one thing, there is a crumb of comfort for the German who patronizes restaurants. He has been rendered practically immune from the tip nuisance. He pays it in the form of what is called *zuschlag*, which literally means "extra." To every restaurant bill a 10 per cent fee is added, and because of it you are not supposed to fee the waiter. Aliens, however, are expected to give 2 or 3 per cent of the bill. Germans do not do this, for they consider that the *zuschlag* is ample. Whatever the merits or demerits of this procedure, it relieves the consumer of any anxiety as to whether he has given the waiter too much or too little. The *zuschlag* was ordered by the executive committee of the waiters' union, and every hotel, club and restaurant must abide by it.

Unprotected Sufferers

There is even official relief for the unorganized individual, such as the typist in a small office. Certain municipalities like Berlin, for example, issue a point index cipher on the first of every month and the individual employer must abide by it. The young woman who did my typing in Berlin told me that though she was not a member of any union her salary every month was adjusted to the exchange and cost-of-living situation. When I asked her what she would do in case her employer failed to abide by the cipher she said: "I can take my case to the city authorities and they would compel my employer to increase my pay."

One group, however, stands outside the frontiers of protection, and they embody the real tragedy of present-day Germany: I refer to widows, pensioners, retired officers of the army and navy, and those who lived on a fixed income derived from stocks and bonds before the war. The income remains the same, but it has no purchasing power. Take the person who had an income of 20,000 marks prior to 1914. It was not only adequate for all needs but almost spelled affluence. Rent was cheap, servants docile and numerous, and food and beer were cheaper than in any other European country.

This income of 20,000 marks has become a pittance. It will not pay the rent of a small apartment with heat. At the prevailing prices of food it would not sustain a family for a fortnight. The horror extends to everything, even beer. Before the war a glass of Pilsener cost less than half a mark. Today it is 60 marks. Always slow drinkers, the German now takes more time with his favorite beverage than ever before.

The fate of these people who live on fixed incomes is difficult to forecast. Many have sold nearly all their belongings in the effort to ward off starvation. The time must come when they will be forced to accept charity. Of course similar conditions prevail with the same class in Austria, but they are less numerous than in Germany.

Despite the almost rapid-fire increases, wages have not begun to keep pace with the advance in the cost of living. This state of affairs is not entirely confined to Germany. Many German shopkeepers have capitalized the bewildering fluctuations. On the day that the mark went to 2600 to the dollar, a man of my acquaintance went to buy a hat in Berlin. The price asked was 6500 marks. He decided to wait a little, and after ten days had passed he went back to the shop. Meanwhile the mark had gone up to 1500 to the dollar, but the price of the hat remained the same!

On the other hand, the alien who orders an article to be made, and which requires considerable time to produce, is all to the good. An American in Bremen ordered a shotgun early last summer, when the mark was only about 200 to the dollar. The agreed price in American money was $40. When the weapon was delivered, four

(Continued on Page 135)

What a Child's Hair Needs

Every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can help bring it about.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now habits that secure and preserve beautiful hair from childhood.

How a Mother Can Keep Her Child's Hair Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

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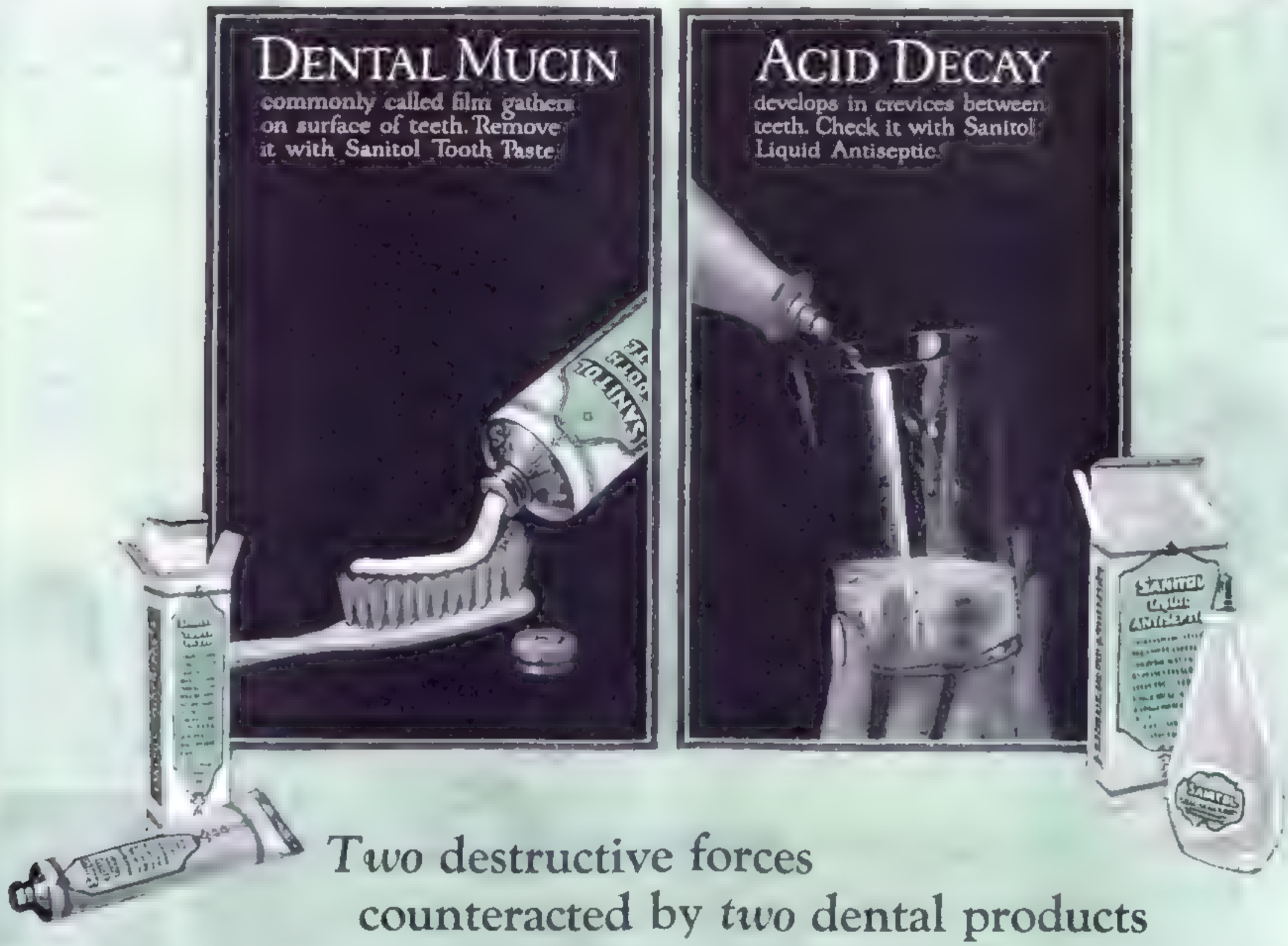
DENTAL MUCIN
commonly called film gathers on surface of teeth. Remove it with Sanitol Tooth Paste
ACID DECAY
develops in crevices between teeth. Check it with Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic

Two destructive forces counteracted by *two* dental products

Dentists say, "USE BOTH!"

TODAY we know that not one—but *two* dread forces are continually at work destroying both beauty and very life of the teeth.

One works openly on tooth surfaces. It is Dental Mucin. Naturally white, beautiful teeth soon become overlaid with this ugly yellow deposit. Unless promptly removed, it results in tartar.

The other force is hidden—working out of reach of tooth brush in tiny crevices between teeth. It is acids caused by the fermentation of food particles.

So for white, beautiful teeth combat Dental Mucin or film. For healthy, permanent teeth check acid decay.

The Sanitol complete dental treatment gives you the necessary *double* protection.

Sanitol Tooth Paste contains glycerine and very fine dental chalk. The glycerine softens the film then the dental chalk completely clears it away. It restores the original, natural whiteness to the enamel.

Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic penetrates the spaces between teeth and washes out particles of food which act as a culture medium for the acid forming bacteria. This bacterial growth must be checked to save from decay the precious protecting enamel on the sides of teeth.

Besides imparting the most delightful feeling of refreshment and cleanliness to the entire mouth—Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic strengthens the gums and lends a fragrance to the breath. It is concentrated.

Try this *complete dental treatment.*

Try *both!* See special offer!

SANITOL

Tooth Paste *removes unsightly film*

Liquid Antiseptic *checks crevice decay*

Makers of the famous Sanitol Tooth Powder and other toilet preparations

MAIL TODAY!

This coupon brings you

the Sanitol complete dental treatment (see illustration) which gives your teeth two weeks' protection from Dental Mucin and Acid-decay In this new trial package are generous sizes of both Sanitol Tooth Paste and Liquid Antiseptic Enclose 10c in coin or postage Mail to

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., 404 South 4th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Name _____

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(Continued from Page 132)

months later, it cost less than $10. Another man ordered some silk socks at $2 a pair in May. He had to leave town and did not return until September, when he got them for 10 cents a pair.

At this juncture it may be well to point out some of the picturesque by-products of mark fluctuation. Every manufactured article sold in Germany is subject to change. The contract specifies that both producer and consumer exercise the right to cancel in case the mark goes up or down. Self defense dictates this leeway for both parties. This is due to the fact that the manufacturer literally does not know where he is at from one day to another. Prices are constantly out of gear. A concrete example is furnished by the cash register. In February of this year the standard type sold for 18,000 marks. On September first the same machine fetched 180,000 marks.

Take the matter of building. A certain American company, incorporated under German laws, has erected a large factory in one of the suburbs of Berlin. Early this year construction was started on a four-story wing. The estimated cost of it in February was 18,000,000 marks. When I saw the structure in September it was only one-third completed and 20,000,000 marks had already been expended on it. Happily, the company keeps its money in dollars and was ahead of the game rather than behind it. The average German manufacturer is not so lucky.

In this factory I encountered one of the many amusing results of the disarmament of Germany. When the war ended, Germany found herself with a large number of submarine engines. Some were destroyed, while others were put on the market. The American manufacturer to whom I refer bought one, and it is now furnishing the power for his whole plant.

Food Conditions Serious

When disarmament began the Inter-allied Mission charged with this work obtained a complete record of every submarine engine in Germany, including the one purchased by my acquaintance. Long after it had been installed he was visited one day by a group of British and French officers, who accused him of owning a submarine engine. When he pleaded guilty he was told that it would have to be inspected, the comment of his visitors being, "We must find out if this engine is being used for any purpose relating to war." Needless to say, they gave the innocent piece of mechanism a clean bill of health.

Let us go back for a moment to wages and prices, because everybody is interested in them. A bricklayer gets 75 marks an hour for an eight-hour working day. Yet, in terms of commodities, he is no better off than he was before the war; in fact, his condition is worse, because meat, for example, is relatively higher.

While walking down the Wilhelmstrasse one day I saw an immense crowd assembled before a butcher shop. I thought that someone had been hurt or murdered. When I got there I saw that the cause of the excitement was a large sign displayed over the door which read: "Extraordinary bargain: sausage at 300 marks a pound." People were fighting to get a chance to buy. Elsewhere the prices ranged from 350 to 400 marks a pound.

Run the range of food prices and you get fantastic effects. Butter is 400 marks a pound, while margarine fetches 275 marks a pound. For many the cost of bread is well-nigh prohibitive, and potatoes, which are reasonably cheap, are consumed as a substitute.

As a result of all this distortion of prices, marketing becomes a serious business. While I was in Berlin shopkeepers were up in arms because of an extraordinary development. They complained that their establishments had been converted into political forums. When the latest increase in the cost of living developed, hundreds of husbands revolted against the drain on their pocketbooks, so they decided to find out for themselves. Equipped with baskets, they went out to do the family buying. Confronted with a daily increase, they immediately started to argue with the tradesmen, with the result that miniature riots developed in many stores.

So drastic have food conditions become in various parts of Germany that in Thuringia most of the doctors are getting their fees in food. Thus they are on a par with the American country editors, who are accustomed to receive vegetables for subscriptions. That Germany has no monopoly on unique compensation is shown by the fact that in Vienna many public officials are receiving part of their salaries in loaves of bread, while in Hungary wheat in bulk has become a currency unit in the country towns.

Take a look at the menus of German hotels and restaurants and you are almost floored by the figures. At the big hotels an omelet costs 250 marks; ham and eggs, 225 marks; a small steak, 275 marks; a mixed grill, 300 marks; and a portion of soup, 60 marks. A roast chicken sets you back 350 marks, while even so simple a dish as cabbage or beans is 50 marks. For the American who changes his dollars into marks these prices are trivial, but it must be kept in mind that to the German a mark remains a mark and he views these numerals with horror.

With articles of wearing apparel you have the same skyrocket prices. In order to see how the land lay I went into the establishment of the most fashionable tailor in Berlin, located on the Unter den Linden, which is the main thoroughfare of Berlin, and priced clothes. I was told that I could get a sack suit for 75,000 marks. The price of an evening suit was 90,000 marks. Seeing that I was an American, the man added, "I may be able to make you a better price if you pay me in American dollars or English pounds."

The same scale applies to less aristocratic establishments. An American resident in Berlin told me that he had ordered a tweed suit for 32,000 marks. When he went to try it on, his tailor, with many apologies and much agitation, said that he would have to add 2000 marks to the price. In the three days that had elapsed between the order and the cutting of the suit the price of the raw material had changed considerably. As it was, it meant only an increase of exactly $1.25 in the total cost!

A pair of gloves that brings from $4 to $5 in New York or London sells today in Berlin for about 30 cents. Socks and underwear are correspondingly cheap. Silk stockings continue to be the index of opulence. A pair of silk hose for a woman costs all the way from 2000 to 6000 marks.

Writing about clothes recalls one of the many pranks that mark fluctuation plays. About a year ago two Italians were arrested in Berlin for trying to sell several hundred bales of cloth, which it was alleged had been smuggled in from England. They offered the goods at 120 marks a meter. The reason for their arrest was because of the government ban on middlemen, the charge being made that they were extorting an excessive profit. Both men were convicted, but after languishing in jail for nearly a year they secured a new trial. Meanwhile the price of the cloth had advanced until it was worth 3000 marks a meter. They now made the point that they had not charged an excessive profit, and were released. Upon the goods being restored to them they found themselves multimillionaires in marks. Confinement was a real first aid to riches.

The Dollar Cult

The cost of taxicabs affords another picturesque index to the state of affairs. In 1921 I was compelled to pay only 5 times the amount registered in the meter of a gasoline-propelled vehicle. This year I had to multiply it 123 times! For an electrically driven taxi there was a slight reduction in that you paid only 100 times the amount of the meter. Horse cabs with meters attached, which got only 2 times the amount last year, now receive 80 times as much. The average German has therefore developed into a hardy walker.

Amid the booming of prices, feminine vanity still persists. In a Berlin newspaper I saw the following advertisement:

American Permanent Waving—200 marks per curl, subject to fluctuation in exchange.

The insane fluctuations of the mark, together with the attendant upheaval of prices, could lead to only one thing—namely, a complete demoralization of the people. It is expressed in the epidemic of murder and robbery, in unbridled extravagance and, what is perhaps the most picturesque of all manifestations, a mania for speculation. This brings us to the dollar cult, which enlists all classes.

Every time the mark drops, thousands of people rush to buy dollars. In this performance they simply repeat the ancient and costly experience of nearly every speculator who invariably buys when prices are highest and sells when they are lowest. You need no diagram to indicate that a falling mark means a high dollar and it is the dollar that is being bought. Yet the Germans see only one thing, which is to get rid of their worthless money. The consequence is that the dollar fans are driving the German currency down to new low levels.

The average German not only has no faith in his own money but has developed a mania for foreign notes. Let me illustrate with some concrete examples. The Warsaw Express, on which I traveled from Paris to Berlin, makes a fifteen-minute stop at Hannover. Along with most of my fellow passengers I got out to stretch my legs. Soon I was accosted by a German boy who was peddling chocolates and cigarettes. I had no cigarettes in my pocket, so I bought a box of twenty-five, the price of which was 100 marks. When I offered the lad a 100-mark note he said, "Can't you give me American money?" I had a dime in my pocket, so I gave it to him, whereupon he fished out a wad of marks and eagerly asked if I would give him a dollar for them.

Trading in Foreign Currencies

In the elevator of a Berlin office building I overhead two stenographers talking. One asked the other, "Have you still got that $5 bill?" Upon receiving an affirmative reply she continued, "Hold on to it, for it will become more valuable every day."

Two Americans fresh from a transatlantic trip hailed a cabby in Bremen. Before entering the vehicle one of them remarked that he had neglected to get any German money and had only American bills. "That's all right," said the taxi driver, "give me a dollar bill and I'll be a rich man."

These incidents, and many more that I could enumerate, are typical of what is going on all over Germany. Frequently, when I tendered marks in payment for purchases in shops I was asked for American or British money. Many firms now quote their prices in dollars and pounds instead of marks. It has even extended to big business. While I was in Germany several combines sent out notices to the various branches and retail firms, decreeing that invoicing must henceforth be in foreign currency. The wholesale hat manufacturers' trust decided in favor of Dutch guilders, the wholesale milliners nominated Swiss francs, while the wholesale haberdashers pinned their faith to dollars. On the day that the mark went to 1600 to the dollar, these three combines increased the price of their output exactly 50 per cent.

Although the government is making every effort to curtail the speculation in dollars the traffic only increases. Small banks and money changers are opening up offices in every big city. In these establishments you can buy all the dollar bills you want. When the mark is in one of its periodic rampages you can find the line of eager dollar buyers extending out to the curbstone. The gamblers include every social class from street sweeper to business man. This dollar madness provides another tax evasion, because the holder of foreign money is usually a hoarder.

In the procedure that I have just described you have one reason why the mark continues on the toboggan. Not only are billions of marks being converted into greenbacks every week and then salted down, but an immense amount of German liquid capital has been deposited in Switzerland, Holland and Sweden. This is one of the many provocations for the shrinkage of credit which I showed in the previous article. It all gets down to the incriminating fact that though reparations, or, rather, the cash system of indemnity, has had a great deal to do with the depreciation of German currency, the Germans themselves are also to blame to a very large extent.

With the fever of speculation you invariably have a sense of abandon. While millions of Germans are up against it for food, fuel and clothing, thousands are reveling in a gay night life, not surpassed in Vienna, Budapest or St. Petersburg in the days before the war. Their ranks are recruited from the profiteers, dollar speculators, and that large body of persons who believe that since the mark is valueless it must be capitalized into pleasure. Their motto is "Eat, drink and be merry, for

(Continued on Page 137)

$50,000 at Fifty!

Are you systematically building an estate and an assured income?

Babson's REPORTS

If you are interested in a working plan for your money that will build a $50,000 annual income (or a multiple or a fraction, according to your circumstances—but a *safe, assured* income under *all circumstances*) —then—

Tear out the Memo now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail

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Please send me Bulletin MS9 and booklet *"Getting the Most from Your Money"* —gratis.

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If there were no difference *in* Lumber

IF all lumber were alike in quality, in manufacture, in seasoning—

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THERE would be no risk in haphazard buying—no difference in lumber, whatever its source.

THERE *is* a difference in lumber. In the strength, the adaptability of the wood—yes, but more—*in manufacture!*

TRACE *your* lumber to its source. Learn of its manufacture, its seasoning. Practically every one of many operations in manufacture can add to or detract from the serviceability of the lumber that later goes into your construction.

LONG-BELL lumber carries its own identity of manufacture, the Long-Bell trade-mark, on every board. It pledges serviceability.

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You Can Depend On LONG-BELL LUMBER

1.—From virgin forests.
2.—Unsurpassed accuracy and thoroughness of manufacture.
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5.—Economical, because it may be put into construction with the minimum of carpenter labor.
6.—Gives permanence to building, satisfaction, investment.
7.—Its source of manufacture is known by the Long-Bell trade-mark on every board.

You can *know* the lumber you buy.
Ask your retail dealer for
LONG-BELL LUMBER.

This is home plan No. 403 from the Long-Bell plan service. Ask your lumberman for it. If he does not have it, write us and we will see that he is supplied.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
Kansas City, Mo.

LONG-BELL
Trade Marked LUMBER

(Continued from Page 135)

tomorrow the mark goes down again." I might add that most of this gayety is not in public places. Save for profiteers, you seldom see Germans eating in the big Berlin hotels. The joy-riders have their own night clubs, which are patterned after those in London.

The Germans naturally resent the exploitation of their battered money by foreigners. Nor can they be blamed when throughout Germany you hear a particularly blatant type of American tourist proclaiming in dining cars and hotel lobbies that he is living in luxury on a dollar a day. The natural result is that the Teutons are taking every possible precaution to make the alien pay some premium on his prosperity.

The price of tickets at the opera house in Berlin indicates how this is done. A German pays 400 marks for an orchestra seat, but a foreigner is required to put up six times this amount. It is impossible to beat this game, because every individual entering the opera must show an evidence of citizenship. A friend of mine got a seat through a German and thought he was safe, but the moment he offered the cardboard to the ticket taker he was asked to show his passport. When he had done this he was politely invited to step round to the box office and contribute 2000 marks additional to the uplift of German music. This discrimination is rather a hardship on the Germans, for it requires thousands of them to obtain cards of identification from the police.

According to a comparatively recent law, everybody is required to pay a 40 per cent tax on the price of lodging in the hotels. This statute was aimed primarily at foreigners, but for some reason it was so worded as to include all guests in hotels.

Henceforth every foreigner who applies for a German visa to his passport will be asked the specific purpose of his journey. The visa will be refused if it appears likely that he expects to utilize the high value of his currency for buying cheap goods in Germany. It is becoming increasingly difficult to get a visa for a stay of more than a month. The head of an American company with several branches in Germany told me in Berlin that six of his American staff who had lived in Germany were refused visas for a longer period than six months.

The Bavarian Government has lately clamped down the lid on pleasure trips. Only those foreigners who come to the country on serious business will be allowed to remain longer than three days. The restrictions on foreigners have been in operation in Munich for more than a year. In 1921 I was compelled to telegraph to the chief of police for a permit to remain there twenty-four hours.

American Mark Buyers

Dresden, which is one of the mildest as well as the most agreeable of German cities, has developed a new attitude. The luggage of all foreigners is rigidly examined in the railway station, and confiscation of goods bought with marks converted into dollars or pounds is not infrequent. Here, as elsewhere, the German tradesmen are encouraged by the government to charge foreigners a much higher price than is exacted from Germans.

The German-mark madness would be bad enough if it extended only to Germany and the Germans, but, like many another sore, the infection has spread to other quarters. Throughout the world millions of deluded people have bought marks steadily since the Armistice, and today they own a mountain of almost worthless paper or have impotent credits on bank books.

The principal domain for mark speculation outside of Germany is the United States. Richard Harding Davis used to say that if you accosted your neighbor in the New York Subway and asked him how his play was getting on he would immediately reply, "The first two acts are finished, and the third is blocked out." By the same token, if you inquired of the first person you met on the street in New York, Boston or Philadelphia at what price he bought his German marks, he would very likely reply without the slightest hesitation, "Much too high for any prospect of salvage."

The many Americans who have bought marks thought it was a good buy when the mark was at ten cents. When the decline began they kept on buying in the hope of retrieving their losses. With some the buying of marks has become an obsession and they cannot let go. They have purchased right down the line. What is the American stake in this topsy-turvy sport?

The answer is just about as difficult as the riddle of the mark itself. At once the usual psychological difficulty enters into it, for at least 50 per cent of the victims hesitate about admitting their losses. Dozens of estimates have been made and it is safe to assume that every one is wrong.

The amount of money spent by Americans both for marks and for German securities since January 1, 1919, has been set as high as $900,000,000. This, however, is excessive. Government officials at Washington have placed the sum at $500,000,000, which is probably not far from right. This money is in actual marks, credits or securities. Not less than 25 per cent of all the German marks are held outside of Germany in one form or another.

Those who bought German bonds with the idea that their holdings were immune from the hazard of fluctuation have another guess coming, because these securities are payable in marks, and any activity in or relating to German currency must remain a speculation pure and simple.

Speculation in Real Estate

The mark buyers who have beaten the game are those who put their marks in rent-producing real estate, in the shape of either apartment houses or structures that could be rented to manufacturers. But even here they are up against the usual obstacle because of the minimum rent laws that prevail throughout Germany. Though they do not get an adequate return on the amount invested, at least they have the advantage of having their money in something that is tangible and will not move away. With the gradual return of German prosperity, which is inevitable, the property will increase in value. The Germans, however, have become wise to this scheme and are placing restrictions upon the purchase of real estate. It is always possible, however, to buy through a German, especially if you pay his fee in dollars.

It is almost as difficult to ascertain the number of Americans who hold marks as it is to estimate the amount of their speculation. The maximum number has been put at 10,000,000, but this, again, is excessive. It is probably not more than half this number. The first to buy German marks were people of German birth or descent, who had sympathized with the Germans during the war. They were inspired by patriotic motives. Millions of others purchased because of their faith in the resiliency of Germany, while still others merely bought because they thought it was a good gamble. Certainly the American mark victims embrace every class and creed.

As in all speculation, there are many pathetic cases among the dupes. In the hotel where I live in New York is employed an aged German upholsterer. In 1919 he put all his savings into marks and received what was to him the stupendous sum of 35,000 marks. Every time I return from Europe this old man comes up to see me and inquires about his prospects. When I came back in October last, he made his usual visit, and when I told him that his 35,000 marks were worth about $10 he wept and said he was ruined. The example of this individual could be duplicated ten thousand times throughout America.

The whole history of American speculation in marks merely confirms the old theory that everybody knows and which unfortunately everybody does not heed—namely, that with foreign exchange, as with every other gamble, be it stocks or otherwise, you invariably get stung.

In this connection it may be well for me to print the warning issued by the Department of Commerce at Washington to those Americans who contemplate establishing branch factories in Germany. It is printed in a special bulletin and is as follows:

At the present time it appears to be unwise for American firms to establish branch factories in Germany with the intention of participating in the temporary post-war advantage enjoyed by German exporters. These temporary advantages result from the spread between the internal and external values of the depreciating German mark, and from the huge Government subsidies. The German mark cannot

"How much better and stronger I feel!"

"I wish I could tell all the tired-out, undernourished people I know, how much better and stronger I feel since I added Yeast Foam Tablets to my diet," writes a patient to her doctor, who had prescribed this yeast. "Really, I know that one bottle of these tablets did me more good than any tonic I have ever taken."

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continue to depreciate indefinitely. It must be stabilized at some point, or Germany will reach a complete financial breakdown. When this stabilization occurs a reaction will set in, violent in proportion to the financial dislocation that has already taken place. The gigantic subsidies granted by the German Government, including the railway deficits, post and telegraph deficits, grain subsidies, deferred taxation, maximum rent law, and so forth, are rapidly being brought to an end under pressure from the Reparation Commission. With the elimination of these subsidies, and the stabilization of the mark, the present export premium on German goods will practically vanish.

An American firm establishing a branch factory in Germany has other difficulties to face:

FIRST. A shortage of raw materials and fuel.

SECOND: A shortage of labor, especially skilled labor.

THIRD: The enlarged claims of German workmen, who now are entitled to an 8-hour day and participation in factory management through factory councils established by law.

FOURTH: The German system of import and export licenses, and the necessity of paying export duties.

FIFTH: The handicaps placed by foreign countries upon the entry of German-made goods.

SIXTH: The certainty that an increased burden of taxation to meet reparation payments will continue to fall heavily upon all German enterprises, with a possibility of partial confiscation.

In other words, an American firm establishing a branch factory in Germany will, to that extent, forego its privileges in the United States and come under the necessity of bearing part of the reparation burdens placed upon a vanquished nation.

Can the mark be stabilized? This is about as hard a nut to crack as is the problem of the whole German fiscal muddle. Everybody has a theory, and no two theories seem to gibe. The one common point of agreement is that the German printing presses should be stopped. A few protracted strikes among the printers in the government printing works would do more good than all the hurling of dollar reserves by the Reichsbank into the breach every time the mark goes to pot.

A French Parallel

Anything like normalization of the mark looks well-nigh hopeless when you consider that it has already gone down to 4000 to the dollar, and the worst is probably not yet registered. Yet history records recoveries from collapses almost as complete. The period of the French Revolution and after presents an interesting example.

From 1789 to 1796 the *assignat*, a paper note based on the security of the confiscated church lands and other domains, pursued a hectic career. It shrank in value from 96 per cent of the metal value to .29 of 1 per cent. In 1796 the *mandats territoriaux* were brought out at the rate of thirty *assignats* for every *mandat*, but the decline was not checked. The total *assignat* issue was about 50,000,000,000, and at lowest ebb represented 1-300 of its original value.

The *mandat* was finally stabilized by the gradual introduction of foreign money values, especially the pound, and a new gold supply. Perhaps the same condition will ultimately obtain in Germany, where, as I have pointed out, merchants and manufacturers are invoicing their goods in terms of dollars, pounds and francs. In France the twenty-franc gold napoleon and the livre came into vogue with the Consulate. House-cleaning was not effected, however, until the copper plates from which the *assignats* were printed were publicly destroyed. Here is a precedent which Germany may well emulate with her overworked printing presses.

Perhaps Germany will recall the great mass of marks now in circulation, and issue some new evidence of exchange. France had no huge indemnity hanging over her head during her readjustment period, but she was engaged in foreign wars which drained the national treasury. The point that I want to make is that she eventually stabilized her money, and German history will doubtless repeat this procedure. How is it to be done?

Is Rehabilitation Possible?

Stripped down to the bone, there seem to be but two logical and legitimate means of standardizing the battered currency.

The first is an international loan, the proceeds to be applied partly to the reparations principal which would eliminate the cash payment crises, and the remainder to the balancing of the German budget. Obviously if Germany had a working surplus of dollars, pounds or francs she could begin to put her financial house in order. The cash reparations payments invariably stimulate speculation and disturb the fabric of trade.

The second remedy is in a readjustment of the whole reparations scheme, so as to bring it within the German capacity to pay. This suggestion is not dictated by sympathy or sentiment, but is the unprejudiced judgment of the best bankers in England and the United States.

Once the reparations muddle is straightened out, Germany, and through Germany the rest of Europe, will enter upon an era of order and sanity.

There is still another step necessary to restore German currency to something like normalcy. It lies in a change of mood on the part of the German people. They must get the hysteria out of their systems and renew their one-time confidence in the mark.

Such an evolution must put an end to the mania for speculation which is converting sedate spinsters into hectic gamblers and teaching the youth of the land the folly of expecting something for nothing.

The stabilization of the mark cannot be achieved overnight. A quick return to normal conditions involves a peril almost as destructive as rapid disintegration. Czecho-Slovakia, for example, is in financial turmoil because her crown has almost gone back to par. So acute became the situation that means were discussed to lower the value, either by a quick increase of imports or the purchase of foreign money. Thus whatever steps are taken in Germany to strengthen the mark, they must be adopted with caution.

Allied control of the German purse strings, threatened raids upon the Teutonic banks, and drastic laws prohibiting mark speculation and the traffic in foreign money, will not remedy the situation in Germany. In the last analysis it all gets back to the attitude of the people. They are panic-stricken, and so long as they are in a hectic state of mind, so long will the mark be uneasy.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Germany

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Why are skyscraper skeletons fiery red?

ONE day you pass a towering framework of steel beams, looming black and gaunt against the sky. A few days later the same steel skeleton is a flare of brilliant orange-red.

Along the railroad, flashes of the same vivid hue greet your eye—here a bridge, there a tank; every piece of exposed iron or steel construction puts on, now and then, its coat of red.

Only one 200th of an inch thick, this flaming coat, yet it is an armor that wards off decay and destruction.

* * *

The very words "iron" and "steel" are synonymous with strength and permanence; nevertheless these structural materials, when unprotected, fall an easy prey to nature's destructive forces. Let iron or steel remain exposed one day to the air, and rust begins. Rust is decay—and decay is ruin.

The orange-red armor that prevents rust and decay is red-lead, an oxide of lead, which, when mixed with pure linseed oil, makes a paint impervious to the attacks of the weather.

Here is one way in which lead enters into the daily life of civilized man. There are hundreds of other ways. Do you know that your electric-light bulbs contain lead as an element in the glass? Do you know that there is lead in the hard rubber of your fountain pen? Do you know that the cans of meats, fish, fruits, vegetables brought into your kitchen, as well as those containing oils and other products, are sealed with solder that contains lead?

* * *

There are hundreds of other important uses of lead. And of them all, the most important is the use of lead in good paint. Through all time, men have found no paint that so thoroughly protects metal as does red-lead paint, no paint that so thoroughly protects wood as does white-lead paint.

People are coming to realize today as never before that poorly painted surfaces decay, well-painted surfaces endure. Millions of dollars in property values are being conserved yearly by a general heeding of the maxim, "Save the surface and you save all."

National Lead Company makes red-lead of the highest quality. This product is mixed with pure linseed oil, to give it paint consistency, and is sold as

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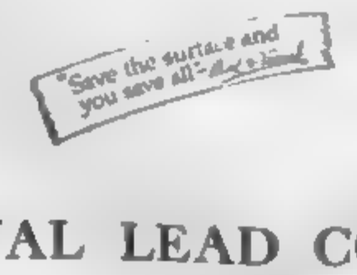

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Die Castings

THE ENGLISHMAN AT PLAY

(Continued from Page 7)

carefully inserted the end of his walking stick in his personal hole in the turf and stooped to attention silently. Despite the great crowd present, the field seemed as silent and deserted as the gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club.

Once during my studies I had to step aside to permit several of the Cambridge cricketers to pass out the gate. While their colleague was batting, it seems, they had decided to run up to Scotland for a bit of grouse shooting, but had promised their captain to be back in time to take the field again later on.

I was not again interrupted by movement or sound. An introductory chapter to the official rules of cricket, written by the noted East Indian cricketer, Prince Ranjitsinhji, caught my interest in the opening sentence. Prince Ranji's first words gave me in a flash an insight of the big fundamental of the game.

"'Stand still' is the most important direction to give to the cricket beginner," ran Ranji's opening words. "Stand still or you will never make a cricket player. It is a good plan for the young batsman to have his right leg pegged down, if he naturally cannot stand still."

There you are! Someone said something when he said that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow. When the French charged, Wellington's former cricketers played the game, stood still. And doubtless the Cambridge batsman spending the summer out on the field had his legs on leash. It is significant—to come back to America for a moment—that the only American city where cricket has obtained a foothold is Philadelphia. Foothold is right.

The wide differences between the rules of cricket and baseball rules were many, I saw as I studied the cricket code. The first cricket rule I read, for instance, said that when the bowler, or pitcher, shoots his fast one toward the plate and the thrown ball first "lodges in the batsman's clothing, the ball shall become dead." In baseball, on the other hand, when the same thing happens the batter becomes dead.

There is a variation of this idea in a following rule which says that if the wicket keeper—catcher—reaches out in front of the wicket—home plate—to catch the pitched ball while the batsman is taking a smash at it, "the player shall not be out." In baseball, however, if the catcher were to reach far out in front of the home plate and roguishly try to snatch the ball out of the air, especially at the precise moment that Babe Ruth's pet wagon tongue came rushing through the air to give the ball a little kiss, somebody would be out. For days and days he would be out.

The Polo Grounds Rearranged

One more rule and the American reader will have as clear an understanding of the intricacies of cricket as even I have. The final rule in the official Laws of Cricket runs:

"The interval for luncheon shall be forty minutes on each day of the match. The game then shall be resumed each day at the usual hour, no allowance being made for the ten minutes between innings."

No mention is made of afternoon tea. Tea is understood. Type and paper are no more wasted on so obvious a rule than they are on that strict but unwritten law of baseball which directs that all players fortunate enough to participate in a world-series extra dividend shall invest these extra earnings in another large yellow diamond ring.

Now that I have explained the game, let us try to picture it even more clearly by playing an imaginary match. The American reader undoubtedly will follow the fanciful contest even more closely, perhaps, if I stage it here on a big-league baseball field such as the Polo Grounds. And as amateurs and professionals in England are permitted to play side by side on the same team indiscriminately, or against one another, let us strive for additional British sporting atmosphere by fancying that our imaginary cricket match at the Polo Grounds is between the New York Giants, under the personal management of the gentle and popular Muggsy McGraw, and a cricket eleven made up of young gentlemen from the neighboring Fordham University.

Fancy first that grand stands and bleachers have been removed, leaving a rectangular playing field inclosed by a low inner fence, like the railbirds' fence at a race track. The Giants' big barn of a clubhouse, now far out beyond right field, next must be moved to a spot about one hundred yards back of home plate and its name changed to the pavilion.

Pretty balconies are added to the clubhouse for purposes of parking tea wagons. To the left of the clubho—the pavilion a humble little one-story shack, looking like a Y. M. C. A. 'ut just returned from the wars, is erected. This little building is always known as the rabbit 'utch. From the door of the imposing pavilion, and running out to the playing field, a wide strip of wealthy red carpet is laid. From the door of the rabbit 'utch out to the playing ground runs a parallel path made of the commonest ashes there are. The "Silence!" placards from the nearest Carnegie library should now be tacked up about the field, and a bobby named O'Shaughnessy detailed to the top of the adjoining Coogan's Bluffs to prevent the Harlem peasantry gathered there from disturbing New York's quality with vulgar emotionalism.

Wising Up McGraw

Manager John Joseph McGraw and his Giants cricket team are entering the field. Who will now step boldly within punching distance of Muggsy McGraw and explain first to him and his Giants the vast extent of the social differences which, in English cricketing ethics, separate amateur players from the vulgar persons who play for money? Come, come, come! Step up!

Oh, very well. The rotten job is mine.

"McGraw," I begin sternly, "I er just wait here a minute, McGraw"

I hurry into the pavilion and write it to him instead.

Friend John: I take the old quill in hand to pen you a few lines regarding the hard-and-fast social niceties of English cricket with which you and the oafs on your team may not be familiar.

To begin with, McGraw, managers are not allowed on the field. Get off the field and stay off. If you don't get off, I'll come out there and put you off.

By the spectators and in the newspaper accounts of the game professional players are classed generically as the Players. Amateurs always are known as the Gentlemen. McGraw, you are no gentleman. None of you muckers are gentlemen.

The pavilion is for the exclusive use of Captain Ginsberg, of the Fordham team, and his young Gentlemen players. If you enter the door, McGraw, I shall roughly eject you. When your men are not on the playing field, they must stay in the rabbit 'utch. Also they must not use the red-carpeted path when advancing to bat or to take the field against the Gentlemen. The carpet is for the Gentlemen. The ash path for your gang, McGraw, and have them thank God they have even ashes.

See to it that Umpires Klem and Quigley observe the sartorial requirements of the English cricket umpires—derby hats and ankle-length linen dusters. Rice powder in the hair or, if Bill Klem's hair is too thin, a gray wig under the derby will be historically correct. If Klem and Quigley will also wear Sir Joshua Reynolds cheaters over their eyes, cough an occasional cackling cough and try to creak loudly at the joints as they walk onto the field, the illusion will be perfect. Each umpire must carry six dried orange pits in the right-hand pocket of his duster when play begins. Instead of vulgarly shouting "Stuh-rilli-kik!" the umpire silently transfers an orange pit from right to left pocket as each ball is bowled toward the batsman.

The name of each Gentleman when printed on score cards and in newspaper accounts of the day's play must be preceded by "Mr." and his initials. The initials of the various peasantry on your team, McGraw, will, when used at all, be placed in parentheses after the surname. Thus the cultured spectator or newspaper reader is saved from the chagrin of enthusing over the skill of a cricketer only to find when too late that he has applauded a player who is no gentleman.

Instruct your players, McGraw, always to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," when addressed on the field by the Messrs. Ginsberg, Chinski or any other Fordham University player, e. g., "Yes, sir, Mr Chinski Jolly true, sir." Above all, your men must strictly avoid such well-known baseball forms as "How do you get that way, Chinski? you big fathead! Why, you poor fish, you wasn't that far of me, if you was that fur, when I touched the bag! You —— Aw, shut up, you poor fish! Oh, you did, eh? Like hell you did, you poor fish! Yes, and you know it, Chinski! You wasn't that far of me! Hell's bells, Klem, listen to reason! I was back up on my feet and dusting my clothes before

Play square with your boy!

JUST stop a minute and think. Are you fair to your boy? Are you giving him enough of your time, your thought? Does he mean anything more to you than a healthy little rascal with an appetite for food and a habit of outgrowing his clothes?

Of course he does. He is you all over again. Given half a chance, he's going to carry on the family tradition and make a name for himself. Yet how often do you find yourself perfunctorily signing that school report card; as though thereby you are fully meeting your obligation as a parent!

That boy needs you. He needs your best thought and attention for his daily development and his future. He'll meet you more than half-way in everything you do, now, to help him guide and shape himself for a fine, useful and successful manhood.

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One way best to show your interest in his training is to make sure he gets the right kind of reading, and the kind he will read. Get a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY magazine (your news-stand has it). Go over it with him. Watch his delight in it. Notice that each story, picture and department in THE AMERICAN BOY is carefully selected, to amuse, to grip, to fascinate him. This is the first consideration of its editors; to give boys reading they will read. But notice, too, that all of its reading aims also to show your boy something of life as it is, to gain his absorbed interest in affairs that suggest the all-important subject of his own career. You may discover just where his bent lies by watching what interests him most of its many fine, practical departments and stories on wireless, electricity, chemistry, mechanics, business, farming, the professions, on making money, etc.

"This country needs THE AMERICAN BOY as it needs American men." So wrote a big business man to us. Five hundred thousand other American boys read it regularly. Why not give your boy the same advantage? He needs THE AMERICAN BOY to fill in those idle hours just as he needs his home, his school, his games, his other boy chums. Make it a part of his daily life. It will help greatly to broaden and develop him, to teach him to think for himself

Make him a Christmas present of a year's subscription. You will never make an investment that will pay such large dividends in increased understanding between him and you, nor one that will bring him more hours of genuine enjoyment.

Include that other boy in whom you are interested. Make this a great Christmas for him. Send him THE AMERICAN BOY.

A year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY costs $2.00. Single copies at news-stands are 20c. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

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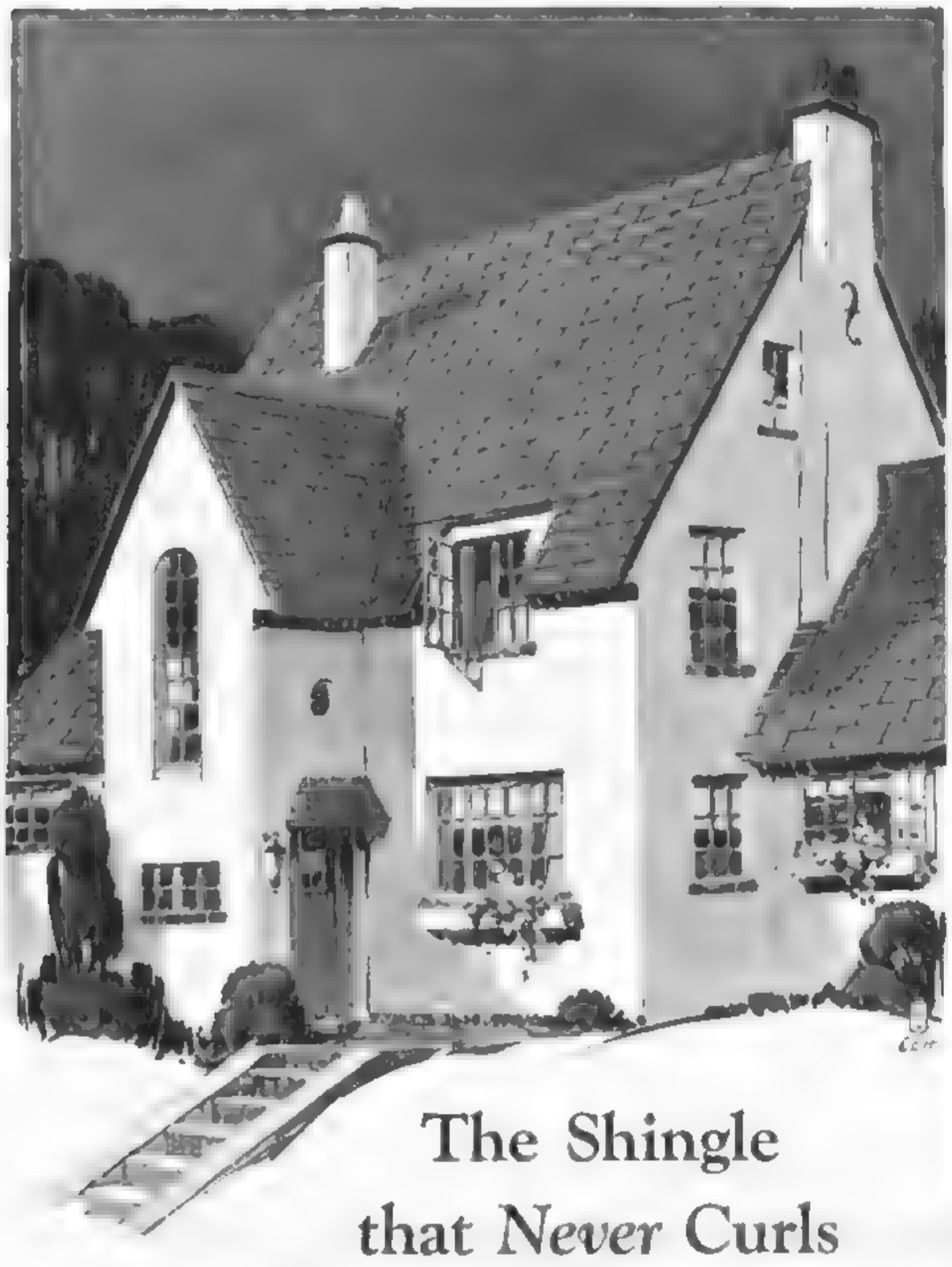

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this Chinski, the poor fish, reaches for me with the ball at all and comes that far of me! And even at that, Klem, he was that far of —— Now you shut your trap, Chinski, you poor fish, and lemme talk! Klem, this poor fish was —— Oh, all right Klem! All right! If you say I'm out, then I admit like a gentleman I'm out But this guy Chinski wasn't that far of me!"

Long baseball speeches such as I quote, McGraw, will not be tolerated. Cricket is long enough as it is.

Finally, let me suggest that when one of your oafs puts one of the Gentlemen players out, your man should say "Sorry!" And now get off the field, McGraw, and stay off or I shall, I repeat, come out there and throw you off.

Sincerely your friend,
FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

McGraw (J. J.), Esq.

In fancy we see McGraw finish reading the note. Blushing violently, he bashfully digs a toe in the turf for an embarrassed moment and timidly seeks the recesses of the rabbit 'utch. Probably he looks among the books of the rabbit-'utch library for the longest of the lengthy novels always kept there to amuse players during their idle weeks of waiting for a batsman to be put out. And with a happy murmur of "Ah, one of William DeMorgan's things!" McGraw is about to take the book from the shelf when suddenly his eye is caught by Red Lewis' Main Street. So he sits down and reads and reads and reads and reads and reads and reads and reads, with never a smile on his face for the rest of the summer, except for a gleam that lights his eye when word reaches him that the bat Heinie Groh is armed with is four and a quarter inches wide.

The Fordham cricket eleven have sauntered leisurely, very leisurely, out upon the field, chaffing and spoofing as they stroll. Not one, but two batsmen—Heinie Groh and Dave Bancroft, let us say—are coming down the ash path toward their respective wickets, also laughing and spoofing merrily as they stroll.

"I say, old chap," Heinie is saying to Dave, a detaining hand on Dave's shoulder, with all the New York fans waiting in patient silence for the batsmen to resume their stroll, "have I told you that jolly one, dear old Dave, about the traveling salesman chappie on the Empire State Express and the pretty blond baggage he met on the train who ——"

"Pardon me, laddie," Dave interrupts, standing stockstill; "but, I say, is not that the young Duke of Detroit just arriving yonder with that saucy little minx, the Marchioness of Minneapolis and St. Paul?"

"Absolutely, old chap! Heigh-ho! They do say, you know, that Detroit and ——"

"Quite, Heinie! Quite! And his poor young duchess a mother again but ten days come St. Evenrude's Eve! For shame, say I! But pray let us resume our stroll. The day wanes apace."

582 at a Single Clout

Groh (H.) places the tip of his four-and-one-quarter-inch-wide bat on the turf. Mr. Sheridan Applebaum, who is bowling for Fordham, turns his back toward the waiting batsman and begins to stroll away from there. Suddenly Mr. Applebaum, finding himself far out in center field, turns about and quickly becomes animated. He begins to run back toward the pitcher's box, increasing his speed as he runs. In cricket this long run is the baseball pitcher's equivalent of winding up. If a baseball pitcher wound up that way with Ty Cobb on first base, the pitcher would get back to his box just as Ty finished a dipper of ice water in the dugout and was preparing to sit down.

The bowler stops, exhausted, upon reaching his pitching box. Upon regaining his breath he now throws the ball with a straight-arm, overhand motion. His object is to try to miss the wide cricket bat. It cannot be done, he finds. The ball glances off Heinie Groh's bat and the foul tip lands in one of the pavilion balconies beside somebody named Cuthbert who is drinking Scotch. This stroke nets Heinie 582 runs. It —— Now, don't interrupt. I can't understand it any better than you can. All I know is that the score now stands: Players, 582; Gentlemen, 0.

A game of the sort I have in mind in the end would probably be called on account of the reopening of college. I should like to give all the details of the match, but space limitations forbid. The hour is growing late and there are many other gifted writers who wish to use any columns of this issue of the SatEvePost that I decide not to use. Let us be on, then.

Taking cricket by and large, it lacks the roughness of baseball. The sole accusation of cruelty lodged against cricket while I was making a thorough study of the game in England was not made directly against positive actions of the cricketers themselves. An organization of bird lovers wrote a letter of protest to the Times while I was in London, asking that the Oxford-Cambridge annual match be ended by hook or crook before the short days of autumn set in. In the quick darkness of the fall days the previous year, it seems, countless numbers of the beautiful little white-throated throstlewhiffits and rose-crested plubbpfoofs, migrating south through the semidarkness, constantly were crashing head-on into tall Oxford fielders asleep on their feet and breaking their dainty little dog-gone necks.

The Bambino's Bunt

But at the time I left England the Oxford-Cambridge match was still going on and the first batsman was still not out. His score then was just twenty-eight runs below the figures of the national debt. An interesting human note concerning this batsman—his name, I think, was Mr. 'Iggins-'Ooper—was that up to the time of my departure from England he had never seen his infant son, born only a few weeks after he first went to bat.

Often during the weeks as I watched his batsmanship—leaning on my stick and peering out at him from beneath the brim of my whitish gray high hat decorated with a broad black band that repeated the color scheme of my white-and-black checked trousers and white spats—often I saw in fancy a large American gentleman facing the Oxford bowler and armed with one of those wide, wide bats.

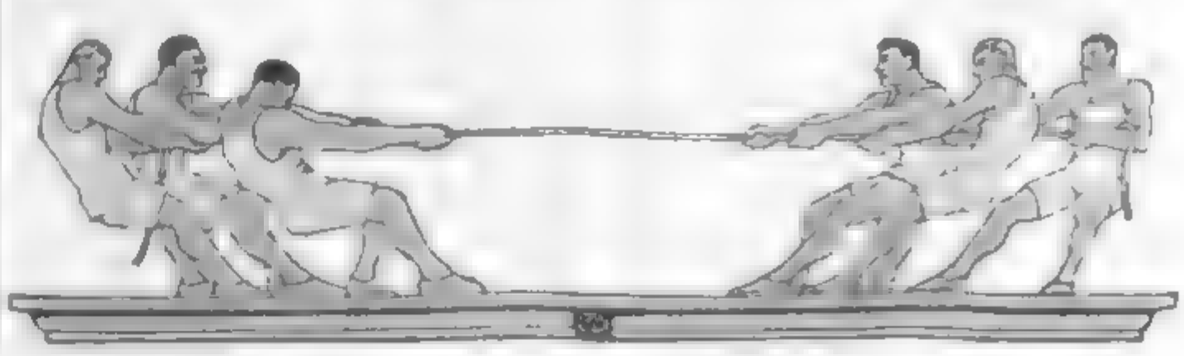
"Pardon me, Mr. 'Edges," I liked to fancy Babe Ruth was saying. "I crave your fast one, sir. Ah! Here comes a lollapazooz!"

Pow!

Think of the historic flight that ball would have! High over chimney pots, sailing ever higher over Park Road; above the trees on a tip of Regent's Park; Marylebone Road telephoning madly ahead to Oxford Street to break the news that the Bambino's bunt was on its way; the Strand, even Fleet Street, forgetting its gin and bitters to rush to the sidewalks and look 'igh over'ead; the dome of St. Paul's barely escaping as gradually the ball began to come closer to London.

Far away, in a straight line running from the Babe to the bowler, is the Tower of London, and in the Tower of London, on the side facing the batsman's position at Lord's, miles away, is a room boasting now only of The Ring and The Book; but if the Babe had a bat so heavy and wide, and if he put all his stuff into the wallop, The Ring and The Book would be ignored by a sports-loving England making pilgrimage to the room to look on The Ball that was batted by Babe. The Beefeater doesn't live who could pry the ball loose from the Tower's inner walls.

I am not guilty of boastful American exaggeration. I state a simple fact. Armed with a cricket bat, even a pitcher on the Philadelphia team could not strike out. If the Babe used one so wide—well, the ball, landing beside The Ring and The Book in the Tower, would know it had had a ride It never would be the same ball again, but in its short life it would have learned an ellava lot of 'istory.



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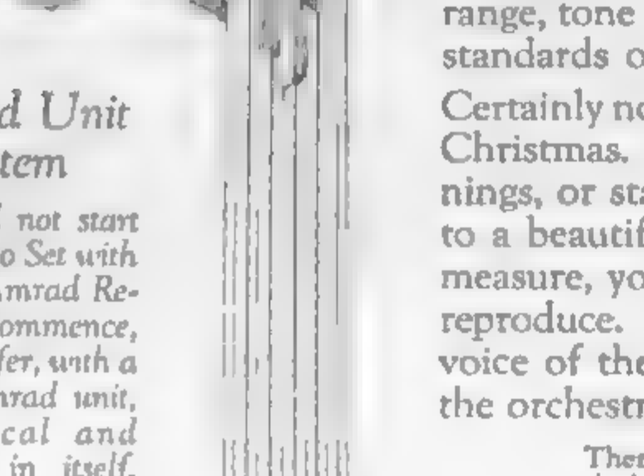

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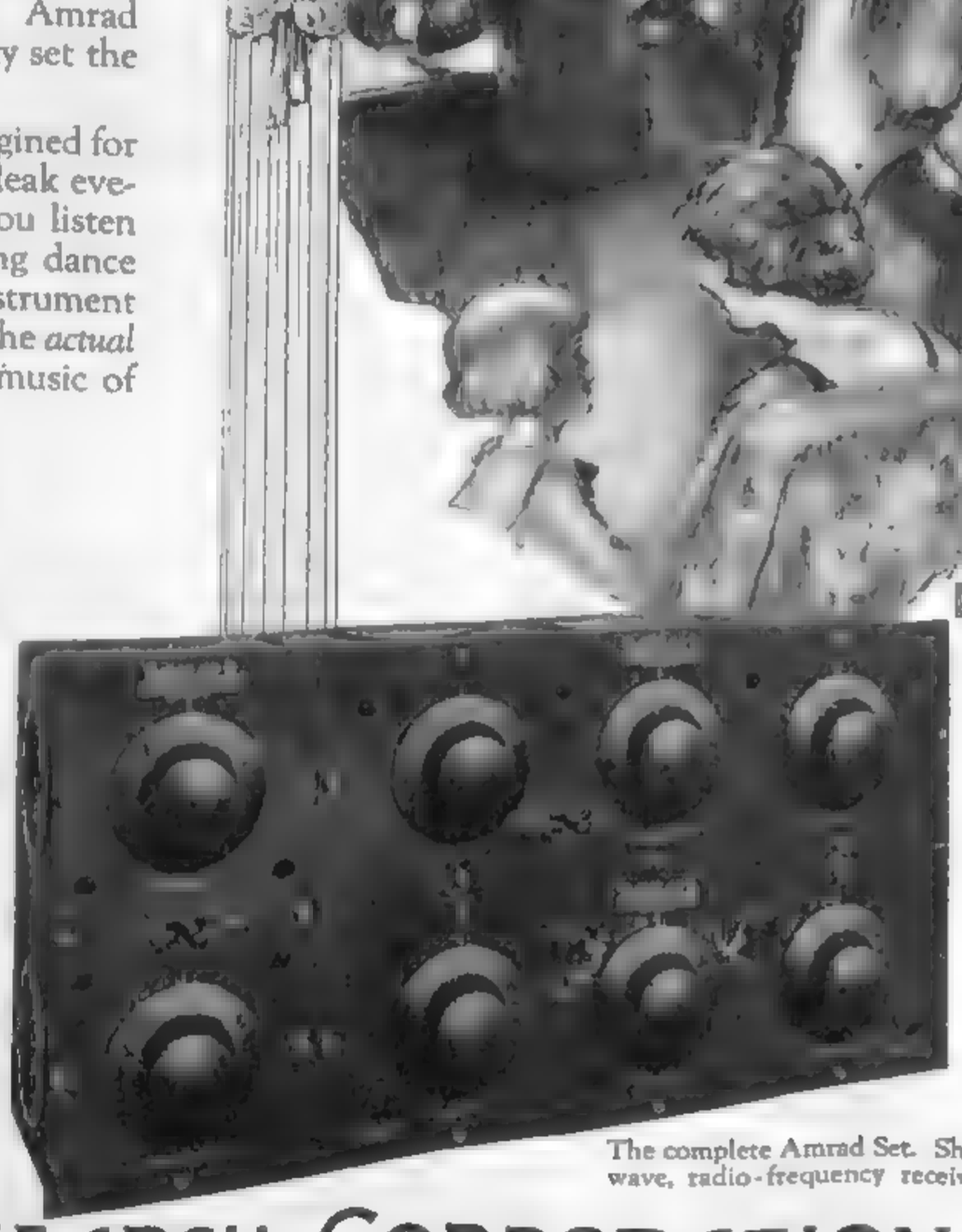

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YOUR MIRRORS OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 5)

The Italian censors' pencils were worn blunt when Cardinal Ratti was elected Pope. It's a press tradition to engage a cardinal's secretary to signal, by means of a prearranged code, from a window of the sealed-up Vatican, the name of the successful candidate. Through a mistake—easily understood when you compare the similarity of the vowels and the position of the double consonants in the spelling of Tacci and Ratti—three Roman newspapers were on the streets immediately after the election with special editions proclaiming Tacci Pope, instead of Ratti. The waiting journalists had misunderstood the signals.

The government censors in Rome's central telegraph office were frightened. If the false report should spread beyond Rome they would be blamed. The extent to which they went in suppressing telegrams was almost as amusing as it was exasperating. My dispatches describing the confusion and the exciting scenes in St. Peter's Square resulting from the Vatican's efforts to correct the false reports were all held up by the censors. I had incidentally mentioned Tacci's name; I had to, of course. But the censors were taking no chances; the mere appearance of the word "Tacci" in a telegram was sufficient cause to order the message delayed forty-eight hours.

During the Paris Peace Conference telegraph press censorship, which usually works secretly and with at least some pretense of respecting the freedom of the press, boldly came out into the open and interfered with the presentation of facts to the newspaper readers. Sometimes the censors overplayed their hands, however. A French censor gave Premier Clemenceau a copy of a dispatch addressed to the New York Tribune. Mr. Clemenceau read it and flew into a rage; he rushed to President Wilson and urged a denial of the contents of the message. The denial was forthcoming and given to the news agencies for distribution. The following day the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune received a cablegram from his editor in New York demanding an immediate explanation of why everyone in New York was printing a denial of a New York Tribune story which the Tribune had never seen! In their zeal to counteract the possible effects of the article the French and American conference representatives forgot that the French censor had suppressed the message; the result was a world-wide contradiction of a story that was never published.

Interference With News Dispatches

Very recently, during the Mudania negotiations, a similar incident occurred in the offices of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Floyd Gibbons, European director of this publication, was handed a denial, or *dementi*, as it is called on the Continent, of a news item from Constantinople written by Mr. Henry Wales. The denial was put out by the British Foreign Office.

"What's this? Where is this story by Wales that is being denied?" Gibbons asked his staff.

The office was searched; the message could not be found. London's denial was a puzzle nobody could solve. Eight hours later Wales' radiogram was delivered. An investigation showed that the British, who, of course, intercept all press wireless messages, had read the dispatch in their Foreign Office and had put out the denial almost twelve hours before the correspondent's original telegram was delivered to its destination.

A significant case of a censorship leak occurred during the Genoa Conference. Lincoln Steffens, in a special cable, commented on the fact that as it became more and more apparent that the Genoa Conference was a failure the French became increasingly compromising and conciliatory.

"It is simply another manifestation of the pretty French custom of lifting their hats to a passing funeral," Steffens cabled to New York. It should be explained that long news cablegrams are frequently written in sections of from fifty to one hundred words to facilitate transmission. The New York editor, in piecing together these various short telegrams, accidentally omitted the sentence I have quoted.

Yet in Paris, the following day, Le Temps, the semiofficial mouthpiece of the French Government, quoted from Steffens' article, making the comment that he was only partly right; the conference wasn't quite dead. The question arose: How did the French Government newspaper receive part of a cablegram which was never printed in America? Answer: Cables from Genoa to the United States were relayed through a Paris telegraph office.

A few weeks ago King Victor Emmanuel of Italy was taken ill. The London office of an American news agency received a telegram from its Milan correspondent: "King suspends audiences due illness." This dispatch was received in London at two o'clock in the morning. At eleven o'clock, nine hours later, the London bureau received another telegram, "Telegram stating king ill false. Please cancel and return original telegram to telegraph office."

This was followed soon afterward by a representative of the Italian Government telegraph administration, who demanded the original copy of the message. The American news agency surrendered it, for by that time the news had been published in the American press. It is a newspaper axiom that a king or the Pope is never ill unless he is on his death bed.

Arbitrary French Methods

As might be expected from the differences in temperament between the French and the Italians, Paris substitutes the finesse of delicate insinuation for the strong-arm style of Rome. The French censorship is done with velvety paws, never permitting the journalist to forget for a moment that sharp claws are underneath. The thoroughness of Paris press control was recently displayed when the Agence Radio, a Paris news service, was forced to secure the government's authorization to publish the memoirs of Germany's former Kaiser before any Paris paper would print them.

"You are requested to see the head of the press section of the Foreign Office." This is the politely worded invitation which awaits an American journalist who has offended by an indiscreet disclosure.

"Your news service is broadcasting articles by Nitti, former Italian premier, which are very damaging to France," the press chief of the Quai d'Orsay, the French Foreign Office, complained to an American newspaperman in Paris. As a matter of fact, Mr. Nitti's vitriolic denunciations of French policy had exceeded anything Berlin's best Junkers had been able to think up.

"Nitti's articles were purchased by our Rome correspondent and sent directly to the United States; I've never even read them," protested the American journalist.

"As you are the head of the Paris branch of the service you must be held responsible," insisted the French official.

"But we are also buying Poincaré's articles; you don't believe that the Italian Government would make our Rome man answerable for what Monsieur Poincaré writes for America, do you?"

"You are the responsible agent of your organization for Paris; we must look to you to stop these infamous attacks against France," was the official decree.

The French Government has a most thorough system of checking every telegram a journalist sends. To prevent anything escaping from their net they forbid American cable companies to deal directly with the newspaper correspondents; all messages must be handed by the newspapermen to the French Government telegraph bureau, which, in turn, delivers them to the cable company. The British permit the journalists to deal directly with the cable companies, but the government reads those messages the following day.

Several weeks ago a Paris correspondent received a complaint from his editor in New York that an important cable filed the previous day had been so badly garbled in transmission that it was useless when received. I accompanied the journalist to the central telegraph office for press messages in the Bourse, where he made his complaint. After he had stated his case the American asked that his original telegram be brought out for comparison.

"I regret very much that I cannot show it to you; I haven't it here," the telegraph administration official apologized. "All news telegrams are taken to the Maison de la Presse every morning." The Maison de la Presse, a building at 3 rue François Premier in Paris, is the headquarters of the

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Frequently the obvious suggestion is made that American newspapermen should use codes in order to send truthful news and yet avoid getting into difficulties with foreign governments. Omitting extremely exceptional cases, such as a prearranged message for flashing the death of a pope, codes are never used by foreign correspondents. Competition is so keen and cable transmission is so rapid that a newspaper which took the time to code and decode its news would invariably be beaten. It has also been noticed that in the isolated instances in which codes have been resorted to, the code messages bearing a newspaper address are always liable to mysterious delays as they pass through government telegraph offices. Of course each newspaperman abroad has his individual style of shortening messages and saving cable tolls by omitting unnecessary words. But this cableese, as it is called, is fluently read by government censors.

Censorship is not the only blemish on the mirrors that reflect Europe to you. Candid correspondents agree that you are not getting the truth about Europe. During the last year in London, Berlin, Geneva, Paris and Rome, where groups of American newspapermen have congregated, I have discussed the American reader with my fellow craftsmen.

"It's like trying to explain a difficult problem in engineering mathematics to a class in long division," complains a veteran New York correspondent now in Berlin. "It isn't only that I can never be sure he won't mix the Balkans with the Baltic, and Silesia with Schleswig, but the reader's background is so distorted by the years of war and peace propaganda that if I put the facts to him simply and straight he can't fit them into his scheme of things—and you know what trouble that causes."

Distortion of the News

"Sometimes we are accused of faking; and sometimes the charge is just. The first year after the Armistice, when I returned to my Berlin station, American editors clamored for Kaiser stories. But not one Berlin newspaper considered Wilhelm important enough to station a reporter at Amerongen. Germans had their own individual troubles; the Kaiser then was ancient history. New York's cabled orders for Kaiser stuff continued to pour in.

"Well, what would you have done if you had been in debt, as I was? I gave the reader what he wanted—what, moreover, he imagined to be true. Nobody at home, including the editor and the cashier of my paper, would have been satisfied with the real story, which was that at that time there was no story."

Foreign news, although often untruthful, is generally accurate. Let me explain. If the correspondent of a London newspaper in New York concentrated day after day on reporting with painstaking accuracy meetings of communists and radicals in Gotham, and wrote nothing else, London would soon have the impression that Lenine could profitably pack his trunks for a triumphal parade down Fifth Avenue.

The reporter could prove in a court of law that every statement he had written was an accurate account of facts—but would the London reader be getting the truth about America?

As a general rule the foreign correspondent can get any set of facts he wishes or requires; European capitals have many more newspapers than American cities; and the European press runs the gamut of bigotry. In Paris, as well as in Berlin, each of which has about twenty-five daily newspapers, almost every day you can find sufficient material in the extremist press to prove that the country's peace is in immediate danger of being disturbed by a monarchist or—depending upon your tastes—a communist revolution.

Most American newspapers are straight business propositions, sold to tell the news, and supported by revenue from advertising and circulation. Most Continental newspapers are run primarily to spread the opinions of some particular political, industrial, religious or military group, and are not at all newspapers in the American meaning of the word. The foremost duty of the editor of one of these Continental dailies is to please the financial backers of the paper so that they will continue to make up the deficits and keep the editor in a job. For this reason all news is presented in such a way as to attempt to convince the reader of the truth and advantages of whatever program the political, industrial, religious or military group represents. News for news' sake is a secondary consideration.

It is not uncommon in Berlin, Paris or Rome for the same news item to appear in different newspapers over a period of three or four days. Continental newspapers, the news standards of which more nearly approach American journalism, frequently sell their news columns to foreign governments in the same way the paper sells its advertising space. The foreign governments use the space for broadcasting articles which, to say the least, could not get into the journals on their news merits.

After a survey of foreign newspapers, it is seen that the American correspondent is not put to the necessity of inventing his facts even if he is reflecting the foreign news through the prism of the individual policy of his New York editor, such as supporting or detracting from the League of Nations. Such a question of newspaper facts as arose at the Paris Peace Conference is not typical.

Through Foreign Glasses

"Why, Mr. Fish, where on earth did you get the facts for your story yesterday on the treaty negotiations?" Mr. Frank Polk demanded of one of the correspondents in the American press meeting. "There isn't a single fact in your article."

"Don't you know, Mr. Polk, my paper doesn't want facts? It wants news," replied the newspaperman.

European governments juggle facts in a manner which affects the news you read. Who burned Smyrna? The French accuse the Armenians and Greeks; the British vividly picture the Turks outraging the town. What is your opinion? If you believe the Turks did it you have been getting your facts relayed through London. Nobody reading the accounts in the Paris press could doubt that the Armenians and Greeks had behaved like barbarians.

The principal cause of America's seeing much of its European news through British glasses is not any deep-laid plot hatched by Downing Street, the British Government headquarters. The French telegraph system, which stops when a cigarette is to be lighted or a bite of lunch to be eaten, is so much slower than the British lines that London has been chosen by practically all American news-gathering organizations as the relay point for their Continental news. Even Spanish and Italian news takes the longer and more expensive but quicker way around, and passes through London instead of Paris. Were Paris the principal relay center for Continental news America today probably would consider the Turks as heroic as the French describe them, and not the marauding bands of incendiaries and looters which the London press portrays.

Not that the British aren't perfectly willing to undertake the task of telling America what it ought to believe and what it ought not to believe about European affairs. The differences between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin mentalities, as well as the similarity of language, make it easier for London to influence the foreign news in the American press.

London statesmen follow a policy of taking the press into their confidence and assisting the newspapermen in their work. They evidently believe that as the press will publish something anyway, the story had better conform as nearly as possible to the official, government point of view. The French Government gives the *mot d'ordre*, or attitude, they wish the government press to take toward any issue, but the *mot d'ordre* is not of much assistance to an American journalist seeking the truth in a tangled international situation.

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 148)

French and Italian politicians are shocked at Britain's frank disclosures to the newspapers of the secrets of confidential conferences. Official Paris is still smarting under the effects of Lord Riddell's talks to the British and American journalists during the Washington Disarmament Conference. News seen through Lord Riddell's spectacles not only put Britain's best foot foremost but France's worst foot, stumbling and tripping the Briand government into difficulties in America and at home.

The Cannes Conference was the climax of British cleverness and French clumsiness in handling the world press. Lord Riddell functioned for Downing Street, nobody for the Quai d'Orsay. The two press chiefs of the French Foreign Office who accompanied Premier Briand to Cannes gave it up after the first day and spent their time promenading along the shore. Monsieur Briand was too busy to tell them what was going on.

Lord Riddell, friend and adviser of Mr. Lloyd George, himself sat in many of the interallied councils and received his impressions and facts first hand. After every interallied meeting—and between times if there was anything to announce—Lord Riddell held an informal Anglo-American press conference.

In desperation for something to telegraph their newspapers the French correspondents stood in groups around the closed door behind which Lord Riddell was giving the American and British journalists the news. When the meeting had ended, the French newspapermen received and telegraphed or telephoned a secondhand version of Lord Riddell's British account of the day's events. The failure of Monsieur Briand to give his own press the French side of the story was one of the powerful factors which contributed to the Premier's political fall.

The French thought that they had learned a lesson at Cannes. Their first care was to enter a diplomatic protest against Lord Riddell's activities at the conferences; and it was noticed that Lord Riddell failed to appear at Genoa. To combat Riddellism the French Government organized at Genoa five press conferences in four languages, including German. But the men chosen to give the information to the press knew little more themselves than the communiqués from which they read. They could not compete with Lord Riddell's successor, Sir Edward Grigg, who, as Lloyd George's secretary, sat in the interallied councils and could answer journalists' questions directly. Again the British view prevailed in the daily papers.

How Frankness Pays

After Mr. Lloyd George had fallen into difficulties with Monsieur Barthou and M. Tchitcherin at Genoa, the British Prime Minister used very effectively the expedient of a confidential talk with the press. Mr. Lloyd George beat the others to it and was the first to get his version of the disagreement to the journalists. The following day M. Barthou was forced to publish the facts. It was seen then that Mr. Lloyd George hadn't cut quite the heroic figure he had described. But then it was too late: the story, seen from Mr. Lloyd George's point of view, had been telegraphed around the world. Correspondents don't like to deny their dispatches, and most of them didn't care very much anyway, for they appreciated Mr. Lloyd George's having given them the news.

The isolation of American journalists in their foreign posts tends to increase their loyalty to their friends; naturally friends are those who help the newspapermen in their work. The attitude of the corps of foreign correspondents toward two leading American Democrats, both prominent under the Wilson Administration, is a typical example of the effects of loyalty and friendship. One of these Democrats feels that the press has been unjust to him; it is true that the foreign correspondents of New York Republican newspapers discovered, and, by publicity, interfered with his political plans during the last presidential campaign. He treats the journalists with suspicion and evasion, which may be partly responsible for the fact that he never crosses the Atlantic without getting into difficulties.

The other Democrat is always available to newspapermen and he tells them the inside dope with an amazing frankness that sometimes leaves the harder boiled of the journalistic brethren gasping at his audacity. At a recent dinner given to the American press in London he became reminiscent about the war, and told the inside story of the Allied chiefs' bickering among themselves between their public proclamations of undying love. Every quarter of an hour he related some anecdote that, from a journalistic point of view, was good for a seven-column headline on the front page of almost any American newspaper. But the journalists kept faith; it was a party among friends. Not one of those reminiscences has been printed.

"When Roosevelt was President, every time I saw him coming toward me when I was alone I tried to duck," relates a veteran newspaperman. "Roosevelt had the habit of telling me something in confidence. Then when the story broke I would be tied by his confidence so that I would be beaten on it." Roosevelt also knew the value of friendship with the press.

Where Decorations are Useful

The Latin nations realize fully the advantage of friendly journalists, and they try to secure friendship; but they attempt to purchase it with a different price. The British buy friendship by giving the newspapermen what the newspapermen want news—even if it is sometimes warped to a London pattern before it is handed out. The French, Italians and Greeks offer the journalists something that they themselves would like to be given—decorations. There are few American newspapermen in Paris who haven't at least one of the little ribbons Frenchmen wear in their buttonholes. Most of the Americans have the purple ribbon of the order of l'Instruction Publique, conferred on school-teachers and French journalists; a few selected American correspondents wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"What can we do to make Mr. X cease his cynical attacks on France's declining birth rate and his constant allusions to French shops' robbing American tourists?" an emissary of the French Foreign Office asked me. "Do you think he would like the Legion of Honor, or do you think he should be asked to leave France?"

They are still debating the question.

"That story is old; two New York correspondents had it yesterday. Don't cable it," an assistant correspondent in Paris cautioned his chief.

"Yes, but I know the fellows who know the story; they wouldn't send this stuff for fear that it might hurt their chances of getting the Legion of Honor. I'll shoot it and I'll bet I score an exclusive," replied the chief correspondent. And he did.

An Englishman, a correspondent for Reuter's agency, claims the record for decorations accumulated by a journalist. His collection includes Japan, Siam, Montenegro, Greece and Imperial Russia. He shared honors with Tchitcherin at the formal reception given in Genoa of being the most stared-at man in the party, for he wore more than twenty decorations.

"You can't refuse them, you know," declared a recent recipient of the red ribbon in Paris. "I might as well give up my career and go home as insult the sensitive honor of the French by refusing what is really intended as a generous act on their part. Anyway, why should I? You know what the French—anyone on the Continent, for that matter—think about a newspaperman. They don't feel about us as they do at home. We are lower in the European's social scale than a gifted head waiter or the croupier who takes your money at the roulette table in Monte Carlo. The decoration gives a definite standing and social position, and helps overcome their inbred tendency to look down on us, which makes our work so hard here."

No, it isn't altogether idle vanity that makes the newspapermen collect and wear the baubles which have been showered on them since the beginning of the World War. The journalists find the Latin countries' decorations an actual boon in gaining entrée to the leading political and military leaders with whom they must keep in close contact to do their work.

There are other prices of journalists' friendship, and the reader pays for them in the last analysis. The hope of the reward of ultimately securing a tremendous piece of news may affect the manner in which other news stories are written. I congratulated the Berlin correspondent of a New York paper on being one of the lucky ones

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The Conklin 7 Points
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2. Quick filling through point.
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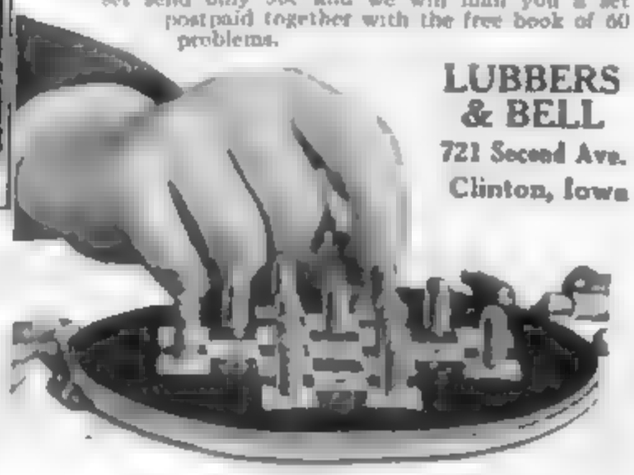

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The Candy—rich flavorful Texas pecan meats, famed the world over, sugared after the Spanish style with plenty and combined with choices of rich fruits and fluffy "divinity"—that is Dulce Mexicano Full assortment—Pecan Pyramids, Pecan Balls, Pecan Fudge Roll, Pecan Wafers and Pecan Nuggets. Not just another candy but something new and different.

The Container—something that will be long treasured after the contents have been enjoyed. A genuine, handmade, wonderfully colored Aztec jar. Made in Old Mexico by the Indians, who mould into shape and depict in vivid colors the symbols and signs of a race that were here thousands of years before Columbus.

Give something different and distinctive this year. From your dealer or direct to any address with card enclosed, postpaid insured mail $9.00

For those who are looking for a gift different and distinctive here is something that has a double value. Three and one-half pounds of Dulce Mexicano—the confection that has ever charmed visitors to San Antonio. Temptingly packed in the most unique of all candy containers—real handmade Aztec Pottery, wonderful in design and color. An opportunity to give an unusual and long-remembered gift.

Dulce Mexicano

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"I Want a Necklace of *La Tausca Pearls*"

HER DEAREST WISH, as Christmas approaches—to possess a Necklace of these superb gems.

Make her wish come true.

CONSULT YOUR JEWELER

Among the many beautiful qualities of La Tausca Pearl Necklaces are—

Loha Orient	$100.
Tuscany Orient	75
Cliffe	50
Sumatra	35
Keyva	20.

Mirabelle 1502 with white gold diamond clasp

LA TAUSCA PEARLS

to be admitted to Russia to cover the Volga famine story.

"I've earned it," he replied. "For the last six months I've edited everything I've written with the express purpose of avoiding sending any dispatch which might cause Moscow to reject my application for admission. I realized that Russia would be the next big piece of news and I didn't want to run any risks of being left out of it when the story broke."

And yet he is one of the most conscientious of journalists. He cannot beswerved by fear. During the Kapp revolution the censor, Ignatius Trebbidge Lincoln, refused to pass this correspondent's cables. Rather than write them tosuit the taste of Lincoln and the German monarchists, the American newspaperman went three days without getting a message through to his editor in New York.

Discretion, dictated by journalistic expediency, is frequently the cause of a self-imposed censorship. I was among a score of journalists sent to Riga during the negotiations between Mr. Lyman Brown, of the American Relief Administration, and M. Litwinoff, the Russian commissary. Mr. Brown was instructed to aid the starving women and children who were the victims of the disorganization the communists had brought about. M. Litwinoff saw in the offer of relief an opportunity to attempt at least to secure semiofficial recognition by Washington of the Soviets. Although they disapproved of Litwinoff's tactics most of the correspondents were strongly prejudiced in favor of reaching some sort of agreement between the Americans and Russians. They knew that if the American Relief Administration went into Russia the American newspapermen could not be refused permission to accompany them. And Russia had been the foreign correspondents' goal for months.

As a sop to American opinion and to aid in the negotiations the Bolsheviks had released five American citizens who had been held prisoners in Moscow cellars. The journalists were ordered by their newspapers to secure colorful interviews with the released hostages. Every correspondent knew that if he cabled a verbatim interview, relating the gruesome recollections of the Americans' experiences in the death cells and damp cellars of Moscow, he would not be given the desired permission to enter Russia. It was understood that the Soviet Legation in Riga had bribed Latvian telegraph officials to give them a copy of all press messages, and it was generally beheved that the reason some of the correspondents didn't receive a visa was because the Bolsheviks had read some of their uncomplimentary telegrams.

Non-American Correspondents

The famine story then looked like a tempting journalistic opportunity. The world was tired of accounts of Bolshevist atrocities, which no longer were put on the first page of the American newspapers, the foreign correspondent's barometer of news importance. When one considers this general situation it is not surprising that the interviews with the American prisoners were written in a very moderate tone.

It is also quite possible that some of the correspondents, after the vivid description by the hostages of the methods of the Bolshevist secret police, didn't wish to run the risk of being trapped in Moscow and confronted by the Tcheka with clippings of dispatches which might be considered anti-Bolshevist in tendency.

Who are the men through whose eyes you are seeing London, Tokio, Constantinople and Paris? Many of them are Americans; but the number of non-American correspondents employed by American newspapers would prove a shock to most readers. You have a right to know whether the man upon whose opinions and judgment you must rely is an American, or whether he is a European who has never set foot in the United States. Many New York newspapers employ Europeans because it is not necessary to pay for their ocean transportation; others give the reason that it is difficult to find American newspapermen with the requisite knowledge of foreign languages. It seems surprising that New York editors do not take into consideration the unquestioned effect that European journalists must have on the way news is presented in their columns. I cannot recall that any American newspaper has advertised that every correspondent in its foreign news service is an American.

It cannot be denied that an Englishman's attitude toward the Dardanelles must differ considerably from that, let us say, of a Chicagoan. The Englishman may be able to work himself into a passion on the question of defending India, and he may be willing to fight to maintain British control of the routes to the East. There are not many Americans who share his enthusiasm. Nevertheless, just such Europeans are coloring America's foreign news by an undertone of foreign prejudice which has no place in American life.

You cannot tell by the name of the correspondent whether the pair of eyes through which you are looking at Vienna have ever seen the United States. An American news agency recently sent to Moscow as its chief correspondent a German who not only had never been to the United States but who was, until recently, at least, an enrolled member of a fighting unit of the German Communist Party. The dispatches of this writer were advertised in America as the dispassionate observations of a nonsocialist journalist.

American News In Europe

The American journalists who are Americans, and not English, French or German subjects, cannot be said to be a single type. There are former police-court reporters who have never lost their American police-reported technic or viewpoint, and interview a prime minister as recklessly as they would a gunman. But there are many more correspondents who are keen students of Europe, who have an intimate knowledge of the uncharted undercurrents of Europe's troubled waters; Americans with a better grasp of the problems of France or England than the vast majority of French or English journalists. The Americans can study Europe with the disinterested objectivity of the biological laboratory, for they know the destiny of their own country is not now so closely linked with the petty quarrels and differences of Asia Minor and the Balkans as it seemed several years ago.

Despite our political policy of isolation America is making an honest effort to get the truth about European affairs, while Europe, constantly preaching to us the necessity of international coöperation and the need of close political relations, is making practically no effort to get the truth about America.

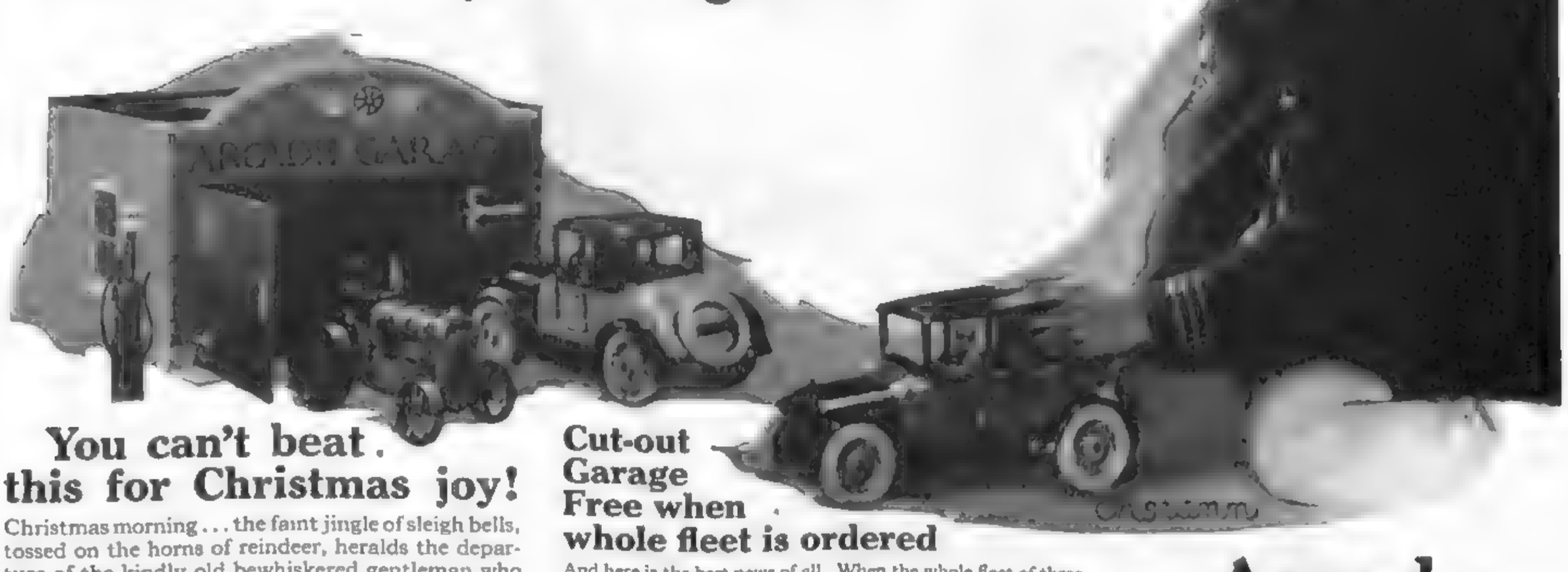
London newspapers do make an attempt to get American news, and their most important papers have excellent correspondents in the United States. But the volume of news cabled from New York to London is a comparatively small fraction of that which goes from London to New York. The press of the other European states is satisfied to see America through British eyes, and the Continent lifts most of its news of the United States from the London newspapers. Although they object to London's disproportionate influence on American public opinion they themselves are daily committing the same error of getting information secondhand from British sources.

In short, Europe's interest in America doesn't extend to the point of spending money to get the truth about the United States. Consequently the scattered American news which does find its way into the Continental press cannot be said to be conducive to better understanding between America and Europe. The majority of the news items refer either to prohibition, lynchings, war profits, an imagined suffering in the United States due to having too much gold, or accusations of America's unwillingness to be generous and meet her share of the expenses of the Great War. This, of course, brings in its train a discussion of debt cancellation. These subjects occupy at least half the space devoted to American news.

So, though there are flaws in your daily mirrors which reflect Europe, at least you have the mirrors—in which respect America differs from practically every Continental European country.

C'mon Fellers!

Here's a whole motor fleet 'n a FREE garage 'n everything!



You can't beat this for Christmas joy!

Christmas morning . . . the faint jingle of sleigh bells, tossed on the horns of reindeer, heralds the departure of the kindly old bewhiskered gentleman who has just climbed up the chimney and dashed away to spread joy to other kiddies.

. . . . a restless movement of bed clothes, as a tired little warrior climbs out of the land of Nod . . . sleepy eyelids open, hesitatingly . . . widely . . . and a feverish scramble as tiny feet patter to the fireplace where he hung the biggest stocking he could find!

"Daddy! Mother! Look! Look! A whole motor fleet 'n a garage and everything! See my Yellow Cab and my blue Coupe with disc wheels! 'N my Fordson Tractor to plow 'n haul 'n everything!"

Wonderful reproductions No mechanism to get out of order

Toys that last almost forever! They won't break because they are built of sturdy cast iron, with no clockwork to get out of order and soon cause the toy to be cast aside. These toys continue to give joy long after most children's gifts have gone to the "happy hunting ground."

Really wonderful toys—faithful reproductions of their "big brothers." The Toy Yellow Cab with a removable driver looks exactly like the big Yellow Cabs that fill the streets of cities all over the world. The Toy Fordson Tractor is a small edition of the one built by Henry Ford, finished in gray, red and gold. The Toy Coupe is a classy car, finished in suburban blue.

Cut-out Garage Free when whole fleet is ordered

And here is the best news of all. When the whole fleet of three is ordered (of course, every real boy and girl wants the whole toy motor fleet), you will receive absolutely free a beautiful garage big enough to hold the three toys. It comes all ready with directions for cutting out. There will be a lot of fun in putting it together, with its two big swinging doors, front side walk, gasoline pump, skylight and windows

These are the original and genuine Arcade motor toys which in less than a year have become the most popular toys in America! Insist on seeing the name "Arcade" printed on every carton or stamped on the bottom of each toy. That "Arcade" name stands for quality clear through.

Here you have the opportunity of giving some youngster more real fun than you ever believed $3.50 could buy. Where economy is necessary the fleet of three and free garage will make *four* youngsters happy.

These splendid toys, either singly or *"all three, with the garage free,"* can be bought for Christmas at the guaranteed, low, year round price at almost every department store, general store, toy department, hardware, novelty, toy store or fair; even many cigar stores, railway stations, hotel lobbies and local taxicab companies. If by any chance your dealer can't supply you, order direct from the factory and we will prepay the parcel post or express charges anywhere in the United States. Ordered separately, the No. 1 Toy Yellow Cab is $1.50; Toy Fordson Tractor, 60c; Toy Coupe, $1.50; and the Arcade Garage is worth $1.00. When you buy all at one time for only $3.50, you get the beautiful Arcade Garage included FREE, and save a dollar.

If you order separately by mail and live West of the Rockies, add 25 cents for extra express charges. Canadian shipments are made express collect.

Don't disappoint the youngster. He probably has seen this ad, too, and he knows Santa Claus is mixed up in the deal.

See your dealer today—

or tear out one of the coupons and mail to

ARCADE MFG. CO., FREEPORT, ILL.

[illegible] Coffee Mills, Corn Mills [illegible]
[illegible] Hardware [illegible]

Arcade Motor Fleet

No. 1 Toy Yellow Cab $1.50

Brightly finished in yellow and black with white tires. Length, 9 in.; weight, 3⅝ lbs.; wheel-base, 6 in.

Toy Fordson Tractor .50

Finished in gray, red and gold. Length, 6 in. Front wheels mounted in swivel. Will travel rough road without upsetting.

Toy Coupe . . . 1.50

Suburban blue, gold band with white tires; disc wheels; wheel-base, 6 in.; length, 8⅝ in.

Total . . . $3.50

Toy Arcade Garage

with red brick walls, big swinging doors, windows, skylight, gasoline pump 'n everything (worth $1.00) FREE. Order the fleet and you get the garage

FREE

NO GARAGES SOLD SEPARATELY

Use this Coupon if you want Separate Toys

ARCADE MFG. CO., Freeport, Ill
Please send me prepaid

How Many?			Each
	No. 1 Toy Yellow Cab (large)	at	$1.50
	No. 2 Toy Yellow Cab (small)	at	1.00
	Toy Fordson Tractor	at	.60
	Toy Coupe	at	1.50
	Yellow Cab Bank	at	1.25
	Toy Ford Sedan	at	.60

(No garages sold separately)
West of Rockies, add 25c per toy
Canadian shipments sent express collect

I enclose { check / money order / stamps } in full payment

Name

Street

City State

ARCADE TOY MOTOR FLEET

Use this Coupon for Whole Fleet and Free Garage—$4.50 value for $3.50

ARCADE MFG. CO., Freeport, Ill
Please send me prepaid.

How Many?

—Complete Arcade Toy Motor Fleets, consisting of large Toy Yellow Cab, Fordson Tractor and Coupe (including FREE garage) at $3.50 per fleet. Anywhere in U. S.; except add 25c for West of Rockies.

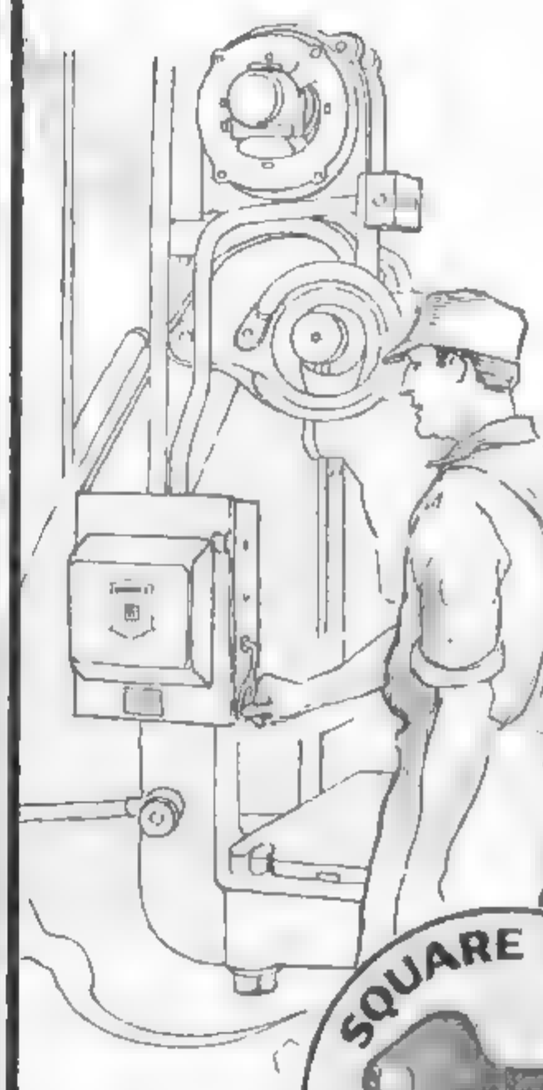
Canadian shipments sent express collect on receipt of $3.50 per fleet

I enclose { check / money order / stamps } in full payment

Name

Address

City State



Only if You Have a Key

Can You Open the Cover of This New Square D Switch When the Current Is On

This shield distinguishes the Square D switch from its imitations Look for it before you buy

In our newest and finest switch illustrated above, we, the pioneer builders of safety switches, have embodied every feature ever demanded of the safety switch. It gives absolute safety against even flagrant carelessness. Yet its mechanism is freely accessible to authorized persons.

Anyone can throw the switch when the cover is closed. But the Square D key is needed to open the cover when the switch is "on," to close the switch when the cover is open, or to lock the cover permanently shut.

ELECTRIFY

Originally produced for industrial use, the Square D soon became the standard safety switch for factories and business buildings. Now architects and builders are regularly specifying it in residential construction.

If you still have the old-fashioned open knife switch in your home or factory, see your electrical dealer today. He is in a position to furnish complete information and to install any required size Square D switch at a moderate cost.

SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A. FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Toronto, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Montreal, Atlanta, Cleveland, San Francisco, Winnipeg, Vancouver (30)

SQUARE D Safety Switch

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 4)

very lonely, the poor princess. She and the prince had had their own troubles and disagreements, but these had gradually passed, and she had come to look forward to his companionship for her old age—a quiet prospect of settling their children and bringing up grandchildren, and making two ends meet at the dilapidated Sangatano villa. And then he had failed her; he had died during the war; and the princess had found that all her little world died about the same time. The old circle in Rome was gone, ruined, embittered, changed and scattered. The pleasant clever friendly educated group of her friends were a group no longer. And she was changed too. The war—or, rather, the aftermath of war—had brought out in her something different from her beloved country of adoption. She was not willing to sit down and lament the passing of her own order. She could not weep because the peasants no longer rose as you passed their houses. She had even a suspicion that the new order was not so terrible, and this put her old friends out of sympathy with her. They remembered that she was, after all, an American. Perhaps it was as well she was going away that winter, for she was very lonely at home.

Her steamer chair was next that of an American gentleman, a short, fat, round-faced man, who bore out her theory that Americans were kind, by the most careful and unobtrusive attention. The name of Haines was introduced into the conversation, and evidently inspired the fat man's interest. She asked if he knew Mr. Haines. No, not really. She saw that he would like to have been able to say that he did. He knew a great deal about Haines, which he was more than ready to tell. Haines was a man whom many people thought dangerously liberal in his ideas of handling his labor, and yet ultraconservative in his investments. His ideas worked out, though—a brilliant man—creative—and then the usual story of having begun life on nothing.

"Really?" murmured the princess, not at all surprised, because she supposed all rich Americans began life with nothing.

Still, she was glad of this increase in her knowledge of her host. He was evidently one of these tremendous commercial powers. Charlotte's account had hardly prepared her for this, but then, she supposed Charlotte lived so surrounded by these vigorous fortune-makers that she had lost her sense of proportion about them. The possibility pleased the princess. After all, there were other heads of large industries besides Haines.

She conveyed her extended hopes to Raimundo when about noon he appeared on deck, having had already a game of squash, a swim, and a turn on deck with a very pretty opera singer.

"This is a great opportunity, Raimundo," she said, "if you take it in the right way."

"Oh, I shall take it right," said the boy, sitting down beside her and studying his long, slim foot in profile. "I shall, of course, make love to the beautiful Charlotte."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"For what are we crossing the ocean?" replied her son. "Oh, I have read transatlantic fiction. American men do not mind your making love to their wives—because it saves them the time it would take to do it themselves; and then also it confirms their belief that they have acquired a valuable article."

"You must not talk like this, even to me," said his mother. "You are quite wrong. Charlotte, like most of the American women I have met, is extremely cool and virtuous."

"Of course," said Raimundo, "you offer them only a dumb doglike devotion." And looking into her face he sketched a look of dumb doglike devotion at which she could not help laughing.

Charlotte was at the wharf to welcome them, accompanied by a competent manservant to do the work of the customs. Mr. Haines, it appeared, was in California. The princess expressed polite regret at hearing this.

"Oh, he'll be back," answered his wife, and if she did not add "quite soon enough" her tone conveyed it, and Raimundo darted a quick impish glance at his mother.

As they waited while the princess' maid put back the trays of the trunks Lisa tried to convey her admiration of the harbor. Of course a great deal has been written about the approach to New York by sea, but as the princess, like most Europeans, had never read anything about America, it all came as a great surprise to her. It seemed to come as a surprise to Charlotte too.

"Beautiful?" she said incredulously. "After Venice?"

"Different," answered the princess.

"I should say it was different," said Charlotte. "There—I think those horrible men have finished mauling your trunks, and we can go."

It was on the tip of Lisa's tongue to say that she found the American customs officials perfectly civil, and that her experiences on European frontiers had been much more disagreeable, but as she began to speak she was suddenly conscious that Charlotte did not really want to think well of her native land, and she stopped.

"Oh, I say," cried the little prince as they came out of the cavelike shadow of the pier into the cloudless light of the winter day, "what a jolly day! I shan't be responsible for anything I do if you have many days like this."

"Oh, we have lots of these," returned Charlotte, signaling to her footman. "We have nothing else—no half lights, no mists, no mystery." And they got into her little French town car and started on their way uptown.

The princess stared out of her window in silence, noting the disappearance of the chocolate-colored houses, the beauty of the shops—and yes, even of the shoppers. But her son was not gifted with reticence. If his impressions had been disagreeable he might have been silent, but as they were flattering he saw no reason for suppressing them. He thought Fifth Avenue wonderful.

"And, my eye," he kept saying—an expression he had learned early in life from an English groom—"what a lot of pretty girls, and what a lot of cars! I did not know there were so many motor cars in the world."

Charlotte smiled as if she knew he meant to be kind, and suddenly laying her hand on the princess' knee, she said, "Oh, I'm so afraid you're going to hate it all, but you don't know what it means to me to have you here."

The princess was touched.

Yet it must be owned that Lisa found the next few weeks confusing—confusing, that is, if Charlotte were to be regarded as the starved prisoner of an alien culture. They were agreeable weeks; Raimundo was in the seventh heaven. He dined, danced, lunched, and danced again. He went into the country and tobogganed, and learned to walk on snowshoes. When asked how he was enjoying America he always made the same answer: "I shall never go home. My eye! What girls!"

His mother enjoyed herself more mildly, and with certain reservations. Erudite gentlemen were put next to her at dinner—a Frenchman who was a specialist on Chinese porcelains; a painter of Spanish birth; and several English novelists and poets who were either just beginning or just completing successful lecture tours of the United States; interesting men, in one way or another, and yet—and yet—the princess asked herself if she had crossed the wide Atlantic simply to see this pale replica of a civilization she already knew.

And something else puzzled and distressed her. Her friend Charlotte seemed to her the freest of created beings—freer than any woman the princess had ever known, to make of her life anything she wanted to make of it. But Charlotte's life seemed to lack purpose and dignity. Charlotte liked to feel that learned men came to her house, but her state of nerves did not always allow her to listen to what they said. Serious books were on her table, and sometimes in her hands, and yet her life lacked those long safe hours of leisure in which such books are read.

There was no doubt that a realer, more vital Charlotte appeared buying a new hat or playing a game of bridge or asking someone to dinner, than the Charlotte who lamented the lost beauty of an old world. And yet she wasn't just a fraud.

She was not an early riser, and if toward eleven o'clock the princess penetrated to Charlotte's bedroom, overlooking the park, she would find her still in bed—a priceless

Arrowhead
HOSIERY

WELL-DRESSED men like Arrowhead Hosiery because it is so thoroughly well made and so attractively combines a neat appearance with long wear.

"Prince"—a popular style—has a pure silk leg and mercerized top, heel and toe. You will find a great deal of satisfaction and economy in wearing Arrowhead Hosiery. Thirty years of hosiery manufacture have enabled us to produce such extraordinary values as this.

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Ask for Arrowhead Hosiery for all the family.

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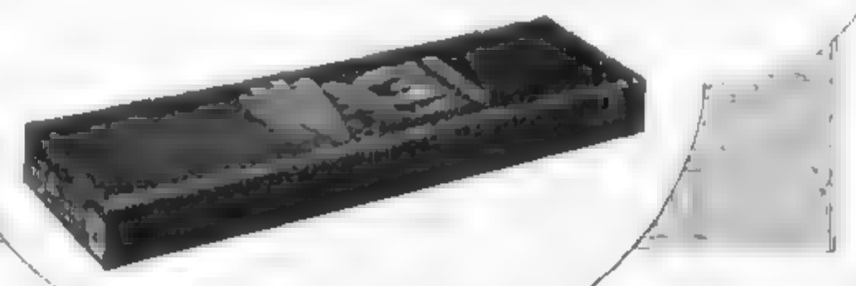

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YOU'VE seen our offer in *The Saturday Evening Post* almost ever since you can remember.

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Italian bed—said to have been made for Bianca Capello—propped by lace pillows, and reading a fashion paper. And something else worried the princess—the house, the way it was managed. It was comfortable, well heated—too well; there was always delicious food and too much of it, but Charlotte lived in her house as in a hotel. If butchers overcharged or footmen stole, Charlotte's only feeling was that they were tiresome dishonest people with whom she wished to have nothing to do. Abroad, she said, one's servants did not do such things.

The princess disagreed. They did not have the same opportunities, she said; the mistresses were more vigilant. The extravagance of the Haines household actually hurt her, coming as she did from a group where extravagance had ceased to be possible. But Charlotte would not admit that she had any responsibility.

"Really, dear Lisa," she said almost crossly, "I have better things to think about than housekeeping."

Well, the princess wondered what they were.

As the days went by and as small party succeeded small party, Lisa noted that she met no American men—or hardly any—at Charlotte's house, and she asked finally why this was.

"Do they work so hard they can't dine out?"

"No—or, rather, yes, they work hard; but that's not why I don't ask them. They're so uninteresting—you would be bored to death by them."

"I'd rather like to try," said the princess mildly.

Charlotte contracted her straight eyebrows in thought. "I'll try to think of some not too awful," she said.

And a few evenings afterward the princess found herself next to a nice little chattering gentleman who spoke Italian better than she did, and made lace with his own hands. On the other side was a former ambassador—a charming person, but of no nation or age. She had known him in Paris for years. She sighed gently. She wanted to meet a financial colossus. She liked men—real ones.

Needless to say that in the Haines house she had her own sitting room—a delightful little room hung in old crimson velvet, with a wood fire always blazing on the hearth. The first day when Charlotte brought her into it she apologized for a picture over the mantelpiece.

"The things one puts in the spare room!" she said. "My husband bought that picture at an auction once, because it reminded him of the farm he was brought up on. I didn't dare give it away, but there's no reason why you should be inflicted with it." And she raised her arm to take it down.

"No! Leave it; I like it," said the princess. "It's delightful—that blue sky and clouds."

She was quite sincere in saying she liked it. She did. Often she would look up from her book and let her eyes fall with pleasure on the small green and blue and white canvas, and wonder in what farming district Mr. Haines had been brought up—and in what capacity.

The New York climate affected the princess' ability to sleep. She read often late into the night. One night—or rather morning—for it must have been three o'clock—she was interrupted by a visit from her son. He often dropped in on his way to bed to sketch for her the strange but in his opinion agreeable habits of the American girl. But this evening he did not burst out into his usual narrative. He entered silently, and stood for some seconds silent.

Then he said "Our host has returned."

"Oh," said the princess with pleasure, for, after all, this was the purpose of the long excursion.

"How unexpected!"

Her son gave a short laugh. "I believe you," he said. "Unexpected is just the word. It sometimes seems as if, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, husbands would never learn the tactlessness of the unexpected return."

"Raimundo, what do you mean?" asked his mother with a sinking heart.

The boy hesitated. "The lovely Charlotte," he said, "is all that you told me she was—cool and virtuous—so much so that it never occurs to her that others may be different. Tonight I brought her home from a dull party. We got talking; we sat down in the drawing-room. The back of a lovely white neck bent over a table was so near my lips—and the husband enters."

"Was there a scene?"

"Oh, no. It was worse. We chatted *à trois* for a time."

The princess drew a long breath. "Perhaps he did not see; but really, Raimundo ——"

"Oh, he saw," said the prince. "He maneuvered the suspicious Charlotte off to bed, and then he suggested without a trace of anger or criticism that I should leave the house in the morning; and really, my dear mother, I'm afraid I shall have to do it. I'm so sorry, I know you'll feel annoyed with me, but it is hard to remember that no woman means anything here. I just manage to remember it with the girls; but the married women—well, one can't always be so sure; not so sure, at least as one is with Charlotte. There was no excuse for me—with her—none."

"You're an awkward, ungrateful boy," said his mother, with an absence of temper that made her pronouncement more severe. "I think I shall go downstairs now myself and have a talk with Mr. Haines."

"You'll do the talking," answered her son. "He isn't exactly a chatty man."

But the princess was not discouraged. She could not see that she could do any harm to Raimundo's prospects, since evidently all was now lost, and she felt she owed it to Charlotte to repair, if she could, any damage the boy's folly had occasioned.

The lights on the stairs and corridors were all going; they were controlled by switches working, to the princess' continual surprise, from all sorts of unexpected places. She had no difficulty in finding her way to the drawing-room, on the second story, where Raimundo told her the interview had taken place.

As she opened the door she saw that a tall thin man in gray morning clothes was standing alone in the middle of the room, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, quite in the American manner. He was pale, pale as his blond smooth hair, now beginning to be gray, and everything about him was long—his hands, his jaw, his legs like a cavalryman's. He was turned three-quarters toward the door, and he moved nothing but his eyes as the princess entered.

There was always something neat and finished about the way Lisa moved, and the way she held herself, the way she put her small steady feet on the ground; and this was particularly evident now in the way she opened the door, moved the train of her long tea gown out of the way and shut the door again. She did all this in silence, for it was her theory to let the other person speak first. It was a theory that she had had no difficulty in putting into practice during her stay in America, but it was now forced upon her attention that Haines had the same theory, for he remained perfectly silent, and something told her that he was likely to continue so. The fate of interviews is often decided thus in the first few seconds.

She spoke first. "I am the Princess di Sangatano," she said.

He nodded.

"My son has just told me about the incident of this evening."

He nodded again, and then he said, "You want to discuss it?"

His voice was low and not without a nasal drawl, but the baffling thing about it was the entire absence of any added suggestion of tone or emphasis. There were the bare words themselves and nothing more—no hint as to whether he himself wished or didn't wish to discuss it—approved or didn't approve of her intention.

"Yes, I do," she replied.

"Better sit down then."

The princess did sit down, folding her hands in her lap, drawing her elbows to her side, and sitting very erect. She did not say to herself, like Cleopatra: "Hath he seen majesty?" but some such thought was not far from her.

For twenty years she had been acknowledged to be an important person, and this had left its trace upon her manner. She knew it had.

"Are you very angry at this silly boy of mine?" she said.

Haines shook his head—that is to say, he wagged it twice from side to side.

"Not at Charlotte, I hope?"

Another shake of the head.

The princess felt a little annoyed. "Then what in heaven's name do you feel, if anything?" she said.

(Continued on Page 157)

New Tooth Paste Hardens Soft Teeth

— and Counteracts Tooth Decay!

How Acident Solidifies Teeth

Fig. I. A photomicrograph of a cross section [illegible] of naturally porous tooth structure, shows the porous structure filled by the absorption of a stain [illegible] pores when absorbs destructive acids—not as readily as it does the stain

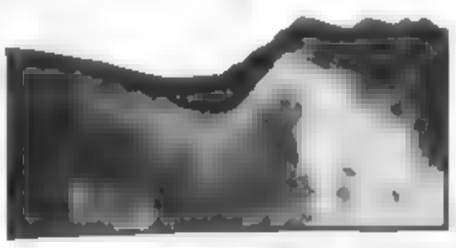

Fig. II. Another section of the same tooth treated for thirty days with the saliva of a person free from tooth decay. The light area shows how the saliva has partially solidified the porous tooth.

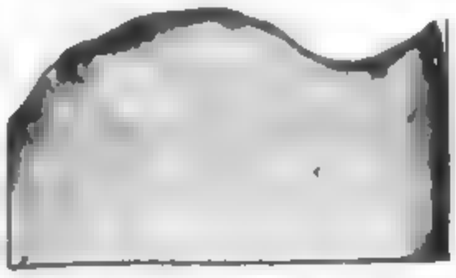

Fig. III. A third section of the same tooth treated for thirty days with the saliva of a person using ACIDENT. Note how tooth has become almost completely solidified as indicated by the light area. This section only shows how ACIDENT solidifies the tooth preventing the penetration of the stain [illegible]

A Sensational Discovery

I brush my teeth carefully every day—yet every so often cavities make their appearance. Why is that?"

Every day dentists are asked this seemingly perplexing question. And almost invariably they make the same answer

"Because your teeth are soft"

Investigation discloses the startling fact that 97 out of every 100 people among civilized races are troubled to some degree with soft teeth! *Only three people in every hundred are protected against tooth decay!* But among [illegible] primitive races, such as the Esquimaux, it is estimated that ninety-eight out of every hundred have hard teeth perfectly free from decay. So, soft teeth can truthfully be called an affliction of civilization

But what are soft teeth? Why are they soft? Can they be made hard, strong and solid?

Yes—after seven years of scientific research a remarkable new dentifrice has been discovered which hardens and solidifies soft teeth—by actually *calcifying* them!

This new tooth paste is known as ACIDENT. So remarkable is its tooth hardening action that if your teeth are sensitive to heat or cold—sweets or acids—you will find that in a few days this sensitiveness will begin to disappear as the teeth become solidified or calcified

Indeed, actual microphotographs, reproduced here, offer indisputable proof of ACIDENT'S marvelous power to make soft teeth hard and solid, thus to combat effectively tooth decay.

Why Teeth Are Soft

The teeth, when cut through the gums are naturally rather soft and porous. They are not solid stones, but instead contain millions of tiny openings. Even the enamel is surprisingly porous.

In time, however, the teeth should normally become harder [illegible] quently more resistent to decay. This hardening process is brought about by the action of a tooth hardening substance, calcium [illegible] in the saliva which is deposited in the tiny openings of the teeth [illegible]

If your teeth remain soft and readily decay, it is because your saliva is lacking in the very substance needed to make your teeth hard [illegible] calcium phosphate

Hundreds of chemical experiments by Dr Russel W Bunting of the University of Michigan, and others, prove that when the saliva is rich in calcium phosphate tooth decay is very rare. On the other hand, when the saliva is deficient in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is extremely common

During pregnancy and nursing the saliva is particularly low in calcium phosphate. That is why tooth decay is so common during these periods

Why Soft Teeth Decay Easily

Many of our foods have a tooth softening [illegible] and to counteract this, Nature has supplied the saliva with calcium phosphate. But when the saliva is deficient in calcium phosphate it cannot efficiently perform its natural tooth hardening function. As a result the teeth remain soft and porous. Destructive food acids very easily penetrate the porous tooth structure and soon decay sets in. For this reason children's teeth, unless quickly calcified undergo very rapid decay.

Thus, while our teeth are soft and porous we can never be wholly free from the danger of tooth decay, no matter how carefully we care for our teeth. Therefore, we should calcify them—*before it is too late!*

How Nature Hardens The Teeth

In order to harden or calcify the teeth the saliva must contain a solvent of calcium phosphate, because this substance is insoluble except in acids

The natural solvent of calcium phosphate in the saliva is carbon dioxide This is what gives the saliva its acidity, which every dental investigator has observed. This also explains why everyone who makes a litmus paper test will find that at times during the day the saliva is acid, while at other times following the eating of food—especially acid foods—the saliva is normally alkaline. This is Nature's provision to supply the teeth with a tooth hardening substance in solution capable of hardening or calcifying the teeth

The teeth, being porous, absorb this acid saliva carrying calcium phosphate in solution. The calcium phosphate hardens within the porous spaces and becomes a part of the tooth. The hardening is caused by the evaporation of the solvent (carbon dioxide) or by neutralization when the saliva becomes alkaline

Thus we have found that the principal function of the saliva is to harden the teeth and to repair the injury caused by the destructive forces ever present in the mouth. Now that we understand this, we are no longer surprised that Dr John A Marshall of San Francisco found that [illegible] examined within the last two years from a chemical standpoint, there [illegible] never been a case where a marked carious condition (tooth decay) has been associated with a saliva which was notably acid."

How Acident Counteracts Tooth Decay

It required seven years' research by Mr. Ruthrauff, the inventor of ACIDENT, to discover how the saliva hardens the teeth, and to perfect a tooth paste which acts in a similar but more intensive way. Like the saliva, ACIDENT contains calcium phosphate in an acid solution which, after it is absorbed by the soft porous teeth, hardens by the evaporation of the solvent it contains, or by the neutralizing action of alkaline saliva

As you brush your teeth with ACIDENT the soluble calcium phosphate penetrates the microscopic openings in the teeth and hardens. In a remarkably short time the teeth become calcified. Destructive acids are unable to penetrate the hard and solid tooth surfaces, and tooth decay is thus effectively counteracted

Note The Rapid Results!

You have always wanted firm, hard, healthy teeth. Here, at last is your opportunity to have them. Even after the first few days' use of ACIDENT you will notice a difference in your teeth. Calcified teeth acquire a characteristic polish and lustre, which it is impossible to impart to soft "chalky" teeth, until they have been calcified. For your teeth's sake, and for the sake of your children's teeth, introduce ACIDENT into your home today.

Compelled to Abandon Free Samples

The demand for ACIDENT has broken all records with which we are familiar. Our manufacturing resources are already taxed to the limit to supply the demand for ACIDENT; so, for the time being, we cannot manufacture samples which we had planned to offer as a free trial. However, one tube of ACIDENT will convince you of its superiority. If you are not entirely satisfied your money will be refunded. If your dealer does not have ACIDENT, send us *fifty* cents and we will see that you receive a tube promptly without additional cost.

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YOU do not have to have the radiator removed and be deprived of your car while an *expensive* welding job is being done.

Mr. A. P. Warner, inventor of the Speedometer, gives you this new way to *permanently* stop leaks—cheaper and *better*. You do it yourself in a few minutes without muss.

And he *guarantees* it not to clog circulation or do any other damage. There are no sediments or solids to form—that is why substitutes are dangerous. Welding patches, which spoil the appearance of a car and cut off part of the radiator's cooling area, do *not prevent other* leaks from developing. Warner Liquid Solder *does*.

Get a can at once. Usually half of it, or fifty cents' worth, is enough to use. Isn't that better than waiting until you have to spend fifty dollars or more for a new radiator? Or until the loss of water through even a *small* leak inevitably damages, if not ruins, your engine?

If you are using alcohol or any non-freezing solution in your radiator you cannot afford to have it wasted by leaks. Warner Liquid Solder will stop all leaks and prove a real money saver.

Do not put it off. If your radiator has no leaks now, it *may have*. Because, besides vibration, the acid-action of water itself causes leaks. If your dealer cannot supply you—write us. Sold on money-back basis.

Finds and stops leaks permanently anywhere in radiators, hose and pump connections, water jackets, cracked cylinders, gaskets, etc.

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WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 154)

"I feel kinda bored," he answered; and as Lisa gave an exclamation that expressed irritation and lack of comprehension he added, again without any added color in his voice: "How did you expect me to feel?"

"Oh, either more or less," answered Lisa. "Either you should be furious, and shake Charlotte until her teeth rattled, and fling my boy into the street, or else you should be wise enough to see it doesn't make the least difference—and be human—and sensible—and—and ——"

"—— and give your son a job," said Haines quietly.

The princess was startled. She drew herself up still more. "I have not asked you to give my son a job," she said.

He took his cigar out of his mouth, and she noticed that his strange long pale hands were rather handsome.

"Look here," he said, "answer this honestly: Didn't you have some such idea in your head when you decided to come here? Look at me."

She did look at him, at first rather expecting to look him down, and then so much interested in what she saw—something intense and real and fearless—that she forgot everything else—forgot everything except that she was thirty-nine years old, and had lived a great deal in the world and yet had not met very many real people, and now —— Then she remembered that she must answer him.

"Oh, yes," she said: "I had it in mind."

"Well," said Haines, "that's what bores me" He began to walk up and down the room, somewhat, Lisa thought, as if he were dictating a letter. "Poor Charlotte! She's always making these wonderful discoveries and they always turn out the same way they always want something. You why she's been talking about you and writing about you. You were the most noble, the most disinterested, the most aristocratic — She would hardly speak to me because I asked her why you were making this long journey. For love of her society, she thought. She thinks I'm a perfect bear, but, my God, how can a man sit round and see his wife exploited by everyone she comes in contact with—from the dealer who sells her fake antiques to the grandee who offers her fake friendship?"

"I can't let you say that," said the princess, too much interested to be as angry as she felt she ought to be. "I have never offered anyone fake friendship."

"I didn't say you had."

"Pooh!" said she. "That's beneath you. You should at least be honest, as you ask other people to be."

This speech seemed to please him—to please him as a child might please him. He came and sat down opposite to her, looked at her for a moment and then smiled at her. His smile was sweet and as intimate as a caress.

"Come," he said, "I believe you're all right."

"I am," she answered. "Even a little bit more than that"

He sat there smoking and frankly studying her. "And yet," he said after a moment, "they're mostly not—you know—Charlotte's discoveries. They're mostly about as wrong as they can be."

"And they kinda bore you?" said the princess, to whom the phrase seemed amusing. He nodded, and she went on: "A good many things do, I imagine."

"Almost everything but my business. You don't," he added after a second; and there was something so simple and imperial in his manner that she did not think him insolent; in fact, to tell the truth, she was flattered. "You might tell me something about yourself," he added.

The princess was too human not to be delighted to obey this suggestion, and too well-bred to take an unfair advantage of it. She talked a long time about herself, and then about the Haines Heating Corporations.

And then they talked about him. In fact they talked all the rest of the night—as continuously as schoolgirls, as honestly as old friends, as ecstatically as lovers; and yet, of course, they were not schoolgirls or old friends, and even less lovers. They were two middle-aged people, so real and so fastidious in their different ways that they had not found many people whom they liked; and they had suddenly and utterly unexpectedly found each other.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a housemaid with a broom and a duster. She gave a smothered exclamation and withdrew. Haines looked at his watch. It was half past seven.

He got up and pulled the curtains back. A pale clear pink-and-green winter morning was just beginning to shine upon the park, glittering in snow and ice.

"At home," said Lisa, "I should consider what we have just done as rather irregular."

"In this country," he answered, "you can do anything if you have sufficient integrity to do it."

"How can I tell whether I have or not?" she asked.

He smiled again. "I have enough for both," he answered. "Luckily or unluckily" -and he sighed as he repeated it "luckily or unluckily."

"Oh, luckily; luckily, of course," said Lisa, though there was just a trace of annoyance in her voice that this was so clear. She held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said.

He took her hand, and then from his great height he did something that no one had ever done to the princess before—he patted her on the head. "You're all right," he said, and sighed and turned away—as it were, dismissing her.

She went upstairs to her own room which seemed altered, as backgrounds do alter with changes in ourselves. It was no longer a room in Charlotte's house but in Haines'; and she was leaving it, leaving it in a few hours. She did not debate that at all. She was going with her son, but there was something that must be done before she went—something that she must do for this new friend of hers whom she would never, probably, see again.

She did not have much time to think it over, for when her breakfast tray came in, as usual, at nine, Charlotte came with it—striking just the note the princess hoped she wouldn't strike—apology.

"I suppose your son told you what happened last night. So silly. I'm so ashamed."

"Ashamed?" said the princess, and she noted that her tone had something of the neutrality of Haines' own. She had copied him.

"Ashamed of Dan," answered Charlotte. "That's so like him—not to understand just to take the crude view of it. I haven't seen him since, but I know so well how he would take a thing like that. As a matter of fact, I must tell you, Lisa—though I promised that I wouldn't—Raimundo was asking my help. He wants to marry the little Haines girl; he wants me to bring you round. He knows you hate everything American ——"

"I don't hate everything American," said the princess, and again her voice sounded in her ears like Haines'.

"This girl, you know, is Dan's niece, and exactly like him. And now I'm afraid that will do for her, as far as you're concerned. Of course you must hate Dan—the idea of him—and if you saw him—well, you will see him at dinner tonight."

Help Your Boy Grow

When your boy asks for an air rifle remember that it is the strong, upstanding American man in him asking for a chance to grow.

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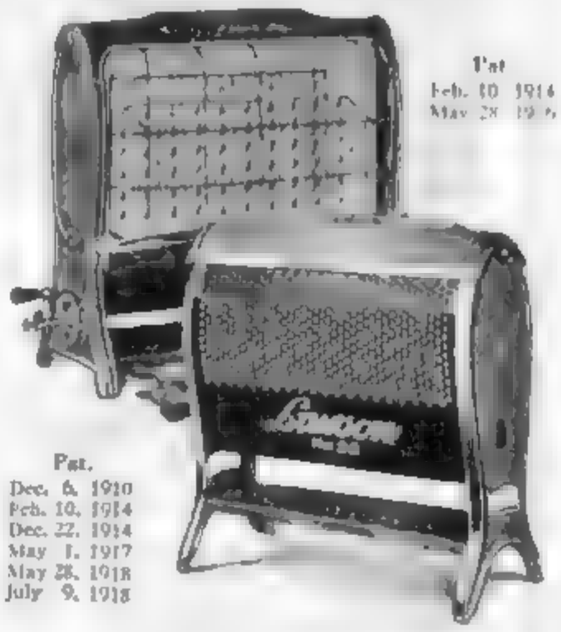
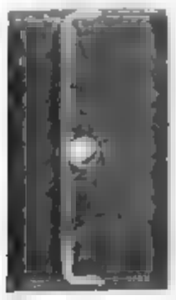


Lawson Odorless Radiant

English Calfskin. Colored seal button and catch, as illustrated. 4, 6, and 8 oak size, all mountings. Prices range from $1.50 to $10



Alligator calf, brown or grey. 14K gold key-hooks; 14K solid gold button and corners. Especially suitable for women's hand bags. Price $5.75. Others from $2.75 to $10. 3 sizes

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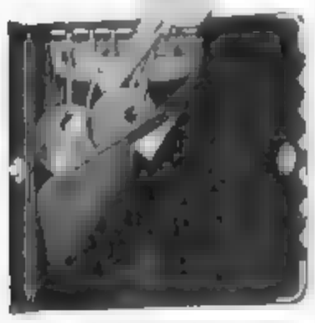

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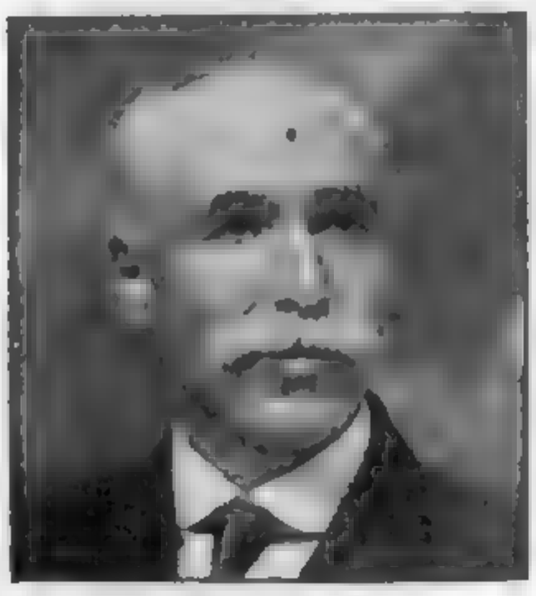

FOR just one month's spare time work we recently paid Mr. E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "I can secure orders any month in the year," says Mr. Macomber, "and as I am getting better known some of the orders are telephoned to me and the money sent through the mail."

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The moment had come. The princess shook her head.

"No," she said, "I shan't be at dinner tonight."

Charlotte looked at her and then broke out into protest: "No, no, you mustn't go. Let Raimundo go, if he must, but not you. Don't desert me, Lisa, because I have the misfortune to be married to a man who does not understand. Oh, to think that anything should have happened in my house that has hurt your feelings! I shall never forgive Dan—never! But don't go—for my sake, Lisa."

"It's for your sake I'm going, my dear."

"I don't understand."

"I know you don't, and it is going to be so difficult to explain." The princess rose and, going to the looking-glass, stared at herself, pushed back her hair from her forehead, and then turned suddenly back to her friend. "I suppose I seem to you a terribly worn-out old creature."

"My dear!" cried Charlotte. "You seem to me the most elegant, the most mysterious, the most charming person I ever knew."

Lisa could not help smiling at this spontaneous outburst. "Then," she said, "let me tell you that the most charming person you ever knew has fallen in love with your husband." Charlotte's jaw literally dropped, and the princess went on: "Yes, last night when Raimundo came and told me what had happened, I went downstairs. I wanted to do what I could to protect you from his thoughtlessness. I went down expecting to see the kind of man you have painted your husband. Oh, Charlotte, what a terrible goose you are!"

Even then Charlotte did not immediately understand. She continued to stare. At last she said, "You mean you liked Dan?"

"I did much more than that. I thought him the most vital, the most exciting, the most romantic figure I had ever seen."

"Dan?"

The princess nodded. "The power of the world in his hands—and so alone. I said just now I had fallen in love with him. Well, I suppose at my age one doesn't fall in love, even if one talks to a man all night——"

"You and he talked all night?"

"All night long—all night long."

Charlotte looked quickly at her friend, blinked her eyes, looked away and looked back again. It was not for nothing that her black eyebrows almost met—a sign, the physiognomists tell us, of a jealous nature.

The whole process of her thought was on her face. She had never been jealous of her husband in all her life before—but then, she had never before brought him face to face with perfection. She summed it up in her first sentence.

"Dan is no fool," she said. "He felt as you did?"

The princess smiled. "Ah, Charlotte!" she said. "An Italian woman would not have asked that. You must find that out for yourself."

There was a short silence, and then Charlotte got up and walked toward the door.

It was evident that she was going to find out at once. But the princess had one more salutary blow for her. She was standing now with her elbow on the mantelpiece and her eyes fixed on the little spare-room picture, and just as Charlotte reached the door Lisa spoke.

"Oh!" she said. "One other thing. Don't despise this little picture that your husband bought. It's the best thing you have."

This was a little too much. "Not better than my Guardis," Charlotte wailed, for she would never think of disputing the princess' judgment.

"The Guardis are like you, Charlotte," said the princess; "they are excellent copies. But this little picture is original—it's American—it's the real thing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The Man Who Was "Only a Bookkeeper"

The years passed. This likeable young man of eighteen was now twenty-seven—the father of two children.

By C. E. Randolph

Illustration by J. J. Gould

HE was twenty-seven years old—married—the father of a boy of seven and a girl of three. If you had asked him why he was a bookkeeper I don't believe he could have told you.

But I know this—his father had died while he was still young and he had been forced to leave school and go to work.

There had been no time or opportunity for him to look around for the kind of work for which he was best suited. "Any kind of a job—quickly"—that was the thought uppermost in his mind.

So he answered the "want ads" in the newspapers and finally landed a "job," for it was only that, in the bookkeeping department of a large manufacturer of office equipment.

He was then eighteen years old—a rather likeable fellow—as keen as most young men of eighteen. Yes—and just as immature. His knowledge of business and business procedure would not have filled many books. But he was the best pool player in the neighborhood!

A Promotion—and Marriage

The men in the office were kind to him, for they liked him. He was interested in their work and ambitious to learn more about it, so they helped him. Pretty soon he was permitted to do some of the posting. Certain small increases in salary came automatically, and finally after two years he was made bookkeeper.

It was a glorious night when he carried that news to a certain young lady. Three months later they were married.

For a time, everything went swimmingly. They were young—they had saved a little money—there are not many worries when one is twenty-one. Then came the first baby—doctor's bills—the rent was raised—and all that sort of thing. It was not as easy to make both ends meet as formerly.

The years passed. This likeable young man of eighteen was now twenty-seven—the father of two children. His salary had been raised a little each year or every year and a half, but never quite enough. Frankly—he was worried.

And then, one day, it came to him suddenly that the reason he was "only a bookkeeper" was not because he did not have the natural ability to shoulder larger work, but simply because he had never trained himself to do anything better than the work he was then doing.

The End of the Road

All he knew about bookkeeping and business he had picked up from the men around him. And these men, kindly, helpful fellows though they were, could no longer help him because they had reached the end of the road themselves.

There was only one thing to do, he told himself, and that was to study accounting with some good school—to make accounting his profession—to study it as faithfully as another man might study law or medicine or engineering. So that night he sent in one of those International Correspondence Schools coupons and in two weeks he had started on his course.

It was surprising the way he went ahead. The lessons took up problems that he met every day in his work and had never really understood before. For the first time in his life he began to work toward a definite goal.

His employers heard about his studying and encouraged him to keep on. In ten months, he was the outstanding man in the department. In fourteen months, he was the head bookkeeper, and within three years the chief accountant at a salary of $7500 a year. And, in ten years, a member of the firm!

I am very certain about the salary, and the incidents in this homely little story. For this man who was once "only a bookkeeper" was—*myself!*

No Monopoly on Success

The point I should like to stress is that I had no special advantages that are not available to every reader of this magazine.

I had only a limited education—I had a family to support—I might easily have convinced myself that I was "too old to study"—that I "hadn't the time"—or that I "couldn't afford it."

Fortunately, I realized in time that I would never get a step farther unless I prepared myself to take that step. And you must do the same thing if you want to get into the $5000 and $7500 a year class—no matter what career you may choose.

It doesn't make a bit of difference what you are to-day. If you really want to get ahead, you can do it. Nothing can keep you down if you're determined to go up.

You can't do it by wasting your time and just hoping that something will come along to boost your salary. It won't. You can't do it, either, by frittering away evenings doing nothing.

Your Chance is Here

There is an easy way to get just the training you need to enable you to get ahead and increase your salary. "Easy?" you ask. Yes, easy! You can get this training right at home, in your spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools, just as I did—just as thousands of other men have done.

Nobody can force you to do this thing. It's something you've got to work out for yourself. But remember this—your future is in your own hands. It is within your power to decide to-day just about where you will be one, two, five, ten years from now.

Which way will you go?

Up, through training, to a position that means more money and more responsibility as the years go by? Or *down*, through lack of training, into the ranks of the poorly paid?

I hope for your sake and the sake of your family or the family that is to be that you will decide to go *up*.

Believe me when I tell you that the most important thing you can do to-day is to send in that I. C. S. coupon. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it may be the means of changing your life just as it changed mine.

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All New England cannot supply enough meat for Greater Boston alone, to say nothing of the other cities in this section. And Boston is typical of all cities and towns of the East where people congregate in large numbers.

Boston does not get enough live cattle to feed one person in seven; nor does it get 10 per cent of its pork, bacon, ham, etc., from New England hogs.

All the rest, beef and pork, has to come from the Middle West, the Far West, and the South West, where natural conditions make live-stock raising economical and practical.

Boston is just one example. It is the same with New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other large eastern cities.

The packing industry does not *create* this condition; it solves it, for the live-stock producer as well as for the consumer.

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PET MARSHMALLOW FUDGE

Place 20 marshmallows cut in pieces on bottom of buttered pan. Mix 2 cups sugar, ⅔ cup Pet Milk, 3 squares bitter chocolate and 1 tablespoon butter in smooth sauce pan, and stir over slow fire until chocolate is dissolved; then boil without stirring until a soft ball can be formed in cold water. Remove from fire, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, beat until creamy and pour into buttered pan over marshmallows.

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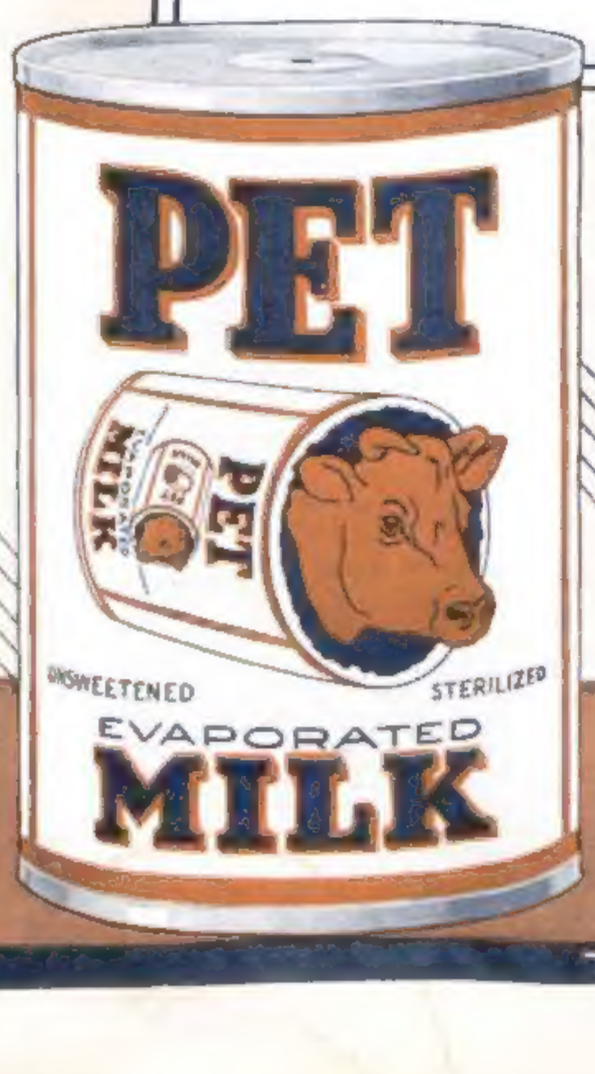

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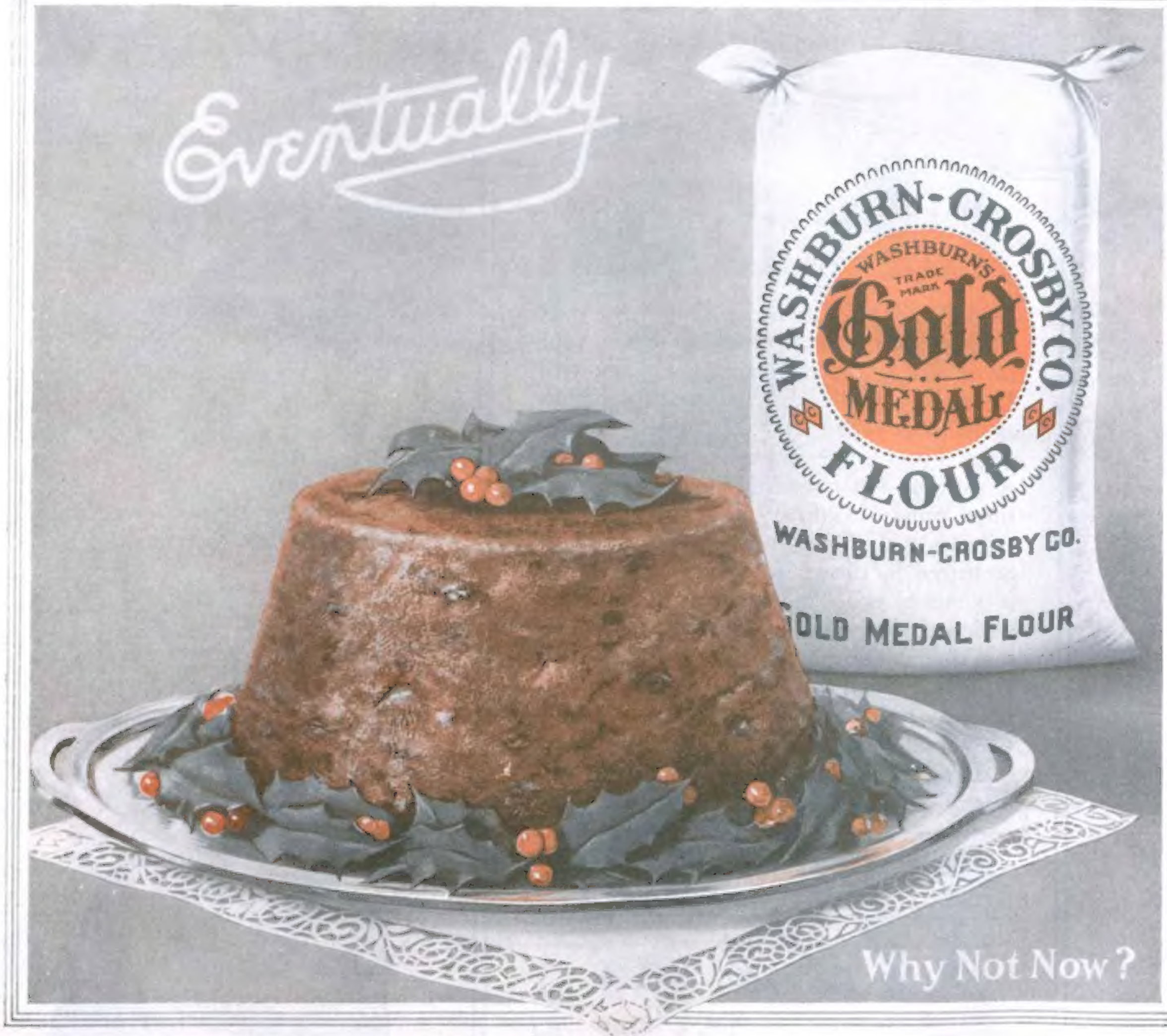

Christmas Plum Pudding

2 cups chopped raisins 2 cups currants
1 cup finely chopped citron
1 cup finely chopped figs 2 cups brown sugar
2 cups GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
2 cups bread crumbs 2 cups ground suet
1 tablespoon finely cut orange peel
1 tablespoon finely cut lemon peel
1 tablespoon mixed spices 1 tablespoon salt
3 eggs 1 cup water 1 cup fruit juice

Mix dry ingredients and add fruit. Add water, eggs well beaten and fruit juice; mix thoroughly. If too dry, add more water to make stiff mixture. Grease molds and fill only ⅔ full. Steam about six hours. Pudding is best when made about a week before serving, then steam about one hour and serve with sauce.

Hard Sauce

¼ cup butter 1 cup powdered sugar
½ teaspoon lemon extract ¾ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and flavoring.

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